



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

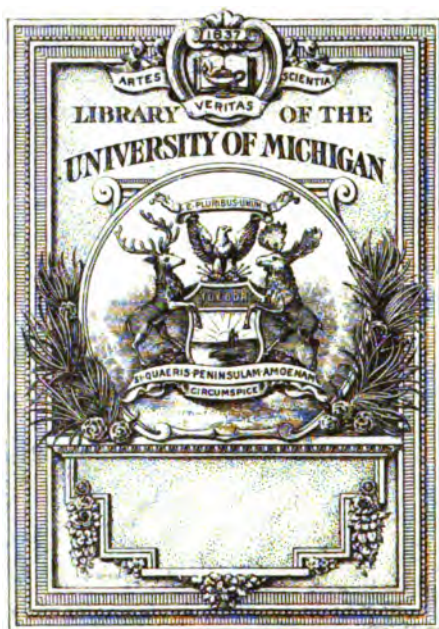
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



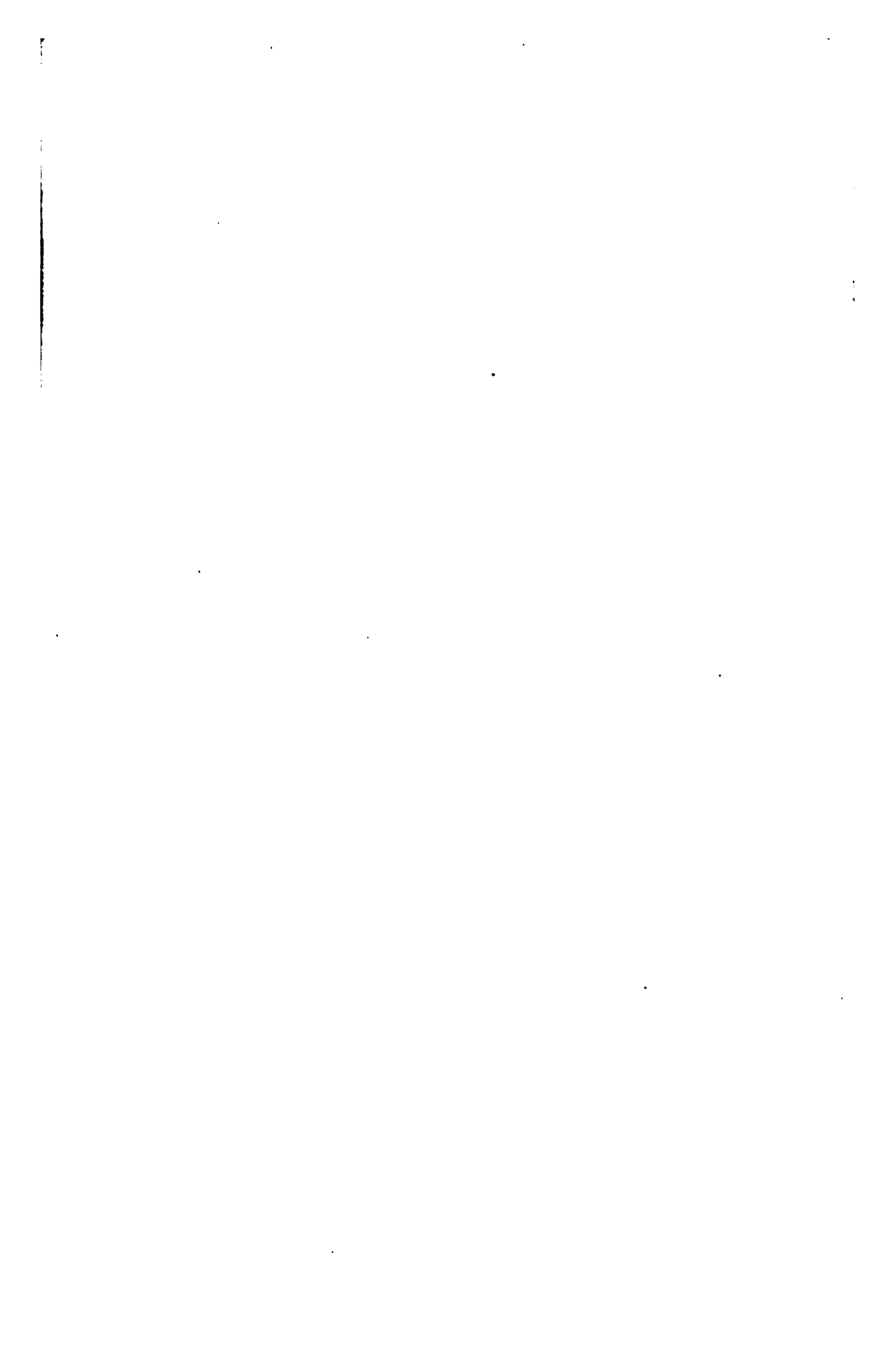
BX
6333
C15
C6

With the Compliments of

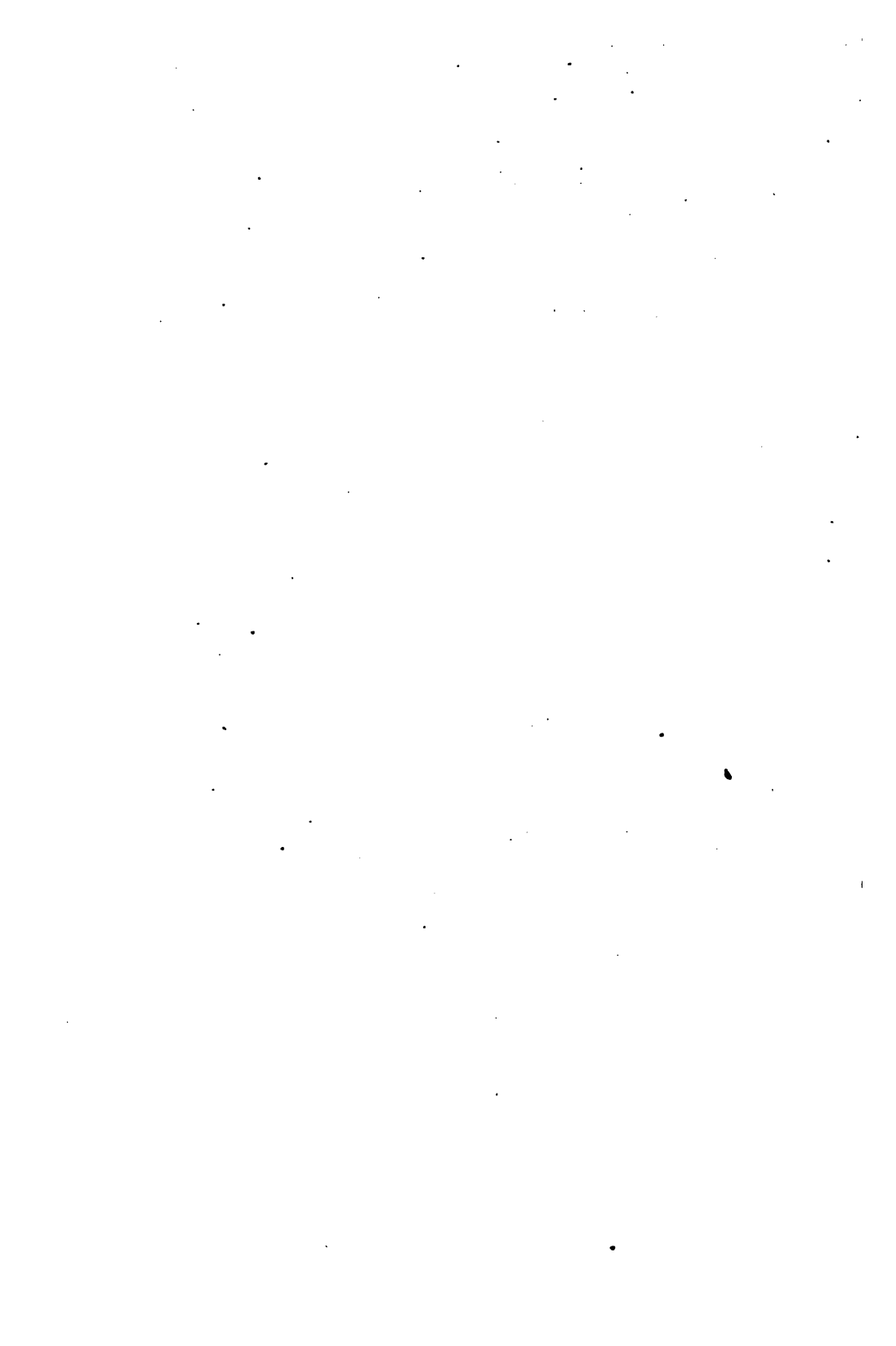
S. A. CALDWELL

*1604 Walnut Street
Philadelphia*

June 10, 1890. U. of M. Liby.











J. L. Laidman

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON, 1724.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Sign of the Crown, in St. Dun-
stons Church-yard, near
St. Dunstons Church, in
London.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Sign of the Crown, in St. Dun-
stons Church-yard, near
St. Dunstons Church, in
London.

CITIES OF OUR FAITH

3413-62

AND OTHER DISCOURSES AND ADDRESSES

BY

REV. SAMUEL LUNT CALDWELL, D.D., LL.D.

*WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
DR. CALDWELL*

BY

OAKMAN S. STEARNS, D.D.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1890

Copyright, 1890,
By STEPHEN A. CALDWELL.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

PREFACE.

THE "Cities of our Faith" are four of seven papers which Dr. Caldwell was preparing for publication at the time of his death. In addition to those now published there were to be one on Geneva and one on Canterbury, the series to be prefaced by a chapter on "The City of God." His design was to weave around the chief centres in the history of the Church the specific doctrines of which they were the representatives. His sons and his brother, Stephen A. Caldwell, of Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to preserve in permanent form those already completed, have requested me to add to them a selection from such of his other Historical Papers, his Addresses and Sermons, as would fairly represent him as a writer, teacher, and preacher. Some of them have already appeared in print, the others are taken from his manuscripts. I have carefully avoided any notes or comments of my own. May the book revive pleasant memories in the minds of the many friends whose friendship he esteemed and whom he delighted to serve.

O. S. STEARNS.

Keeler 12-14 36 Y. I. I. I.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	3

CITIES OF OUR FAITH.

I. JERUSALEM	25
II. ALEXANDRIA	51
III. ROME	76
IV. CONSTANTINOPLE	103

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

SAINT AMBROSE AND HIS TIME	129
BENEDICT AND THE BENEDICTINES	152
THE MENDICANT ORDERS	180
ROGER WILLIAMS AS AN AUTHOR	212

THE NEWTON LECTURES.

I. THEOLOGY AND EDUCATION	245
II. THEOLOGY AND LITERATURE	271

ADDRESSES AND SERMONS.

LITERATURE IN ACCOUNT WITH LIFE	305
CHRISTIANITY AND THE BODY	328
THE SUPREMACY OF LOVE	336
THE HEAVENLY VISION	350
THE MISSIONARY RESOURCES OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST	362
CÆSAR'S HOUSEHOLD	387
THE PARTING BENEDICTION	397
THE OVERFLOWING CUP	409



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY

OAKMAN S. STEARNS, D. D.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." Memory, however, at its best, gives us only fragments of a whole. Life is a growth: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We watch the result, we see little of the process. Whatever we see of the process are the transitions from one stage of growth to another. The whole life of one who has finished his earthly life never comes at our bidding. We see flashes of it, single incidents, scenes, thoughts, words, acts, but they are merely flashes. We make a note of them and they are gone.

The writer knows his own limitations. His is not the deft hand of his friend, so matchless to portray character and life in their due proportions and real beauty, but he feels assured that there are friendly eyes which will overlook his deficiencies, and that "there are friendly hearts which love even the footprints of the vanished excellence." The simple, plain story of Dr. Caldwell's life may shed some light upon such of his writings as are printed in this volume.

SAMUEL LUNT CALDWELL was born November 13, 1820, in the historic town of Newburyport, Mass. He was the first-born of nine children of Stephen and Mary (Lunt) Caldwell, the father a descendant of the Ipswich family of Caldwells, traditionally of Scotch origin; the mother a descendant of Henry Lunt, who settled in Newbury as early as 1635. On both sides his ancestry was distinguished by eminent men among the colonists, as yeomen, physicians, lawyers, and clergymen. They were Puritan in stock and Puritan in spirit. His father was a man of

sterling integrity, and late in life, avowing himself a Christian, became a prominent member of the Baptist Church. His mother from early life had consecrated herself to the service of Christ, and was intensely interested in religious work among the Indians. Hoping that her first-born son might be a chosen vessel for such service, like Hannah she consecrated young Samuel "unto the Lord all the days of his life." The boy knew nothing of this, but the tendencies of his youth were all in the line of study and thought. He loved a book more than the sports of the playground. He had no genius for trade or the mechanic arts. He was accordingly sent to the grammar school to be fitted for college. Two of his teachers were the well-known poets, George Lunt, a kinsman, and Albert Pike. Whether or not these poets stimulated his poetic temperament (for his life was a hymn, singing its melody through more than sixty years), is not known, but from the boy's letters after he entered college it is evident that they, or others of his teachers, caused him much sorrow and labor because of the meagreness of his preparation. He was admitted, however, into Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1835, and graduated with the class of 1839. The college was straitened financially, and inadequately equipped, but its teachers were men of large scholarship, enthusiastic, thorough disciplinarians, doing all in their power to train the mind to train itself, and inspiring to larger acquisitions by the truest methods. Young Caldwell was not yet fifteen years old. He was the youngest of a large class, and soon became the pet of the class. He had then, as ever afterwards, his choice friends with whom he took sweet counsel, but though select he was never exclusive. His classmates were nearly all mature men, with convictions already formed, and he was their David. He kept pace with them, and the early lover of books, with his omnivorous reading of a larger range of books, before he had reached his junior year,

was recognized as the best-read man of his class in English Literature, and equally their superior in the use of such literature. One of his classmates writes: "Until his sophomore year he gave no sign of the career that awaited him. Before that stage in the curriculum, original compositions in English had not been required. The first one from his pen was a surprise, even to a doubt as to its paternity. But this doubt was soon dispelled. In no long time the class of '89 knew that it had in it one brilliant writer." The historical element in his mental furniture also began to show itself. The same classmate says: "Boy as he was, he had what afterward became so conspicuous, — a wonderful knowledge of eminent men, their names, their nationality, the age to which they belonged, and the part they severally played in the drama of the world's history, whether with the pen, the tongue, or the sword." His standing in other branches of study was good, but "he revelled in literature, and in literature of a high order. From impure writings, no matter how gifted their authors, he instinctively recoiled."

It is certainly suggestive of his future that at the Senior Exhibition of his class he chose for his subject "Classical Reminiscences," and that he was selected as the last speaker, as indicative of his rank, at least as a writer. Writing of the event to his parents he says: "It was my first public effort. We had a full house, and, what is more wonderful, I was not intimidated in the least."

Among his classmates at the time of his graduation were Joseph Ricker, D. D., late State Agent of the Maine Baptist State Convention; Andrew H. Briggs, Esq., of Boston; Abraham H. Granger, D. D., of Rhode Island; and many others who have honored the school, the press, and the pulpit. Among his intimate friends of other classes were such men as M. B. Anderson, LL. D., ex-president of Rochester University, and the late Elias L.

Magoon, D. D. The catalogues of his day show that he was the literary companion of the choicest scholars in the college.

During his sophomore year, or perhaps a little later, under the teaching and preaching of President Pattison, his "inmost life was unlocked" to him, his "spiritual difficulties were removed," and he found in Christ the new creation. His plans were now changed, but the sphere in which they should move was undecided. Whether or not the strong desire of his mother, who died April 17, 1835, that his life should be devoted to the Christian ministry, was to be gratified, was uncertain. He was very young. His piety had all the flux and efflux of youth. He shrank from the responsibilities of the ministry. A literary life was far more congenial to his tastes and to his prospects of success. And so, being not nineteen years of age at his graduation, to test his motives he accepted an appointment to become principal of the Academy in Hampton Falls, N. H., continuing there until May, 1840, when he became principal of the West Grammar School of his native town. Here he remained, pondering his life-work and still shrinking from the ministry, until he finally decided to enter the Newton Theological Institution, to graduate with the class of '45.

His class was an unusually able and brilliant one. They were stimulated by the minute and thorough teaching of Professor Hackett in New Testament exegesis, by the broad, comprehensive, epigrammatic, and incisive instruction of Professor Sears in theology, and by the kind yet firm guidance of Professor Ripley in homiletics. The bees in the hive, though few in number, were busy and buzzing. The air was full of philosophical speculation. Emerson was at the height of his fame. Theodore Parker was beginning his work in Boston. Transcendentalism nestled at Brook Farm, a few miles distant. Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" was the student's *vade mecum*.

Straussianism was winning followers on American soil. The young students plied their teachers with questions which would not be settled by a dogmatic aphorism. The debates in the class-room often prolonged the assigned hour into two hours, and the debates among classmates often extended into the midnight hour. Young Caldwell felt the magnetism of his surroundings, and with his characteristic self-mistrust and his life-long determination to hear both sides and all sides, became doubtful as to the genuineness of his call to the ministry. He walked in doubt many months,—as what true man has not?—always attending upon the regular prayer-meeting and upon the weekly class prayer-meeting. Says a classmate: "I do not remember that ever, in a single instance, he gave an exhortation to his fellow-students; but his prayers had the same characteristics which made his public prayers in after years so edifying to spiritually-minded Christians." Finally his prayers were answered; the doubts scattered, and he could say, "I see my way through." Newton was the seed-bed of his public life, and the seed produced good fruit.

Marked among his classmates were Heman Lincoln, D. D., late Professor of Church History in the Newton Theological Institution; Ebenezer Dodge, LL. D., late president of Madison University; and Kendall Brooks, D. D., ex-president of Kalamazoo College. Others of his class became no less eminent as preachers and pastors.

Soon after leaving the seminary he was invited to become pastor of a Baptist Church in St. Louis, Mo., but declined the call because he believed himself unfitted for a Western pastorate. He went South rather than West, and supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Alexandria, Va., until May, 1846, when he accepted the call of the First Baptist Church in Bangor, Me., and was ordained as its pastor the August following, Professor Barnas Sears, LL. D., preaching the sermon.

The month following his ordination, September 17, 1846, he married Mary Lenord Richards, the granddaughter of Josiah Smith, M. D., of Newburyport, Mass., with whom she had lived from childhood, her parents having died when she was very young. She was a woman well educated, of excellent judgment, genial and attractive, amply qualified to enjoy the honors and grace the circles in which she was to move. The union was a peculiarly happy one, continuing nearly forty-three years. It was broken only for a few months, she following him to their final home January 18, 1890.

Their children were, William Emery, now of New York city; Samuel Lenord, M. D., of Providence, R. I.; Mary Caroline and Alexander Humphrey, who died in infancy; and Alice, who died in early childhood.

Dr. Caldwell's work in Bangor was very congenial to him. He felt his youth and his lack of experience. He often referred to his inability to do hand-to-hand work in winning souls to Christ. He could not be an evangelist in the modern sense of that term. He often lamented the fact that his courage in doing pastoral work was not equal to the promptings of his heart. The duties of his parish were numerous and severe, yet he did what he could; he put his soul into them, and during his ministry, under the coöperation of loyal brethren, a chapel was built, the meeting-house was enlarged and renovated, and even at that early day the envelope system for missionary contributions was adopted and put into successful operation. "All the relations," says one of his co-workers, "of pastor and people, were very harmonious. He was a man of great courtesy, and it is not remembered that he was ever known to manifest a spirit of resentment towards any one, or to utter a harsh or censorious remark." His associations with the neighboring pastors of the city were specially helpful to him. The friendship of Rev. George W. Field, D. D., of the Central Church, Rev. John Cot-

ton Smith of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. George B. Little of the First Congregational Church, was a friendship of lifelong love. They lived together like brothers. But not merely as a pastor and a man was he beloved; the pulpit was his throne, and from his pulpit he built up his church into the ways and works of the God he served. He fed them with the finest of the wheat. They knew it and loved him for it. Emphatically he dwelt among his own people. They were the people of his first choice, and neither ever forgot the other. There lies before me a sermon he preached to them in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of his ordination. It glows with the revival of his early affection, and is a warm-hearted expansion of his favorite theme, "The power and permanency of the kingdom of Christ."

His influence extended beyond the city of his habitation. The churches of his own faith, and of other faiths in the State, called for his services on public occasions. His Alma Mater invited him to one of her chairs of instruction, but he declined the honor. She selected him as one of her trustees, an office he gratefully accepted, and whose demands he faithfully met for thirteen years. In 1858 she conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His name in Maine had given him fame. A pulpit was vacant, in many respects the most responsible and the most exacting in the gift of the Baptist denomination. To follow in the succession of pastors such men as Gano, Pattison, Hague, and Wayland, and succeed; to keep Brown University and the ancient First Baptist Church of Providence, R. I., *en rapport*, so that the needs of a congregation of such varying culture should be understood and satisfied, required a man of rare gifts; one who could inspire their faith in him as the man, and one who had faith in himself and his God. The faith was mutual, and the church gave to the adopted son of Maine her

hand and heart, while he with heart and hand made good proof of his ministry among them more than fifteen years. He was called in June, 1858, and remained until September, 1873.

After his death a memorial service was held in the vestry of the First Baptist Church, and tender reminiscences were given by those who were well acquainted with his labors in Providence. Extracts from what was then said will be of more value to the reader than any generalities of mine. It must be borne in mind that Dr. Caldwell spent the last five years of his life in Providence. It should also be remembered that, so strong was his attachment to the church, he had kept his membership in her unbroken from the time he became her pastor. At the meeting referred to, the church voted to put upon her records a minute prepared by Rev. John Stockbridge, D. D., in which are found these words: "We remember with tender interest the affection he bore to his people, his entering so cordially into their joys, and his deep sympathy with them in their sorrows, the rare grace and fitness with which he conducted the solemn services of the house of mourning, and the anxious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the flock of which the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer. . . . The memory of his many virtues will long live with us. We thank God for the pastorate which extended over so many years." Professor John L. Lincoln, LL. D., sent a choice letter, from which we quote these brief extracts: "How we love to think of his gentleness and courtesy of spirit, his modesty and candor, his true humility, his freedom from resentment, and that excellent charity in him which thinketh no evil and which beareth all things. . . . Of his various services, when he was our pastor, I remember especially his discourses on the life and teaching of our Lord, as drawn from the Gospel of John. They were rich and discriminating exhibitions of truth, and also very vivid, well-nigh pictorial unfold-

ings of scenes in the Saviour's life. I remember, too, with gratitude, Dr. Caldwell's Wednesday evening lectures, and his lectures preparatory to the communion, as most elevating and helpful in their direct bearing upon everyday Christian living. . . . What a cause we have for profound gratitude that he was spared to deliver his discourse at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our church! It was a service of inestimable value and excellence, and as a last one what a fitting close to his long and useful life!"¹ President E. B. Andrews, LL. D., said "that when he was in college it was a common opinion among the students that Dr. Caldwell, while an able preacher, was not an approachable man. . . . When a pupil of Dr. Caldwell, in the theological seminary," he said, "I found him most approachable and a very warm friend. He had shown a consideration and attention which, looking back now, were beyond price." Professor Albert Harkness, LL. D., said: "We have received from him [Dr. Caldwell] memories which can never be lost. Our pastor preached to us a gospel full of possibilities and love. There was nothing gloomy and forbidding in the gospel he set before us. It was pure and Christ-like. . . . But his usefulness was not by any means confined to his pulpit utterances. His life preached the more powerfully. Dr. Caldwell was by nature a peacemaker. He promoted friendly relations between the church and Brown University. He accordingly labored and prayed for both. He was a true, devoted scholar, a living example of pure, cultivated Christianity." Such are a few of the testimonies from those who knew Dr. Caldwell and his work in Providence. Few pastors are remembered with an affection so true and unchanging as he.

His pastorate was a busy one. It taxed his strength; yet he found time to meet other demands besides those of

¹ *Two Hundred and Fifty Years: Historical Discourse*, Samuel L. Caldwell, D. D.

his church. The city of Providence was the pride of his heart. In every moral and philanthropic endeavor to promote her best interests, he listened to and obeyed her call.¹ With Christian denominations of every name he was in active sympathy and ready to coöperate. Even the press laid its claims upon him. A scrap-book in my possession contains contributions to the "Providence Journal," on almost every conceivable topic, — witty, grave, and severe, — sufficient to form a large volume. He edited a memoir of Professor R. P. Dunn, D. D., and was co-editor of the "Service of Song." His relations to the University were peculiarly friendly and loyal. And she honored him in return by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, by electing him one of her trustees, three years afterwards a member of the Board of Fellows, and by choosing him as secretary of the Corporation of Brown University, an office he held until his death, a period of fifteen years.

His life as a pastor closed in September, 1873, when he became Professor of Church History in the Newton Theological Institution. He was well equipped for the position. His studies had been largely in the lines of civil and ecclesiastical history, and during his pastorate of the church which Roger Williams founded, Baptist history had become the subject of careful investigation. His many anniversary sermons pertaining to the history of the Baptist churches of Rhode Island, and volumes three and four of the "Publications of the Narragansett Club," of which he was editor, show his skill in careful research and trustworthy results.

But to pass from the sphere of a pastor to that of a professional teacher is a severe test of one's capabilities. Knowledge is one thing, to impart knowledge effectively is another thing. The critical eye of a congregation of

¹ He was, by the appointment of the governor, inspector of the Rhode Island State Prison seven years.

dissimilar attainments is not the critical eye of a class of students of substantially similar attainments, each on the alert to find some flaw in the statements of his teacher. Yet tradition affirms that in the class-room Professor Caldwell was never found nodding or tripping. His facts were found to be facts, and he classified them to a date when the occasion required it. The range of his learning and the lucidity with which in unadorned yet elegant English he unfolded his topics, made his example of as much worth to the student in regard to the right method of studying and reaching conclusions as the knowledge he himself imparted. He may not have been as social with his class as some teachers, he did not fawn over them nor flatter them, but he was always accessible to those who desired his aid, and always ready to give them his time and strength for the removal of their difficulties. The testimony of President Andrews, already quoted, is ample evidence of this fact, and the written testimony of others now under my eye is of the same character. A colleague knows little of another's class-room work, but he knows better than any student of his colleague's aim, ambition, sympathy, and love for those under his charge. And my memory is not errant when I say that during an experience of more than twenty years, in which I have been associated with the professors at Newton, no one of them has ever expressed himself more kindly concerning his classes, shown more joy in their acquisitions, or indicated a more personal interest in their prospects for the future.

Besides history, a large part of Professor Caldwell's teaching at Newton was in the department of homiletics. Here, of course, he was at home. He had preached more than twenty-eight years, and knew the demands of the pulpit. He knew its failures and its triumphs. He knew the masters of pulpit eloquence and the secret of their victories, while his own experience had taught him the secret of many a failure. His idea of a sermon may be

seen by a glance at those contained in this volume, but he never felt that he had attained to his ideal. The centre of his conception of a sermon may be found in his oft-repeated *dicta* to his classes: "*Have a plan.*" "*Be sure to have a plan.*" "*With or without a manuscript, have a plan.*" "A sermon is a growth, a growth from a text, a living organism; let it assume in every part an organic shape." "Make your transitions so clear and emphatic that you will have no need of 'hooks and eyes.'" "Let the form be so vitalized that it shall necessarily be clothed with living flesh, and your hearers see nothing and feel nothing except the expanded and well-clothed thought you intend to give them." "Do not deal in episodes, nor fill blanks with vacant, vagrant thoughts, but move on with your application as you go, until the whole is felt to palpitate with life." "Enlarge your vocabulary by broad reading, and secure thereby facility of expression and variety of expression." "Study dictionaries, read dictionaries" (a habit of his own) "for effectiveness of style." Such, I am told, were some of his aphoristic teachings. It was a high ideal, and to present ideals was the work assigned to him. But he knew its limitations. Says one of his students, a warm friend and an appreciative scholar: "Notwithstanding his own exquisite taste in the choice of words, and his crisp, chaste, and elegant literary style, he most wisely laid emphasis on substance of thought rather than on graceful expression. The '*bête noir*' to him was off-hand, superficial thought. It was in fear of this that he was so cautious in recommending the preaching of unwritten sermons, although he said that 'the extemporaneous method is ideally best.'"

For his personal example, his attainments, his reverence for truth, his urbanity of manner, and his ardent zeal for a ministry of power, his classes will cherish his five years of instruction in Newton among their choicest gifts.

The historical papers contained in this volume, and others on kindred themes, such as "Subterranean Rome" and "Comparative Religion," were the product of his pen during his professorship in Newton.

On the 14th of August, 1873, John Howard Raymond, LL. D., the first president of Vassar College, a man distinguished for his skill in organizing this "first great college for women," worn out with incessant labor, surrendered his toils and entered into his reward. The trustees selected Professor Caldwell as his successor. He accepted the position, and entered upon its duties in September of the same year. For him it was an untried field. On him rested the government of the college, instruction in mental and moral philosophy, and the pastoral care of the college. The position was an honorable one, and a responsible and exacting one. The college had grown in numbers and in popularity beyond all expectations. It had had the world for its source of supply of students. It had had no rival. It was well funded by its founder, and when President Caldwell began his work it needed and desired no financial agent, nor did it expect from him the duties of a soliciting agent. He was to be the educating head of the college, and his success was to depend upon his power to keep the standard of scholarship high, to keep the moral and religious tone of the college pure, and to be as far as possible the student's temporary pastor and friend. But the number of students could not be expected to be as large as formerly. There were now rivals, notably Wellesley and Smith. The smaller colleges were inviting young women to their privileges, and during his presidency Harvard had arranged an annex. Yet Vassar prospered in respect to numbers under his administration. She generally had all the students she could accommodate, and a larger number than formerly applied for admission in the year he resigned, though totally ignorant of such a purpose on his part.

I recall two brief visits made to Vassar while he was president, and I find through others that my impressions are correct. He was full of zeal in teaching his own classes, and careful to know the instruction given to the other classes. His relations with both scholars and teachers were pleasant and inspiring. His religious life withal was the tender regard of a pastor. He sought for the Christian spirit as the ruling agency in the highest intellectual acquisitions. I remember that one of my visits occurred during the Lenten season, and that the Episcopalian students, as expressive of their love for and confidence in him, requested him to conduct services for them. He gladly assented, and at the service which I attended, had I not known that the president was a Baptist, I should have supposed him a clergyman of their own faith. From all I then saw and have since heard, I believe that as an educator he never did better work; as a president he was clear in his judgments and wise in his methods, and as the pastor he kept the tone of the college pure and elevating.

When he accepted the presidency he limited, in his own mind, his term of service to five years. He remained seven. There were some complaints as to the number of the students and the income of the college. It was not in him to beat the bush for birds, or to rake the streets for money. Accordingly, June 7, 1885, he resigned, the trustees adopting the following resolutions:—

1. *Resolved*, That the resignation of President Caldwell, to take effect at the close of the present academic year, be and is hereby accepted, with the expression of the deep regret of the Board that circumstances have seemed to Dr. Caldwell to render it his duty thus to sever his connection with the college.

2. *Resolved*, That we hereby express to the retiring president our profound sense of the patience and faithfulness with which he has discharged during the past seven years the duties of his office, our personal affection and esteem for his charac-

ter, and our warmest wishes for his future happiness and success.

3. *Resolved*, That in consideration of the importance to the college, during the few ensuing weeks, of an executive head acquainted with matters relative to instructors and students, we request Dr. Caldwell to perform the functions of president until a successor shall be appointed.

Retiring from Vassar, he decided to spend the remainder of his days in literary work, and he naturally turned his feet towards his former home in Providence. The memories of the place were fragrant to him. He loved the First Church, and he knew he was loved by her. The friends in the church and in the University who had "fallen on sleep" made the spot sacred to him; and those surviving, to whom he had ministered, and with whom he had lovingly associated, made the spot congenial to him. His life here was quiet yet busy. His interest in literature, education, and religion continued unabated. He identified himself, as formerly, with the Providence Athenæum, and was president of the Corporation at the time of his death. He was an active co-worker of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Whatever would promote the interests of the University received his attention and care. He planned and completed the first four of seven papers on "The Cities of our Faith." He was called to address the societies of several colleges at their anniversaries, and preached, as he often said, "whenever I can get a chance." That chance came quite frequently, and never more heartily than when the pulpit of the First Church needed a supply. Of his relations to his pastor, the Rev. T. Edwin Brown, D. D., said, at the memorial meeting referred to: "A great affliction has fallen upon me. I bear glad testimony to the beauty and tenderness of relation which has existed between the pastor and ex-pastor for the five years since Dr. Caldwell returned to this city. He could not have been tenderer and more sympathetic.

In it the graciousness and urbanity of the man were illustrated, his gentleness and unselfishness. It might be well said of him that grace was his characteristic quality, the grace in our Lord Jesus Christ."

But the time of his departure came, — came suddenly, unexpectedly. He had been in the enjoyment of excellent health during the summer, and had preached with unusual power. On the Sunday previous to his last illness it was noticed that he appeared remarkably vigorous. In his Bible-class on that day he was as bright and stimulating as ever. But on Monday, September 16th, while engaged in his last literary work, arranging his books upon their shelves, a task he was never willing to commit to another hand, he was smitten with a chill, from the results of which he never recovered. His wife nursed him as none but such a wife can. His younger son, a physician, watched over him and ministered to him with filial fidelity; other skilled physicians counseled and advised. He rallied and relapsed repeatedly. His disease baffled human skill, the hour had struck, and on Thursday, September 26, 1889, at 10.45 A. M., unconscious to those about him, he passed home, seemingly saying to them by the record of his life, "Let not your heart be troubled." "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God."

The next Saturday, in the meeting-house where he had so frequently comforted others, and in the presence of those who had known him, admired him, and loved him, there were simple funeral services, such as he desired, conducted solely by his pastor, consisting of Scripture-reading, singing by the choir of "Abide with Me," "O Paradise," "Servant of God, well done," and prayer. Before the prayer Dr. Brown read the following telegram from Dr. Caldwell's intimate and faithful friend, Rev. George D. Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa.: "In Dr. Caldwell's death the church of Christ has lost an

eminent preacher, a sagacious counselor, a scholarly champion, a Christian exemplar. My own sense of bereavement is so keen that were the funeral any day but Saturday I should certainly attend it."

He was buried in the family lot in Newburyport, Mass., and by his side now lies the wife of his youth.

Dr. Caldwell was a man whose very presence commanded attention. Tall, well-proportioned, a large head, with a liquid, nervous, expressive eye, there was an air of elegance, refinement, and power about him, which would cause him to be selected in a crowd as a man endowed by nature as well as culture for the position of a leader. Yet he was simple-hearted as a child, and as free from the consciousness of superiority as the humblest citizen. There was neither royalty in his gait nor in his manner of address. An inborn self-distrust, self-depreciation, together with an inborn inertia, held him back from asserting himself on public occasions, and from expressing his convictions with the boldness of personal authority in the pulpit and in the class-room. This instinctive shrinking from self-assertion is the key to his apparent reserve, which has often been attributed to haughtiness and coldness. Few men were ever less arrogant, less egotistic, less exclusive. From a child he had been a lover of books, his whole life had been substantially a literary life, and the man of similar tastes most naturally was attracted to him and became his intimate friend, but he repelled no one who desired his help and friendship.

Dr. Caldwell's special mental characteristic was his intuitive perception of the essence of a subject. His reading was broad, more largely indeed in the spheres of literature, philosophy, and theology than in that of the natural sciences; yet this broad reading was so completely under his control that the central thoughts, when he wished to apply them, came to him as suddenly and swiftly as a flash of light. His mind, when at rest, seemed to be inert

or brooding; when aroused, it had the flight of an eagle. Marvelous, and not fabulous, are the stories told of his written and oral efforts when quickened by an emergency — how a few hours produced the best sermons he ever preached; how the noteworthy Jubilee sermon, more than half of it, was written the night before it was preached; how, in committees, board meetings, and amid heated discussions on public occasions, he would gather together the gravest of the difficulties and with a few words bring order out of confusion.

Dr. Caldwell's power in the pulpit consisted largely in the spiritual nourishment with which he fed his people. His sermons were more ethical than doctrinal, more scriptural than polemical, more didactic than hortatory. His style was simple, clear, unadorned, abounding in short, pithy sentences, with a marvelous freshness of thought and progress of thought. There was no straining for effect, no startling surprises, no impassioned bursts of eloquence, but an even flow of his own thoughts into the minds of those who listened to him. There was beauty of style, often the very poetry of style, the sermon singing like a hymn, to the sweetest melody, from the beginning to its close; but it was the poetry of truth, and truth alone must be responsible for results. The text was explained, defended, and unfolded, the application keeping pace with the movement of the discourse, and, singularly for one so familiar with history, his illustrations were drawn from nature rather than from man. His manner was reverent, and, for one who usually preached from a manuscript, conversational. His voice was not melodious, his delivery slow, and his intonations rather monotonous; but when preaching to his own people, or to his students at Vassar, there was a tenderness of spirit and a subdued emotion which hid the manner in the urgency of the matter. He sought to build up the church of God in His own truth, and to win men to the truth by the power of God which was in His truth.

Of Dr. Caldwell's skill as a teacher I cannot speak from personal knowledge. I can see how he might fail to meet the needs of the average of a class. I find that some of his students praise him for what is deemed by others a defect. Probably he assumed too much knowledge on the part of his pupils, and did not give sufficient attention to elementary instruction. His mind was full, tense with his subject, he saw it all vividly; in history he was living over again the life of ages, and he stated results rather than processes; in the sermon he saw it as a whole, and was eager to show how to make wholes rather than dwell on minutiae; but the testimony of all is that the reservoir was full, and the contents were to be had by him who would draw them. Always scholarly and accurate, always catholic in spirit as a searcher for truth wherever found, the tradition is that, when he was correcting an erroneous statement made by a student concerning one of the early antagonists to Christianity, another student said to him, "Professor Caldwell, do you think there ever were any heretics?" The reply has not been preserved, but it is doubtless true that the professor believed that error found its wings in the truth which they covered. Strong and firm, and ready to contend for "the faith once delivered to the saints," loyal to his own denomination from first to last, he could give credit to all faiths which contained more or less of the true faith. He believed that "the firm foundation of God standeth, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His."

Space does not allow me to mention other features in the character of Dr. Caldwell. His friends will easily recall them, — his social qualities, winning by the pure tone of his thought hosts of friends; his love of home, making its atmosphere an atmosphere of love; his calmness in times of excitement, arousing hope where there was despair; his unwillingness to contend though he were the sufferer, determined to bide his time; his sensitiveness

to reproach, yet unwilling to cherish evil towards those who would wrong him ; above all, his pervading spiritual-mindedness, which, with no assumed solemnity of manner, put him in touch with the soul needing sympathy in the hour of sorrow or of joy, in the class-room, the sanctuary, or on public occasions. Few are they who have not been moved and subdued by his prayers. Many a one has called him specially gifted in prayer. Not seldom has a man attended upon his preaching who cared little about that part of the services, for the sake of his prayers. And many have queried as to the secret of this power. It was not the reading of prayers, nor the studying of prayers, nor the writing of prayers ; it was the prayerful spirit which seemed to pervade him, and made it as natural for him to pass suddenly into the immediate presence of God as to go into his favorite study. His outward appearance might not make such an impression, but the fact was, that a man so unwilling to talk about his personal religious experience had formed the habit of communing with God and felt himself at home with God.

No language so fittingly expresses my idea of him as a man and a Christian as that of Paul to the Corinthians : —

“ Love suffereth long and is kind ; love envieth not ; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

1 Cor. xiii. 4-7.

CITIES OF OUR FAITH.

"They shall call thee, The city of the Lord." — ISAIAH lx. 14.

"One spirit, diverse ministries." — 1 COR. xii. 4-6.

CITIES OF OUR FAITH.

I. JERUSALEM.

OF the cities of our religion we begin with Jerusalem, for there the religion of Israel comes to its consummation and capital. And it was the religion of Israel which in time became the religion of Christ. The faith of Paul was only the faith of Abraham enlarged, the acorn become an oak. Christianity grew out of Judaism. It was not a rebellion, but an evolution. The earlier was germinal and prophetic of the later. Jesus was a son of David according to the flesh. His twelve apostles were Jews. His church began in Jerusalem. The New Testament has its roots in the Old. They are two volumes of the same book. Abraham rejoiced to see our Lord's day and was glad.

It is a far cry from Abraham to David ; from Ur of the Chaldees to Jebus of the Canaanites, across a thousand years. The change from the fortress of the Jebusite to the Temple of Solomon, from the threshing-floor of Araunah to the Jerusalem of the Herods, still more from Jacob's stone in Bethel to the magnificent rituals of Caiphas, still more the transition from the simple faith of the fathers of the Jewish race to that of Hillel and Gamaliel, from the first seed of Judaism to its perfected fruit, covers a grand era in the history of mankind. It is the growth of a nation as well as a religion, of a national religion, of a theocracy into a monarchy.

It was a long time before Israel came to Jerusalem, and its religion found a capital. The progenitor of the He-

brews dwelt in tents, though he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. His successors were shepherds and nomads without a country. In Egypt they kept their Hebrew separateness, without becoming a nation, without losing themselves in the superior and dominant race. Always in their hearts was the tradition of the old home of their fathers, and the hope of their return to it. And so whatever they absorbed from that ancient civilization they carried away as seed for the new future in which their nationality was shaping itself. They fled into the wilderness; they spread over Canaan; but they were still twelve tribes with separate interests, though with a certain community of religion. Their religion, born in the desert, growing up under sacerdotal influences, had its sanctuaries here and there, and its movable home and tabernacle, but only that, and no fixed, centralized seat till with David came monarchy and a metropolitan government, and Jerusalem, the city and temple of its religion for a thousand years to come. Here at last Israel gathered up its scattered life, its six centuries of preparatory history, all its elements of greatness, into a new period of power and splendor, and as well of division and ruin. Here began Jerusalem, small indeed among the great capitals, capital of a small nation, and yet, as Dean Milman says, "the scene of more extraordinary events, more strange and awful vicissitudes, than any city in the universe, not excepting Rome."¹ Here David set his throne, and gave a permanent capital to his country.

For seven years and a half David had been king in the ancient city of Hebron,² too far south for a strong hold upon the whole kingdom. He struck for a new capital, and instead of going to the old towns, like Bethel, or Shechem, or Samaria, he laid siege to the old fastness of Jebus, on the boundary between Judah and Benjamin, and by a bold stroke took it from the Jebusites, who had held

¹ *History of the Jews*, i. 290.

² 2 Sam. v. 5.

it from the old days when the Canaanites ruled the land. It was a place hard to take, especially from the brave mountaineers who lost it at last from presumption rather than cowardice. They trusted to its natural strength, that even the blind and the lame could defend it against David. But he took it by assault on its steepest and most difficult side. For it was a bunch of hills, on the north running out into a plateau, but on the other sides falling off in deep, precipitous ravines with a descent of three or four hundred feet.¹

The highest and southwesternmost of these hills was the one where the fortress stood, where David built his palace, where he and fourteen of his royal successors were buried, the Mount Sion which often gave name to Jerusalem itself. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion, and called it the City of David."² It was the city of David, not by capture only, but by the beginnings which he gave to its sacredness and its greatness. He had the foresight to fix his capital on a spot which it held as long as any government held, and which has lasted longer almost than any city in the world. Here was his government. Here was his court. Here he consolidated the nation. Here he laid great foundations, not for architectural splendor only, but for a kingdom and a church. Here his successors ruled for almost four hundred years. Here at last came Jesus, "of the house and lineage of David," and set up a new, divine kingdom which shall know no end.

During the thirty-three years of David's reign the town had no great splendor. It grew, for the court was there; it was the headquarters of the army, and of the ecclesiastical establishment. There was friendship between the Tyrian king and David, and a house was built for him by architects brought from Tyre; but it was of wood, as probably were the other houses which David made.³ The ark was kept in a tent, though not the old one, which had

¹ 2 Sam. v. 7, 9.

² 2 Sam. v. 7-9.

³ 1 Chron. xv. 1.

been left in Gibeon, very likely worn out, but a new one which David had set up. The ark, the wooden chest in which the tables of the Mosaic law were deposited, had been kept in different families here and there, until now David brings it out of its obscurity up to his new capital, and the occasion is made a great national festival. For more than four centuries the sanctuary of Israel had been movable. Now it is to have a permanent home. It is to be established in Mount Zion. This is David's first thought in its capture, "to find a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob."¹ "For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my resting-place forever. Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." It was a great event. It consecrated the city. It gave a new impulse to the religion of Israel. The priesthood was organized. And it started the conception of a house instead of a tent, of a stately temple for Jehovah, the God of Israel, which came to its splendid consummation after David slept with his fathers and Solomon reigned in his stead.

For Solomon was a great builder: David was a soldier. The thought was David's; the execution was with his son.² The father's hand had been too bloody to be put to such a sacred work. The son, as a result of his father's victories, was to reign in prosperity and peace, and could spend what the father had collected. For David made great preparations to carry out the idea which had been growing in his mind in his later years.³ According to the chronicler he gathered millions of gold and silver, with bronze and iron, with marbles, costly woods, and precious stones in immense stores. On these Solomon set to work in the fourth year of his reign, and it was more than seven years before the Temple was completed. In silence its stones and beams were put together, no sound of axe or hammer

¹ Psa. cxxxii. 13, 14.

² 1 Chron. xxviii. 11, 12, 19.

³ 1 Chron. xxii. 14; xxix. 2.

being heard. "Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung," is the poetic conception of Bishop Heber. It cost an immense amount. Indeed, its splendor was not so much in its architecture as in its costly material. It was not large. Though in its dimensions exactly double the size of the tabernacle, it had none of the colossal magnitude, for instance, of the Egyptian temples, or the later Christian cathedrals, in one of which, it has been said, "the Jewish Temple would have been contained four times over."¹ In fact, it was simply an enlarged and more costly and durable tabernacle; and like the Tabernacle, it was not built for a congregation and a multitude. Its Holy of Holies was visited but once a year, and then by the solitary High Priest. The Holy Place was open only to the officiating priests. Worship went on in the courts under the open sky, where stood the altar for sacrifice, and the tank and the lavers for ablution, all of molten brass. For four hundred and fifteen years it stood, though ten of the tribes forsook it as their sanctuary after the death of Solomon, to be followed by its successors a second and a third time, till eleven hundred years later it fell to rise no more.

The Temple did not make all the magnificence of Jerusalem, though it was its great sacred edifice and gave it importance and renown. There was the great palace of Solomon, with its throne of ivory. There were the walls and the aqueducts, and the towers and the palaces and the gardens. Under Solomon Jerusalem was new, and its first splendor was its greatest. And yet the beauty of Jerusalem was hardly magnificence. For it was small of necessity, and, as the pilgrim in the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm says, "a city that is compact together." The deep valleys on the three sides, the fortifications on the fourth, shut it up within a small compass, and compelled compactness. Says Canon Liddon: "Possibly this

¹ Stanley, *Jewish Church*, ii. 248.

pilgrim had seen Damascus, straggling out amid the beautiful oasis which surrounds it in the plain of the Abana; or he had seen Memphis, a long string of buildings, thickly populated, extending for some twelve or fourteen miles along the west bank of the Nile. Compared with these Jerusalem had the compact beauty of a highland fortress, its buildings as seen from below standing out against the clear Syrian sky, and conveying an impression of grace and strength that would long linger in the memory."¹ It had no commercial splendor, no site on a navigable river, or by the sea. Isaiah rejoices in Jehovah "as in the place of broad rivers and streams," while Jerusalem is "a quiet habitation," — "wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."² It was secluded, away from the highways of the world, and insignificant in size or population, beside the great capitals of material civilization which have far less to do with the higher life, and the final destiny of the human race. And in this royal magnificence was the seed of future trouble, and destruction at last. During the reigns of twenty kings Jerusalem went through all vicissitudes of prosperity and disaster. The vast treasures of the Temple were the temptation now of the Egyptian, and now of the Assyrian; as the Temple itself was now defiled and now purged by the alternation of bad kings and good ones, till at last, some four centuries and a half after, and five hundred and eighty-six years before Christ, it fell before the arms of Nebuchadnezzar, who wiped it out as a man wipeth a dish. The walls fell, palaces and the Temple were burned, and the population itself was swept off into the land of the conqueror.³ It seemed as if it were the end of Jerusalem, and even of the Hebrew race. No king, no temple, no city, the old glory a pathetic memory, the old magnificence a ruin. It was the mournful elegy of Jeremiah: "How doth the city sit

¹ Sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral, Sunday, August 22, 1886.

² Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

³ Psa. lxxiv. 79.

solitary that was full of people! How is she a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces. From the daughter of Zion all her majesty is departed." ¹

But out of the land of the waster restoration was to come. In the ashes of exile still lived their wonted fires. The bitter discipline of captivity could not extinguish the desire of the Jew for his old home, and it prepared him to go back to it with something better than he carried away. The Persian had taken the place of the Assyrian, and the great Cyrus was ready to encourage the aspirations of Daniel and Zerubbabel; was, without being aware of it, to fulfill the confident expectation of Jeremiah and Ezekiel that their countrymen would come back, and Jerusalem be built again. With fifty thousand people, the grandson of Jehoiachin, the nineteenth king, was sent back as governor of Judea; and seventy years after the destruction of the Temple it was rebuilt and dedicated, not indeed with the old stateliness and pomp, but with a faith and a zeal not unworthy of the ancient time. Seventy years later came Nehemiah from the court of Artaxerxes to rebuild the walls, as he expressed it, of "the city of his fathers' sepulchres." ² There was a Jerusalem again, but it was no longer the city of David. There was no restoration of the royal line. There was a High Priest, but no King. There was an intense Judaism, a hatred for other races and religions, the new-kindled hope of a Messiah even knitting closer the national pride. After Nehemiah, for more than two hundred years, — a period (as Dean Milman says) as long as from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the accession of Queen Victoria, — the Jews remain in historical silence and darkness. The Persian gave back Jerusalem to the Jews, and the Greek and the Roman became in their turn its conquerors and rulers. For a hundred and fifty years and more, Alexander and the Ptolemies, and then the

¹ Lam. i. 1, 6.

² Neh. ii. 5.

Seleucids, were masters of Judea, till a race of native heroes, the Maccabees, arose, recovered Jerusalem, rededicated the Temple, and founded the Asmonean dynasty. The rule of the Alexandrian kings was in the main pacific and beneficent. But with the kings of Antioch Judea was in sullen or overt antagonism, till at last provoked to insurrection, and then the sword of the Maccabees won independence.

For a hundred and thirty years their descendants ruled, but not in the spirit of the founders of their line. For sixty years they were content to be priests, and the government was pontifical. And then for seventy years, beginning with the first Aristobulus, the royal title was resumed, and a monarchy established. But the Herodian family succeeded to the Asmonean through Antipater, an Idumean by birth, a sort of Mayor of the Palace, and minister to the Maccabean kings, who prepared the way to the throne for his son Herod, called the Great. In the last years of his reign the Christian era began (37 B. C.-4 A. D.). For over sixty years, since Pompey the Great invaded the country and marched into Jerusalem itself, Judea came more and more under the power of Rome, and Herod was king by imperial permission. His reign was foreign enough to be detested, and yet Jewish enough to be maintained. Great works in architecture, the increase of commerce, the influx of foreigners, the introduction of the two pagan languages, made a great outward change, while the national temper continued unchanged, enduring Rome and the Herods while it hated them. Then, if ever, the old glory of Jerusalem came back, but with the difference which belonged to the lapse of a thousand years. There was a king, the last, but not of the house of David. David's true heir was a little child just born in Bethlehem, waiting for another and larger and holier kingdom than that of Herod or Solomon. The king was an Idumean, and it seemed as if Esau had come back to his

stolen birthright and to the place of Israel. He had splendid powers, shrewdness, energy, persistency. And he was guilty of great crimes. He was cruel, whether from disposition or from policy, even to the murder of his own children, as of the Asmoneans whom he supplanted. He was politic, and so was a Jew in faith. He believed with the Jews, and governed with the Romans. He left Jerusalem as Jesus found it, as we read about it in the gospels. In his reign it was more splendid and prosperous than ever. It covered three hundred acres, and had a population of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand. Travelers and pilgrims resorted to it from all parts of the world. Herod had rebuilt the Temple, perhaps because he had also built an amphitheatre for foreign games, and it was larger and more magnificent than in the days of Solomon. The sanctuary itself was of the same dimensions as the first Temple, and was probably built upon the old foundations; but he added courts, and porches, and cloisters, and great gates, and so immensely enlarged the area as well as the magnificence of the sacred building. Greek marble and Greek art added to its splendor, so that when the rustic Galilean disciples went into it with our Lord they could but call his admiring attention: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here." Says Mr. Ferguson, one of the most competent students of its architecture: "It may be safely asserted that the triple Temple of Jerusalem — the lower court standing on its magnificent terraces, the inner court raised on its platform in the centre of this, and the Temple itself, with snow-white walls and glittering pinnacles of gold, rising out of this group and crowning the whole — must have formed, when combined with the beauty of its situation, one of the most splendid architectural combinations of the ancient world."¹ The words of Dr. Edersheim give us a picture in outline

¹ Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, iii. 1464.

of the city itself; "Passing through 'the Royal Porch, and out by the western gate of the Temple, we stand on the immense bridge which spans 'the valley of the cheese-mongers,' or the Tyropœan, and connects the eastern with the western hills of the city. On the right, as we look northward, are (on the eastern hill) Ophel, the Priest quarter, and the Temple, wondrously beautified and enlarged, and rising terrace upon terrace, surmounted by massive walls; a palace, a fortress, a sanctuary of shining marble and glittering gold. And beyond it frowns the old fortress of Baris, rebuilt by Herod, and named after his patron, Antonia. This is the hill of Zion. Right below is the cleft of the Tyropœan, and here creeps up northward the 'Lower City,' or Acra, in the form of a crescent, widening into an almost square suburb. Across the Tyropœan westward rises the 'Upper City.' If the Lower City and suburb form the business quarter, with its markets, bazaars, and streets of trades and guilds, the Upper City is that of palaces. Here, at the other end of the great bridge which connects the Temple with the Upper City, is the palace of the Maccabees; beyond it the Xystos, or vast colonnaded enclosure, where popular assemblies are held; there the palace of Ananias, the High Priest; and nearest to the Temple the Council Chamber and public archives. Behind it, westward, rise, terrace upon terrace, the stately mansions of the Upper City, till quite in the northwest corner of the old city we reach the palace which Herod had built for himself, — almost a city and fortress, flanked by three high towers, and enclosing spacious gardens. Beyond it again, and outside the city walls, both of the first and the second, stretches all north of the city the new suburb of Bezetha, or New Town. Here on every side are gardens and villas; here passes the great northern road, by which Jesus went to the place of crucifixion." ¹ "The hill of Zion is a fair place and the

¹ Edersheim, *Life and Times of Jesus*, i. 112.

joy of the whole earth ; upon the north side lieth the city of the great King ; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.”¹

Such was Jerusalem when Herod died, when Jesus was born ; the Jerusalem risen out of the ruin of half a thousand years before, with something more than its ancient splendor growing through all these changeful years. Till its second destruction, it now fell more completely under the power of Rome. For ten years the son of Herod, Archelaus, was Ethnarch of Judea. But with him “the sceptre departed from Judah.” It became a Roman province, with its procurator at Cesarea rather than at Jerusalem, ruled not only in the interest but by the officials of Rome. There was a great ecclesiastical court in Jerusalem with seventy-one members, called the Sanhedrin, composed of High Priests, — the heads of the twenty-four classes into which the priests were divided, — the elders, and the scribes. The termination of the vassal kingship restored it and the Sadducees to political importance. There were two principal religious parties in the population of Jerusalem, whose origin is rather obscure, but which date into the time of the Maccabees. It is difficult to say which represented most truly the ancient Judaism. The Pharisees were in the majority. They sprang from the ancient pietists who came back from the exile cured of all idolatry, and strenuous for the ancestral religion. But they degenerated into scrupulous, haughty, censorious separatists, — over-pious in forms, and usages, and words, and under-pious in spirit and life. Jesus justly charged them with the hypocrisy of long prayers and short performance, of exactness in the letter and carefulness for tradition, without charity or a true and spiritual faith. Says Ewald : “In these, various impulses to false religion which were involved in the preceding centuries at length developed themselves with the utmost

¹ Psa. xlviii. 2, 3, *Book of Common Prayer*.

force, and assumed the clearest prominence; and they who wished to be the most pious, and to appear as teachers of righteousness of every kind, not excepting the highest, were compelled to surround the true religion with the greatest darkness and the closest restrictions, like the Jesuits of modern times."¹ The Sadducees were the more liberal Jews, who in the time of the Maccabees felt the Grecian influence and took from it a greater freedom of thought. They tried to blend with the Jewish strictness the Greek wisdom and freedom, but with no more spiritual vitality than there was in the Pharisaism which they opposed. The Pharisees held to Determinism, the Sadducees to Free Will. The Pharisees were Stoic, the Sadducees Epicurean. The Pharisees were orthodox, the Sadducees liberal. The Pharisees believed in the immortality of the soul and the existence of angels; the Sadducees denied both. The Pharisees held to the traditional and oral as well as the Mosaic or written law. The Sadducees held to the original law, but hardly accepted even the Prophets, much less the commentaries of the rabbis. The Pharisees carried the people with them. The Sadducees were chiefly among the higher orders. The one party was democratic in its way, the other aristocratic. Under Herod the Sadducees lost all political importance, and were left to their old theological and ecclesiastical disputes with the Pharisees, who were honored and encouraged by the Idumean king for political reasons, as he also had absolved his own special partisans, the Herodians, who exerted no very perceptible, certainly no permanent, influence in public affairs. The Essenes were the monks of Judaism, living an ascetic and retired life far from the capital, and having no part in its ecclesiastical or political life. The Temple and the priesthood remained as in the old time, and the people still came to the capital for the great feasts. But everywhere, in the villages

¹ *History of Israel*, v. 369.

as in the city, since the days of Ezra, there had arisen a new system of worship, unknown before the exile. The religion of the people was in the synagogue more than in the Temple. Religious instruction and devotion went on in these meeting-houses, to be found the country through, of which there were said to be four hundred and eighty in Jerusalem itself. Into them the dispersed Jews, not only throughout Palestine, but in Egypt and Greece and Italy, gathered for worship and to hear the Scriptures read. We hear more of them than of the Temple in the New Testament. Our Lord and his Apostles worshipped in them. In them and following their organization the Christian churches had their beginning. And so Christianity became the religion, not of the Temple, of priests and sacrifices, but of the synagogue rather, with its ministers, its simple prayers and teachings, its local and independent congregations.

The last chapter in the history of Jerusalem, for seventy years, has written upon it a new name, and is the first chapter in a new era of human history. Jesus Christ was not born in the city, but in the country. He never made his home in Jerusalem, and knew it only by occasional visits. Six weeks after he was born he was carried into the Temple for his presentation, and was recognized, even in his infancy, by ancient representatives of the spiritual Israel, who waited there for signs of the new kingdom of God, and who "spake of him to all them that were looking for the redemption in Jerusalem."¹ It is stated by St. Luke that "his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover,"² but how often he went with them we do not know. Once, when he was twelve years old, we hear that he went with them, and, lingering there in the Temple, had a boy's discovery or forecast of his divine calling. How many times in the many silent years before he began his preaching at Nazareth he went up to

¹ Luke ii. 38.

² Luke ii. 41.

the great city to see its sights, to learn from its teachers, to surprise them as he did in his boyhood, to participate in its festivals, there is no report left. Indeed, if the fourth gospel had not supplemented the other three, we should not know that he was present at more than one of five feasts which he actually kept at Jerusalem after he became a public teacher. From the first three gospels it would seem as if he had chosen to remain in Galilee, among a simpler and less bigoted class of people, to lay the foundation of his kingdom, rather than face the dangers of proclaiming himself in the ecclesiastical Capital, and seeking his first converts and apostles there. But we find him going every year to the great Feast of the Passover, as perhaps he had been doing all his life. We can hardly explain the fanatical hatred of the Pharisees there, which pursued him even into Galilee,¹ unless he had become known in the city, and known in his real character. He could hardly have exclaimed, "*How often* would I have gathered thy children together," if he had not frequently been there, trying to rouse the people by his instructions and warnings. His attachment to the family of Lazarus, the affection of Joseph of Arimathea for him, the power he exerted over such men as Nicodemus, imply not infrequent and transient visits, but some degree of familiarity.²

He surrounded himself with Galileans by choice. Among them he won disciples. They could understand him. The curious and excitable citizens might run after him, but he "did not trust himself to them."³ He found his apostles among fishermen rather than scribes and rabbis. For reasons, some of which we can understand, he did not put himself into any active connection with the life of Jerusalem, and waited his time before coming in conflict with its authorities. But the end was to come there. It was the

¹ Matt. xv. 1.

² Neander, *Life of Christ*, 156.

³ John ii. 24.

place, the only place, for the awful climax. It would have been an historical, a moral incongruity, for him to be crucified anywhere else. One day when some Pharisees out in the country were advising him to get out of the jurisdiction of Herod Antipas, for he would certainly kill him, he said, "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."¹ He knew his doom was there. He recognized the moral fitness of it. He saw into the spirit of the place, the political and religious passions, the elements of danger, the spiritual delusion, the prejudice, the bigotry, which made his death by assassination or execution certain. No party was for him, — Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, priests, lawyers, — all against him. He had no party of his own, even if we count Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus among his friends. Not an apostle belonged in Jerusalem. He made no impression on the life of the city, unless in such evanescent feeling as that of Palm Sunday, when the streets and Temple were full of strangers.

But if he was not identified with it in his life, he was in his death. His crucifixion was the crime of Jerusalem. Its authorities compassed it with cunning, and forced it upon the Roman governor against his will. The city of David, of the prophets, of Jehovah the Almighty, of the Temple of God, the capital of Israel, was henceforth and forever to carry this brand. It had killed the Saviour of the world. But it could not kill the faith he had begotten in his little church. The Master had been destroyed; the disciples lived, and made his memory, his death, the life of a new world. His cross turned from infamy into glory. It became the hope of the humble, and the conqueror of the great. The Church put it on its basilicas, the emperor on his labarum. The High Priest in the Holy of Holies was not so near to God or to the heart of man as his victim crucified in the place of a skull. He fell only to rise

¹ Luke xiii. 33.

again. He died to live more and more, and forever, in the life of his Church. He ascended into heaven, but he remained a Spirit of life and power and enlargement and victory in innumerable disciples world without end. He left the Jerusalem that had been for a thousand years, to perish, only to erect a New Jerusalem having the imperishable glory of God. For the doom of Jerusalem was already in the air. Nemesis was sharpening its sword. And Jesus saw the angels of terror descending to avenge his own rejection, and close the sad reckoning of its history for six hundred years. In forty years his words came true. The abomination of desolation stood in the holy place. Of the splendid Temple in whose courts he walked and spoke, there was not one stone left upon another that was not thrown down. Jerusalem was compassed with armies. For the time came when the patience of the people was exhausted, and they could bear the yoke of the Roman no longer. And they rebelled, madly, desperately, with the courage of patriotism, but in defiance of the greatest power on the globe. High-spirited, intractable, confident of divine protection, inflamed by Messianic expectations, torn in pieces by factions, maddened by the oppressions of Rome, they flew into frantic insurrection, and there could be but one issue of the struggle. Vespasian and Titus came, and after fire, famine, the sword, the siege, had done their terrible work, there was nothing left. If we can believe Josephus, though it is hard to believe him, more than a million human beings lost their lives or their liberty in Jerusalem alone. The misery, the carnage, the destruction, the desolation, were such that it seemed as if the resentment of man or the judgment of God could not further go. If the Christian Church were fired by malignant and revengeful passion, and desired its first enemy and the murderer of its Lord to suffer condign punishment, it could only have cried out in pity, "Stop, Lord, for it is enough!"

And yet Jerusalem really fell, not when the armies of Titus broke down its walls, and burnt its Temple, and extinguished its life. The true destruction of the city was not in its physical demolition, but in its spiritual overthrow. It fell not so much by the fierce blow of Rome as before that gentle word of Jesus spoken in a woman's ear in the vale of Sychar, — "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth."¹ Those words blew away stately stones of temples the world over, as if they had been mist, and turned worship from a thing of priests and altars and buildings into a spiritual transaction having all times and places for its own. The city of God was henceforth to be no local Jerusalem, but a universal brotherhood, with Christ for its king, and the round earth and the arching sky, or rather the larger human heart, for its temple. Jerusalem had no more place. Its religious primacy had come to an end. Its office in the spiritual education of mankind was closed. It had not only exhausted its power; it had turned its back on the true light, and shown itself unworthy and incapable of the spiritual enfranchisement which stood at its gates.

Judaism lost its opportunity. "Its altar fires should and might have been extinguished by something better than Jewish blood. Caiaphas should and might have been the first Christian bishop of Jerusalem. The whole Jewish priesthood should and might have led the way from types to antitype. And the whole Jewish people, in Palestine and everywhere else, from Spain to China, should and might have accepted the Prophet of whom Moses spake. But madness ruled the hour. They hanged their prophet on a tree, hissing that awful prayer which God has been answering ever since, 'His blood be on us, and on our

¹ John iv. 21-23.

children.'"¹ Henceforth the religion of God was to pass from it, and turn to the Gentiles.

Christianity had its birth in Jerusalem, not from its being the home of Christ or of his apostles, for it was not; not because its theology, its church, its teachers and leaders, its traditions, or its hopes of a Messiah had any influence in shaping the doctrine or the course of Jesus, for they had none; not because it accepted him, or felt his power, for it rejected him, and never became a Christian city. But it was the capital of the old religion; and into that ancient inheritance Christianity entered. It inherited the treasured monotheism of twenty centuries. The Law and the Prophets, the whole divine revelation, from the fathers of the Jewish race down, belonged to it. It joined itself to the history of Israel, and was not to be deprived of the past revelation of God. It was to make the old new, and create a better and spiritual and larger Israel, in which should be neither Jew nor Gentile, but the children of God in all lands. But it was not to be simply a transformed, baptized Judaism, preserving whatever was true, spiritual, immortal, in the religion of Israel. It had a grander, diviner future if it only understood its mission, and would assert its liberty. Its first task was to disengage itself from Judaism. It had to fight for its independence. It had not only to continue the battle with the hostile Judaism which had snatched the life of its leader. The conflict was in the bosom of the church itself. That tried hard to be Christian without ceasing to be Jewish. It wanted even the Gentiles to become Christians by becoming Jews first. The message which came from certain ones of Judea to Antioch, "Except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses, ye cannot be saved,"² was its watchword. This was the difficult problem, to bring together Jews and Gentiles in a united church without the

¹ R. D. Hitchcock, *Eternal Atonement*, p. 196.

² Acts xv. 1.

enforced obligation of the Law of Moses. This was the contest, to establish equality, and keep Judaism out of Christianity. The champion of liberty was a converted Jew who had been a Pharisee of the Pharisees, their most learned and ablest rabbi. And he determined not to have a decision at Antioch, in a Greek city, in a mixed church, but to go up to Jerusalem and face the question where Judaism was strongest, and where a decision would be worth something. He wanted a verdict for all time. Fifteen years before, he went out of Jerusalem armed with power to destroy the young Church. He now returns to save it, not from the enmity of Jews who would not believe and wanted to destroy it, but from Jews who believed, but only in a Jewish gospel, and wanted to entomb it. The decision was for liberty, and a church large enough for Jew and Gentile together. And the larger providential decision was the same. The Gentiles came in faster than the Jews, and Judaism shrank, even if its leaven has never been entirely lost. By the working of a mighty power which was in the Church and in the gospel, even by the free spirit of God, Christ broke down the middle wall of partition between the races, and made both one. And then came the crisis, the great day of God's judgment, when the city and the Temple venerable with the reverence of ages, and clothed even to Jews scattered through all countries with inviolable sanctity, were finally demolished. That destroyed the wild hopes of a conquering and national Messiah, a new Maccabeus. And it took out of the way a great moral and historical obstacle to the progress of the new faith. From their wide dispersion the Jews, in whose faith Christ Jesus had taken a place, could no longer look back to the home of their ancestral religion, and they recognized the providence, and the providential reason, by which it had been removed. Their Christianity more easily absorbed their Judaism, and they found that, by outward compulsion as well as by an inward choice, they were no longer under Moses, but under Christ.

Jerusalem stands, then, not only for Judaism, but for a type of religion, even of Christianity, which happily was not to be perpetual. A religion originating among Jews, and inheriting their Scriptures, had hard work to sever itself from Judaizing tendencies. They prolonged their influence, and infected the new faith with the old spirit. The Epistle to the Hebrews shows the hold which the obsolescent religion had upon Jewish Christians. They missed the old ritual. They clung to circumcision, the Sabbath, the ceremonial law. They could not readily believe that the laws, the institutions, which were their national inheritance, and which went back to the Exodus, which had upon them the name of Moses and of Jehovah Himself, were transient and to be given up. And so they wanted to mix Judaism and Christianity, with Christ for a second Moses. They turned Christianity into that modified Judaism against which Paul fought with such courageous persistency, as we see in his Epistle to the Galatians. And this issued in Ebionitism, a contraction and degradation of Christianity to a Judaic pattern, asserting the universal and perpetual validity of the Mosaic Law, finally reducing Jesus to be the last and best prophet of their race, and refusing the grander scope, and spiritual largeness, and universal mission of a redeeming and victorious gospel. And this has never quite passed away. The free spirit of the Gospel has often felt its bonds. Moses has sometimes shared the rule with Christ in His own Church, and the New Dispensation has felt upon it the shadow of the dead hand of the Old. Ritualism has dominated faith, and the letter the spirit. Says St. Paul to the Galatians: "Sinai is a mountain in Arabia, and answereth to the Jerusalem that now is; for she is in bondage [to the Romans] with her children. But the Jerusalem that is above is free, which is our mother."¹

To Jerusalem belongs the first place among the cities of

¹ Galatians iv. 25, 26, Rev. Version.

our faith. It began there. "Beginning at Jerusalem" was the last word of our Lord to His Church before it had taken its first step. Had it stopped there, had it remained within the boundaries of Judaism there represented, probably it would have died, like a hundred sects, Jewish, Pagan, Christian. But it was not to stop. It could not stay, as the Jews had not stayed. It went wherever Jews went. But it went as the power of God and the wisdom of God to Jews and Greeks, and to both alike.¹ It went to Samaria, to the maritime towns of Phœnicia, to Cyprus, to Damascus, to Antioch. But it went into the synagogue till it came to Antioch; and there it came into immediate contact with Greeks who were not Jews. And so Antioch, with less antiquity, with a shorter history, with a more transient influence, with no sanctity of its own, with minor historic significance, simply as the gate to a grander future in the diffusion of Christianity, took precedence of Jerusalem itself.

It was then more than three hundred years old. The Greek kings of Syria, and afterwards the Roman governors, had made it their capital. It was a large and beautiful, even stately city, on the banks of the Orontes. It was counted, after Rome and Alexandria, the third city in the empire. It was, like Alexandria, a point of confluence between the East and West. It anticipated Constantinople. It had a large Jewish colony, with their synagogues. Thither flew sparks from the flame of Pentecost. The murder of Stephen sent others, though, it is stated, "preaching the word to none but unto Jews only. But there were some of them, men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Greeks also, preaching the Lord Jesus."² There came Barnabas, and with him came Paul, as he was then called, from Tarsus, both eager for conciliation and liberty. Henceforth the Jew and the Greek are equal, missions

¹ 1 Cor. i. 24.

² Acts xi. 20.

begin, and the whole world opens to the gospel. The new religion, released from Judaism, takes its true position. Here it receives its true and lasting name. Its disciples, who called themselves "saints," who were known by their Jewish enemies as Nazarenes, "were called Christians first at Antioch." And Antioch became, in its way, a Gentile Jerusalem, the centre of missionary movement into the pagan world.

The time had now come when the Jews could no more take the old delight in Jerusalem. The holy and beautiful house where their fathers worshipped was burned with fire, and all their pleasant things were laid waste. There was no restoration. History was to forsake the Jew, and divide itself with the Christian and the Moslem. The enthusiasm with which the Jews saluted Jerusalem, and refused to forget her, was to transfer itself and kindle into even a fiercer flame among the people of Christendom. A new pilgrimage was to seek the Holy City through many centuries, started by Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor. Constantine, more than two centuries and a half after the Flavian emperors had battered it into dust and ruin, built a magnificent church over the sepulchre of the Christ whom the Jews had cast out as evil, and the Romans had crucified as a malefactor. The tomb took the place of the Temple. The religion which in the beginning found its inspiration in itself, and a Saviour invisible, now sought every spot in the Holy Land made sacred by His presence, and counted it a virtue and a spiritual help to stand on the ground from which a divine influence seemed to emanate because He had been there. For curiosity, for devotion, for penance, for inspiration, rich and poor, laymen and monks, princes and prelates, saints with their love and penitents with their burden, went, sometimes in flocks, to even doubtful places; to spurious relics they gave a veneration belonging only to invisible realities. Pilgrimage became an in-

stitution, and a pilgrim acquired merit and sanctity, if not spiritual excellence, from his journey. Caravansaries and hospitals were provided for him; his pilgrimage was an expiation for all his sins; and he carried home the shirt he wore when he entered Jerusalem to be used as his winding-sheet, in which he would certainly be transported into Paradise.

And so Jerusalem became to the Christian what it had been to the Jew. The Persian, the Saracen, the Turk, became in turn its masters, and still the Christian pilgrims sought its holy places with inextinguishable desire. If at first they were received as guests, at last they were abused as intruders. And then came the Crusaders, contending for Palestine and against Islamism for two hundred years. At the end of the eleventh century the indignation of Christendom waxed hot against the Moslem who held possession of the sepulchre of Christ, against the barbarous Seljukian who maltreated its pious visitors. This indignation found a voice in Urban the Pope and Peter the Hermit, and started towards the Holy Land the wild rabble that followed Walter the Penniless, and the more disciplined army that followed Godfrey of Bouillon. Christendom armed itself against Mohammedanism, and renewed the conflict between West and East, which seemed to have been settled by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours almost five hundred years before. In the last year of the eleventh century Jerusalem fell before the arms of Godfrey. Eighty-eight years later it fell again before the siege of Saladin, the crescent took the place of the cross, and the Latin kingdom came to an end. To-day it is a Turkish city, its splendor gone, its life poor, its religion mixed, its history a reminiscence, its restoration a dream, its name, its symbolic significance, its prophetic glories, its forfeited inheritance, transferred to the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.

For there at last in some far future, in this world, in

worlds beyond, is to be the consummation of the kingdom of God. What is sown in weakness shall be raised in power. What began in Jerusalem shall be known everywhere. The Messiah of the Jew shall be the Saviour of all men. The process of amelioration, of redemption, slowly moving through the weary years, reaches completion at last. Man "working out the beast" rises to fellowship with God, and the groaning creation issues in a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. And beyond is heaven, the hope of the penitent, the aspiration of the saint, the promise of Christ's ascension, the restoration of all loss, the supreme beatitude, the perfected society of all renewed spirits, the escape from earth's falsehood and wrong, the eternal vision and communion of God. For whatever Christianity shall do in this world for its transformation, beyond the veil whither Christ is gone, in unseen and heavenly places, is the ultimate and immortal fulfillment of all possibilities, He and His being glorified together.

Such dream, more or less obscurely, has disturbed or fascinated great souls, has visited humanity almost everywhere in its sleep, when it is nigh awaking. The Apocalypse projects upon the screen of the future its picture of that final consummation. And what other vision, what grander ideal, should a Jew, a Christian Jew, have of the coming of His Lord's kingdom; into what picture shall he put it but of that great city which had so filled Jewish history for its last thousand years? Out of that dead Jerusalem is evolved the likeness of the living and eternal city of God. It is a gorgeous picture of a new city, all gems, all gold, a winterless climate, with fruit every month, fresh and pure with rivers of water, no shadows or terrors of the night, with no gates, but the nations of the world walking its streets in spiritual freedom, the kings of the nations filling it with all glory and honor. There is no temple in it any longer, for in a Christian

Apocalypse there could be hope of its restoration, because henceforth "the Lord God, the Almighty, and the Lamb are the Temple thereof." There human history ends, not where it began, in Paradise, in a garden, amidst the freedom of spontaneous nature, but in a city, the greatest work of man, the top and sum of human civilization, — in the city of God, the capital, not of a passing nationality, but of a new and holier and perpetual Jerusalem, worthy to be the Bride of Christ.

It is Jerusalem, made new in the Spirit, and by the power of the Christ it rejected, which draws the exile's longing, and becomes the canticle of homesick souls. They sing such hymns as, "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," and "Jerusalem the Golden," and "Jerusalem, my Happy Home." We find it in the "De Contemptu Mundi" of Bernard of Clugny; in the "O Quanta Qualia" of the brilliant and unfortunate Abelard; sung at Vespers by Heloise and her nuns in the Abbey of the Paraclete:—

"O what shall be, O when shall be, that holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep and celebrate alway,
When rest is found for weary limbs, when labor hath reward,
When everything for evermore is joyful in the Lord ?

"The true Jerusalem above, the holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy, whose joy so free from care ;
Where disappointment cometh not to check the longing heart,
And where the heart, in ecstasy, hath gained her better part.

"O glorious King, O happy state, O palace of the blest !
O sacred peace and holy joy, and perfect, heavenly rest !
To thee aspire thy citizens in glory's bright array,
And what they feel and want, they know they strive in vain to say.

"For while we wait and long for home, it shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers in that dear country's
praise ;
And from these Babylonian streams to lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love descending from the skies.

"There, there, secure from every ill, in freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here by days of suffering,
And unto thee, our gracious Lord, our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good, and thou by pain canst bless."

II. ALEXANDRIA.

THE nameless person, the mystic figure, who appeared in the shadows of the night to St. Paul when he had come to the coast of the *Ægean*, before he crossed for the first time into Europe, was "a man of Macedonia;" and that is all we know of him. Whence he came, who sent him, what he did afterwards, appearing and disappearing, is not told. His message, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," was the first European summons to Christianity to advance into the great field of its future triumphs. Why it came from there rather than from Athens, or Corinth, or Rome even, we do not know. But we do know that the new religion owed a great debt to that Macedonian power, a faint echo of whose voice it then heard. That power had begun to make itself felt beyond its own rugged mountains some three centuries and more before. It had destroyed the freedom of Greece, aspiring itself to be Greek. It had returned the Persian invasion, and overcoming the Persian arms had spread its conquests to the Euphrates and the Nile. It was not a Greek power, and was counted the enemy of Greece. But it was a powerful agent in diffusing Hellenic power and culture, in sending the Greek language and literature and spirit far and wide, and so indirectly preparing a way for Christianity. The one potent thing it did was to found a new city near the mouth of the Nile, which became the second city of the world. It was left to Alexander to see the advantages of a site which the wisdom of Egypt had for ages overlooked, and with a look and a word to call into being the rival, which at last became the subject, of Rome; a city which, according to Niebuhr, he designed to be the capital of the

universal empire he aspired and failed to found. Whatever he designed, whatever he may have anticipated, Alexandria became the great monument of his genius, as it became the tomb of his remains. Nothing else which he did, no triumph of his arms, left such a mark on the history of the world. He brought the East and the West together, the Greek and the Oriental thought and life, and the point of junction was Alexandria. What he began it was left for the Ptolemies to finish; but from beginning to end it was the city of Alexander. It became a new Greece beyond the sea.

It was at an angle where the three continents meet. With a lake on one side and the Mediterranean on the other, it had a secure and spacious harbor, the entrance lighted by the Pharos, 400 feet high, the greatest lighthouse of the world. It was fifteen miles in circuit, and shaped like a trooper's cloak, seven miles long and three broad. It had a plan, as the ancient cities generally had not, with two main streets, 240 feet wide, crossing each other at right angles in the middle of the city, and giving draught for cool northerly breezes from the sea. It had quarters for the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Jews, with a population of 600,000. A third of the city was given up to public parks and palaces. Its docks and aqueducts, the mole nearly a mile long, its museum and library, its court-house and necropolis, with the "soma" in which the Greek kings of Egypt as well as the great Macedonian conqueror were buried, and, most magnificent of all, the Temple of Serapis, the great god of the place, gave it the solid splendor which belongs to the great capitals of the world. A mart of commerce, it became the home of philosophy. First Greek then Roman, first pagan then Christian, the city of the Ptolemies, of Cleopatra and Hypatia, of Philo and Athanasius, of Euclid the mathematician and Antony the eremite,—for a time it held a great place in the history of the world. It was not

the ships in its harbor, or the spices and dyes of Arabia and India, or the corn of Egypt, enriching its traffic; it was the intellectual excitement, the mingling of religions, the contact of philosophies and the commerce of thought, which made it great and renowned. It was the confluence of so many elements — national, commercial, intellectual, and religious — which made it superior to Antioch and next to Rome, even more cosmopolitan than the city of the Cæsars. The mysticism of the East and the culture of the West found in it equal hospitality. Both Judaism and Christianity took from it its unique stamp.

For nearly three hundred years (323–30 B. C.), the period between Alexander and Cæsar, the Macedonian dynasty of the Ptolemies ruled at Alexandria. There were thirteen of them. The first three, whose reigns covered the first century of the Greek rule in Egypt, were wise and energetic princes. They were Greeks in spirit, and made Alexandria a Greek city. They were friends and patrons of learning. The first was a great builder. He built the great lighthouse on the island of Pharos; the causeway, a mile long, which connected it with the city; the hippodrome; the mausoleum where Alexander was buried; and the immense Temple of Serapis. He founded the Museum, a great university, with its library of 700,000 volumes, embracing the collected literature of the world. The Museum and the Serapeum were not only splendid in architecture, but had a scientific glory beyond that of porticoes and gardens. His son and grandson followed in his steps, and made the city and the kingdom great and prosperous. Alexandria became the home of letters. It was not Athens, the city of Plato, Sophocles, Phidias, but it had an ampler and more varied life. For a time it surpassed Antioch and Rome. Their successors degenerated, till with the gifted and voluptuous Cleopatra the Greek rule ended, and the naval battle of Actium gave Egypt to the Roman Cæsars.¹

¹ Pressensé, i. 265.

Thirteen hundred years before, the Hebrews had been thrust out of Egypt. Alexander and the Ptolemies were now encouraging their descendants to come back. Alexandria became a Jewish almost as much as a Greek city. "Out of Egypt I called my son," God said of the nation of Israel in the beginning.¹ And now he began to call them back, that a second time under Egyptian discipline they might reconnect themselves with the world from which they had been called out and had separated themselves for a thousand years. Rameses thrust them out. Alexander brought them back. As the city grew they increased, and in time formed two fifths of its vast population, and more than an eighth of the population of the country. It was a new Jerusalem in Egypt. And yet they became Alexandrian Jews, and Judaism here developed a new type. It was Hellenized in its new surroundings. The Greek learning came at least to the doors of the Jewish synagogue. Under the beneficent toleration of the early Ptolemies, in an atmosphere so much freer and more vital than that of Jerusalem, amidst scholars and philosophers, the Jewish Church felt new influences, — some helpful, some harmful, some transient, some which passed into both churches, the Jewish and the Christian, to be a possession forever. Not like their countrymen at home following the fierce fight of the Maccabees, nor like the Jews of Babylon spinning such fancies as at last were woven into the Talmud, in Alexandria the Jews, clinging to the faith of their fathers, felt the force of the new world into which they were cast. For business, for intercourse, they learned the Greek language. For culture they learned the Greek literature. Their thought and life could not help being touched by the Greek spirit. They were Jews, and hence conservative and exclusive. But they were Jews, and hence alert, and not impassive to the stir of that strange world in which they were seeking their fortune.

¹ Hosea xi. 1; Matt. ii. 15.

It was a great event when the Old Testament was put into Greek. And this was done by the Alexandrian Jews. It would be most natural to suppose that this was done to meet their own wants. Many of them did not speak Hebrew; all of them spoke Greek, and they needed a Greek Bible. Possibly there were even Greeks who would like to read it. But this would have been too simple an account of its origin, and so a literary and royal origin was invented. There may be some truth in the story told in a letter of Aristæas, a courtier of Ptolemy II., which is now counted spurious. This legend is, that Ptolemy Philadelphus wanted a copy of the Jewish Scriptures for his great library, and was advised to apply to the High Priest at Jerusalem; that seventy-two delegates were sent, six for each of the twelve tribes, who were lodged in thirty-six cells on the island of Pharos, where, in seventy-two days, as tradition adds, separate from each other, each produced the same version exactly to a letter. To sift the truth out of the stories told about the production of the Septuagint is not easy. Whether it originated with the king and a literary motive, or the Jews themselves and a religious motive, there are internal signs that the translators were Jews of Alexandria, and not sent from Palestine; that there were not seventy of them, though there were several; that it was translated in parts, and not all at once; that the translation of the five books of the Law was the earliest and best.

Whatever the origin of this first version of the Old Testament, there can be no doubt of its historic importance and its wide and permanent effects. Heretofore locked up in Hebrew, the great truths of Judaism could now become known to the Greek and the Roman. And it was the Greek and Roman world into which was to go the later as well as the earlier revelation, and not through the Hebrew, but the Greek tongue. It was the Greek Old Testament which prepared for the Greek New Testa-

ment. Says Dean Stanley: "It was the Septuagint which was the Bible of the Evangelists and Apostles in the first century, and of the Christian Church for the first age of its existence, which is still the only recognized, authorized text of the Eastern Church, and the basis of the only authorized text of the Latin Church. Widely as it differs from the Hebrew Scriptures in form, in substance, in chronology, in language; unequal, imperfect, grotesque as are its renderings, — it has nevertheless, through large periods of ecclesiastical history, rivalled if not superseded those Scriptures themselves."¹ The Jews saw its significance. Those in Alexandria kept the day of its publication as a festival, and visited with rejoicing the cells on the island of Pharos where, according to tradition, it had been translated by miraculous assistance. The Jews in Palestine, on the other hand, considered it a profane attempt to put into a strange language truths which it was impossible for it to express, and too sacred for it if it could, and so kept the day of publication as a fast, as if the Gentiles had defiled the sanctuary of God. But the Word of God is not bound. It could not be contained in one language, nor even in one version. The writers of the New Testament quoted from the Old, and oftener from the translation than the original, as if the essential truth were in both. The Syriac and the Latin came before long, and so a long line of versions follows it into all written languages, and even into those before unwritten. Jerome at Bethlehem, and Luther in the Wartburg, and Tyndale in Antwerp, and Eliot at Nonantum, and Judson at Rangoon, answer to each other. The company of translators in the Jerusalem Chambers at Westminster join hands across two thousand years with the company who in the beginning on that Alexandrian island gave the Old Testament the liberty of a new tongue.

Alexandria gave to the world a Greek Bible, and, with

¹ *Jewish Church*, iii. 287.

the Greek language prevailing as it did, it was a great gift. The Hebrew was passing out of the living speech of men. It could not be the vehicle of a universal religion such as was about to emerge from the bosom of Judaism. That was to be preached in Greek. Its Scriptures were to be written in Greek. It was to go first into a Greek world. The Septuagint went before it and with it. The Old and the New were both in one tongue, and could be read together, just as we read them.

And the strange books which we call Apocrypha, coming between the two Testaments, included in the Septuagint version, were Greek rather than Hebrew, and had more or less to do with Alexandria. If the Septuagint brought Judaism into the Grecian world of thought, the Apocrypha helped bring that near to Judaism. The books are of very different character and value, some of them with more Hebrew in them, some with more Greek. Says Dean Stanley: "Some of them, like the Book of Judith, are apparently mere fables; some, like the additions to the Books of Ezra, Esther, and Daniel, are examples of the free and facile mode in which, at that time, the earlier sacred books were improved, modified, enlarged, corrected, by the Alexandrian critics; some, like the Books of the Maccabees, are attempts, more or less exact, at contemporary or nearly contemporary history; some, like the Psalter of Solomon, have never gained an entrance even into this outer court of the Sacred Writings; some, like the second Book of Esdras and the Book of Enoch, have attained a biblical authority, but only within a very limited range. But there are two which tower above the rest, and which, even by those who most disparage the others, are held in reverential esteem. The one is the recommendation of the theology of Palestine to Alexandria, — The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; the other is the recommendation of the theology of Alexandria to Palestine, — The Wisdom of Solomon."¹

¹ *Jewish Church*, iii. 295.

This apocryphal literature had in it none of the old inspiration, and exerted scarcely a perceptible influence over the Christian Scriptures which followed it. It has been recognized, and sanctioned, and used by the Roman Church, especially since the Council of Trent. Some of the Reformed churches, like the Dutch, authorize its use for lessons in public worship, or, like the Anglican, have it read, not for settlement of doctrine, but "for example of life and instruction in manners." And yet it had its part in that process, that Alexandrian process, by which Judaism came in contact with the outer world. In its mingled fable and philosophy it belonged to that period of decay, of departed inspiration, of spiritual transition, which was to be followed by the new and supreme revelation of Christ.

This process, which began in the Greek translation of the Old Testament, was completed in Philo, the greatest of the Alexandrian Jews. The union of Hellenism and Judaism culminated in him. He was of good birth and ample fortune. He came to his majority at about the beginning of the Christian era. In him Greek learning and Jewish faith were united. And this was his attempt to harmonize the religion of his fathers with contemporary thought; to discover Plato and Zeno in Moses; to read Greek ideas into the Hebrew story. Numenius, a writer of the second century, asks, "What is Plato but Moses talking Greek?" Quite as well he might have asked, "What is Moses but Plato talking Hebrew?" For the questions represent the two sides of the new eclecticism which in the beginning had more Hebrew, and in the end more Greek, but which, whether new Platonism or new Mosaism, found its chief if not only exponent in Philo. Of course it was necessary for him to give a new interpretation to the old story, to find allegories and symbols in it, to make figures of its literal statements. He even set aside the literal meaning when it seemed unworthy of God. His God was hardly the personal God

of the Old Testament, but a philosophical deity, compounded of Platonic and Stoic conceptions, contradictory as they were,—a God separated from the world, and yet immanent in it. His Logos, or Word, furnished the name at least, if not the substance, of the conception, employed by St. John in the fourth Gospel to set forth the manifestation of God in Jesus. How far Philonism, or the Alexandrian Judaism which he represents, colored the New Testament, is in question.¹ Whether the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by Apollos, the Alexandrian Jew, or not, “it bears marks of Alexandrian culture.”² That the speculations which followed the introduction of Christianity into Alexandria took their impulse, and in part their character, from Philo, there is no doubt. New Platonism coming to birth in the third century was but the completion of a philosophical tendency taking rise with him. The use he made of Plato in connection with Judaism is the use in a similar and broader way made by Ammonius Saccas in the beginning of the third century, and later by Plotinus, by Jamblichus in the fourth century, and by Proclus in the fifth. It was the expiring effort of paganism to justify itself philosophically, to arrest the progress of Christianity, if it could, and to gather up into one the fundamental ideas of all philosophies and all religions. It aspired to be a religion as well as a philosophy, and, while taking something from Christianity as well as giving something to it, the two came into vehement struggle for the possession of the world. The issue of such a conflict could not be uncertain. As a philosophy, no such mixture of Greek thought with Oriental fancies could solve the problem of existence, or satisfy the wants of the soul. It tried to relieve the scepticism in which all previous philosophy, and all the thought and life of paganism, had left the human mind.

¹ Edersheim, *Life and Times of Jesus*, i. 56.

² Lightfoot, *Philippians*, 223.

Its effort after certainty ended in disappointment, and its assault upon Christianity ended in failure.

A part of the Alexandrian thought of the time, and cognate with New Platonism, was Gnosticism. It was not so much a definable system as a congeries of sects. It had no single author, though its different schools had their heads.¹ The Alexandrian Gnostics were influenced by the Platonic doctrines, leaning to emanation; while the Syrian Gnostics felt the influence of Parsism, and inclined to dualism. Into it were fused Oriental mysticism, Hellenic philosophy, the Judaism of Alexandria, and such elements of Christianity as it could absorb. It was a sort of spiritual Free Masonry. It made salvation rest on knowledge rather than on faith, and an esoteric knowledge at that. It rarefied the Gospel into a speculation, and the Redeemer into a phantom. In speculation it took the forms of imagination rather than logic, and issued in a sort of mythological theosophy, or, as in the system of Valentinus, the most brilliant of all, a religious romance.² It grappled with the problem of evil and its origin. It worked at the old problem of the derivation of the finite from the infinite. It set God and the world, spirit and matter, in antagonism, separating the Creator of the world, or the demiurge, from God, and resolving the humanity of the Redeemer into a Docetic illusion. Pagan or Christian, there was no essential difference. "Both," says Bigg, "start from the same terrible problem, both arrive at the same conclusion, the existence of a second and imperfect God."³ Ethically it ran into asceticism, and hatred of the world as essentially evil, and in some of its sects into Antinomian license. Its influence in the Church can be traced, but how strong it was, and how numerous its adherents, it is not easy to tell. Formidable in the beginning, its life was comparatively brief. Says

¹ Gieseler, i.

² Schaff, *History*, i. 225.

³ Bigg, *Christian Platonists*, p. 30.

Hase: "Even in the third century Gnosticism had lost all creative energy, in the fourth it was completely powerless, and in the sixth only a few vestiges of it remained."¹

And now into this Alexandrian world came Christianity. The earliest tradition says it was first preached by Barnabas. But the Church there always claimed his kinsman, St. Mark, for its founder. Beside his tomb, from which in the ninth century Venice stole his remains, the Patriarchs of the Alexandrian Church were elected. The Church grew, and was rich and strong. Christianity felt the influences of the place, and developed a new, unique type, corresponding to the intellectual life in the midst of which it found disciples and teachers. Either in participation or in conflict, it must meet the thought which was stirring. It must instruct its own converts. It must defend its own doctrines. And this especially it must do in the face of a pagan university, whose lectures attracted young and active minds, whose professors subjected the new faith to their merciless criticism, after the manner of Celsus and Porphyry, or antagonized it with new Platonism and Gnosticism, like Ammonius and Basilides. And so sprang up the theological seminary where catechumens and clergy came under training, and out of which issued the peculiar type of the Alexandrian theology.

It had three great masters, Pantænus, Clement, and Origen. The school itself is the chief monument of the first, for no writings of his remain. He was a converted Stoic, full of the spirit of the Gospel, and yet turning to its defence the knowledge which he had learned in the schools of philosophy, using instead of repudiating it. His successors acknowledge their debt to him, and if he left no writings, he left something better in his disciples, who felt his inspiration and carried on his work. This was especially true of Clement, — Titus Flavius Clemens, of Greek extraction, though bearing a Roman and even an

¹ *Church History*, p. 86.

imperial name. Born in paganism, he travelled far and wide seeking after truth. He listened to all the philosophers, he studied the literatures of Italy and Greece, and, lifting the veil from all religions, at last found repose in Christianity and made Alexandria his home. He was captivated by Pantænus, and in the year 189 A. D. succeeded him in charge of the School of the Catechists, teaching in it twelve years, until driven out by the persecution under Septimius Severus. He was never canonized in the Roman Church, any more than Origen. But doctor, apologist, father, saint even, he was, as truly as Irenæus, or Clement of Rome. From his education he was quite as much a man of letters as a theologian. Dr. Bigg classes him with Jeremy Taylor. He says: "His love of letters is sincere, and the great classics of Greece are his friends and counsellors. Even the comic poets are often by his side. If we look at his swelling periods, at his benignity and liberality and the limitations of his liberality, at his quaint and multifarious learning, at his rare blending of gentle piety and racy humour, we shall find in him a striking counterpart to our own author of the *Liberty of Prophecy*." ¹ From his education, too, he belonged to the liberal school of apologists. He came from the Greek philosophy into the Christian faith, and he tried to reconcile the two. He defended Christianity with a breadth of view and catholicity of temper far different from such apologists as Tertullian and Arnobius. He was hardly a systematic thinker, and he came before the era of formulated doctrine in the great councils. But he seized the great idea of the unity of Truth, and the consequent unity of History. He taught that "philosophy was for the Greeks what the Law was for the Jews," — a schoolmaster leading to Christ. If he did not anticipate the science of comparative religion, which belongs only to our late time, he had at least caught the conception of some harmony

¹ Bigg, *Christian Platonists*, 47.

between philosophy and faith, of some mutual relationship between the efforts of humanity after a religion, and that truth which had now come down out of heaven in the person of Jesus Christ. "Thus it was Clement," says Neander, "from whom first proceeded the idea of a scientific conception of history having its ground in Christianity."¹ Says Canon Westcott: "He affirmed once for all, upon the threshold of the new age, that Christianity is the heir of all past time, and the interpreter of the future. Sixteen centuries have confirmed the truth of his principle, and left its application still fruitful."² His maxim was, "No faith without knowledge, no knowledge without faith," and so he was what De Pressensé calls an "Evangelical Gnostic." Unsystematic, aphoristic thinker as he was, having so many foreign elements in his education, possibly some of them in his belief, and with such a liberal principle to control his thought, it is hardly strange that narrower if more orthodox minds condemned his views, and that he started an opposition to his school whose mightiest anathema descended upon Origen, his illustrious successor, and which could not recognize the immortal service the two men were rendering in the development of Christian truth.

As Clement came from philosophy into faith, on the other side Origen went through faith to philosophy. He was an Egyptian, Coptic not Grecian, born of Christian parents, though deriving his name from one of his country's deities, born in Alexandria in the year 185 A. D. Later he received the surname Adamantius, for there was a certain iron firmness and persistency in the man. His father died a martyr in 202 A. D., and at about the same time Origen, being but eighteen years old, was put at the head of the school which Clement had left, and which in the spirit of his master he sustained for twenty-eight years. At the end of that time he was ordained a presbyter, and thus

¹ *Church History*, i. 539.

² *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, art. "Clement."

incurred the resentment of his former friend, Demetrius, the Bishop of Alexandria. This drove him to Cæsarea, where he opened a new school. At last he was recalled to his former home. In the Decian persecution he was imprisoned, tortured, condemned to the stake. He regained his liberty, but enfeebled by his sufferings he died some time after at Tyre, when sixty-nine years old.

Origen was a man of intense nature. He gave himself with inextinguishable ardor to the new religion. He studied philosophy that he might better defend it; but he held it, not with the tranquil conviction of a philosopher, but with the earnestness of faith. He suffered for it while alive, and his name has alternated between honor and reproach ever since. He doomed himself to suffering, for he almost courted martyrdom; subjected himself to the most ascetic discipline, even to self-mutilation; and the works he has left show his consuming industry. His studies cover a wide range, and his activity was unceasing. He was the most prolific author of the ancient Church, his works numbering 6,000, according to what seems an extravagant estimate. He studied the Scriptures in the Hebrew as well as the Greek, and was the father of critical interpretation, though much given to allegorizing. Their facts he made the vehicle of ideas, and chiefly valuable for that purpose. He was the mightiest of apologists, encountering Celsus not only with keen intellectual weapons, but with the courage and moral earnestness of confident belief. The time had not yet come for the great Councils, and their more definite and elaborate creeds. But he marked out the lines on which the dogmatic statement of Christian truth was to proceed. Says Professor Harnack: "This is just where his epoch-making importance lies, that all the later parties in the Church learned of him. And this is true not only of the dogmatic parties; solitary monks and ambitious priests, hard-headed critical exegetes, allegorists, mystics, all found something

congenial in his writings.”¹ Both Orthodox and Arian appealed to his teaching, and appealing to isolated passages found plausible support. His philosophy led him into fanciful opinions which have not passed the audit of time. He had been under the instruction of Ammonius, the first of the Neo-Platonists, and in trying to reconcile Christianity with reason, and to commend it to unbelief, he ran into fascinating but false speculations. His ruling theological idea is the immutability of God. This requires the eternity of the Logos and of the world, and led to the doctrines of eternal generation and eternal creation. From this, and from the nature of the soul, he deduced the preëxistence of souls and their final restoration. His doctrine of the Eternal Word led to a depreciation of historical Christianity, and to his idea of an exoteric and esoteric form of it. Indeed, Arianism found in it a support for the inferiority of Christ, as the Athanasian appealed to it as involving the orthodox doctrine. Dr. Schaff calls him “in many respects the Schleiermacher of the Greek Church.” It has been his fortune to be much discredited, more so, perhaps, than any of the ancient fathers. His genius, his philosophical education, the influence of Neo-Platonic and Gnostic opinions, the wide range of his speculative inquiries, the very atmosphere of Alexandria at the beginning of the third century, the as yet unformed and unfixed lines of doctrinal debate, and the subsequent autocratic power of orthodoxy account for the double fortune of blessing and cursing which he has inherited. If he is not judged by the limitations, indeed by the exorbitances of his time, as well as by the standard of eternal truth, he will receive undeserved dishonor. And over against his idealizing tendency must be set the earnestness of his faith. He took a broad view, and often flew high in the air; but he did not lose his footing in the solid revelation of Christ. The alien things he brought into his

¹ *Encyc. Brit.*, xvii. 842.

system did not exclude the Eternal Word to which he had given his faith. Says De Pressensé: "Realizing all that he teaches, carrying into his speculations the fire of an ardent conviction, ambitious of knowledge, not through pride, but through genuine love of truth, he unites the breadth of a great mind to the austerity of an ascetic life. He shows himself ready to seal his faith by an ignominious death, no less than to suffer for it the painful persecution inflicted on him within the Church by sectarian narrowness; and under his double martyrdom he remains invariably faithful to the truth which has taken full possession of his soul."¹

This was the beginning of Christianity in Alexandria, and of its being cast into its cosmopolitan, fermenting thought. It formed a school, a type of religious thought, a method of apologetics, a spirit if not a dogma, needed in the development of Christianity, and which to the historical student, if not to the theologian, has great value. Other developments came, as different as the West from the East, Augustine from Origen, the Roman and the Greek mind. But Alexandrian Christianity did its work, a work for its own time, possibly for all time. Its work was to meet inquiring, even reforming and philosophic Paganism, and justify itself as the true, the divine, and universal religion. And it puts itself in the true apologetic attitude, recognizing truth wherever found, and doing justice to it. It was a difficult, even dangerous position. It could not always sever between the truth and the false mixture in which it was held. To combat Gnosticism, and not underrate the power of evil and the guilt of sin; to maintain belief in a God not double, and yet not identical with the world; to study the Bible, and yet not cast out the Gentile philosophy; to assert the culture of the Greek and not deny the faith of the Christian, — was the difficult task of Alexandrian Christianity. It made

¹ *Early Years*, ii. 333.

mistakes. It went over the edge to which its idealizing and speculative tendency brought it. In its breadth, it covered doctrines not revealed, and involved itself in speculations which have not been able to establish themselves in Christian faith. It had larger freedom, and so was tempted to roam farther afield before the great councils had declared their authoritative decisions. The Greek theology was not the Latin. It took a wider range; it gave larger freedom to the will; it indulged a larger hope for mankind in the world to come; it was more hospitable to foreign truth than the doctors and creeds of the West would allow. It was ideal and speculative as against the more rigid and practical tendency of the Western Church. And then Clement and Origen were to all intents laymen, and encouraged no sacerdotalism, no sacramentarianism. Origen was driven from Alexandria under the pretext of heresy, but really because he had provoked the jealousy of his ecclesiastical superior in taking ordination as a presbyter. It was written in the decrees of Providence, — it might be said, in the forces, political as well as spiritual, which were shaping Christian history, — that Augustine, rather than Clement and Origen, should rule in the theology of the centuries to come. If the Greek theology rather than the Latin had prevailed, if the free spirit and thought of Alexandria had gone on to take possession of the future, the history of the Church would have been very different, whether better or worse we are not infallible enough to say. Only one sees in the Christian thought of to-day very much which affiliates with the Alexandrian school, if it has not originated in any restoration of it. Certain types of life repeat themselves, and so with types of thought. The ideas which flowered in Alexandrianism are not dead, and take their turn in the alternations of human opinion. The same problems bring similar solutions. There is the same conflict with philosophy, and the same attempts at

reconciliation. Men struggle now as then, and perhaps still more, to harmonize the revelation of God in nature and in Jesus. A missionary era brings together the ethnic religions into comparison with Christianity, as in that first age when all creeds met in Alexandria, and unfolds more clearly the idea of a universal religion. There is the same tendency to expand the mercy of God, and the possibility of Christian redemption. The humane sympathies born of the Gospel reach out after a theodicy which will relieve the mystery of eternal evil. There is a return to the doctrine of divine immanence, and a reaction against the determinism which, whether theological or scientific, cannot hold unbroken dominion. And in general there is a tendency, an aspiration toward spiritual rather than dogmatic unity, which leads to a recognition of the many-sidedness of truth, and to a more catholic comprehensiveness. Whether it be a sign of health or disease, of a more or a less spiritual Christianity, it is to be noted as an historical fact.

Three quarters of a century after the death of Origen arises the next great figure in the Alexandrian history. This is the illustrious prelate Athanasius. Marked for his high office in his boyhood, and coming to it when but thirty years old, he held the patriarchate for over forty-six years. Five times, and for twenty out of these forty-six years, he was in exile. He lived to be seventy-six years old. He went to the Council of Nicea as an arch-deacon, in attendance on the bishop Alexander, whom he succeeded in office but five months later. His greatness was in his soul. Julian the Emperor sneered at his diminutive stature, while Gregory Nazianzen compared his face to an angel's. With his stooping figure, his hooked nose, his ample whiskers, and cropped beard and auburn hair, and keen eyes, we can picture to our imagination Athanasius the Great, as he came not long after to be called. Great in his acuteness, in his theological position,

in his force of will, it was his time and place, the exact exigency he met, which gave him historic greatness. He was put into the midst of a great battle, where it seemed to fall to him as much as to anybody in the world to decide what the destiny of Christendom was to be. For this he was a general, a leader, a resolute fighter in a conflict not only with imperial authority, but with the Church itself. The question in controversy really was, whether Christianity should go back into Jewish deism on one side, or into polytheism on the other; whether the Incarnation was real with a real God in it; whether Christ the eternal Son was of a different essence from the Father, or of similar essence, or of the same essence. And the victory was not more for the Council which decided for the reality of the Incarnation, and the perfect divinity of Christ, than with the little archdeacon who was hardly a member of it, but who against emperors and bishops fought that the decision of the Council should stand. The victory came, not from the pontiff at Rome, but from the Alexandrian bishop, "Athanasius against the world." On the spiritual field he decided, what Clovis and his Franks decided with their swords at the end of the fifth century, that the Church should be Catholic and not Arian, that Christendom should not fall into Islamism, that Christianity should rest on the real Incarnation of God. Whatever we may think of the importance of the controversy or of its result, whether to our view it narrows itself to a question of a letter in a Greek word, or extends to the very foundations of Christianity and its existence and final victory in the world, we cannot fail to be impressed by the unconquerable courage, the ubiquitous activity, of Athanasius. Other and gentler qualities, if we may believe the testimony of his contemporaries, — humor, sensitiveness, affectionateness, discretion, and deep religiousness, — were mixed with his firmness. There was something in him which won the cynical eulogium of a

sceptic like Gibbon ; it inspired the fervid and weighty eloquence of Hooker. The great Churchman is struck, as everybody must be, by his undiscouraged fortitude when he stood alone, and all the world went against him. For during his episcopate the doctrine of the Arians became the religion of the imperial government and of the Church. "Only of Athanasius," he says, "there was nothing observed, through that long tragedy, other than such as very well became a wise man to do, and a righteous man to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of those times, the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it. Half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial which of the two in the end would prevail, — the side which had all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death ; the one a defender of his innocence, the other a finisher of his troubles."

After the failure of Julian to restore Paganism, the emperors had with increasing zeal undertaken its suppression. They were not satisfied to let it crumble and fall with its own emptiness, to melt in the warmer climate Christianity was making. It was not according to the ideas of a blunt and vigorous Spanish soldier like Theodosius to accomplish results in that way. To a Roman emperor of that time, the readiest way to destroy a bad religion, or promote a true one, was by force. He was determined to consolidate the power of the new religion, and he began by measures for extinguishing Paganism. Its revenues were alienated, its sacrifices were forbidden, and now destruction menaced the temples. Libanius pleaded for them as works of art, if they could not be spared as the shrines of religion. But their doom was fixed. They were falling everywhere, East and West. But the great Temple of Jupiter remained at Rome, and that of Serapis at Alexandria. The Serapeum dated from the founding of the city, being built by the first of the Ptolemies. It was placed on an artificial hill, with

an ascent of a hundred steps. The temple was in an interior square, with a magnificent portico on all sides, while round the whole were the dwellings of the priests. The statue of the god was colossal, made of a fusion of all metals, polished to one color, and inlaid with precious stones. The rescript of Theodosius for its destruction came in 391, and was provoked by a feud and a collision, such as easily came in the midst of a turbulent population divided into fanatical parties. Theophilus was bishop, a bold, unscrupulous man, ready enough to inflame the passions of the mob against the Pagans. Conflict arose under his instigation, blood was shed, and occasion was given for imperial interference. Theodosius coupled his grant of pardon to the offenders with an order for the destruction of all the idolatrous temples. Theophilus, with the prefect of the city at the head of the military, proceeded to execute the order. The heathen, and even the Christians, were filled with a vague terror at what might happen if the statue of the god were injured. But at last a Christian soldier clove the vast cheek of the image with his axe, with none of the dreaded results. Awe turned into mirth, the idol was broken into pieces, and the temple demolished. It was the same Theophilus who used the low deception of pacifying the monks of the Thebaid by condemning the doctrines of Origen, while he himself held that very tenet of the Alexandrian father which was most odious to them, the spirituality of God. It was the same Theophilus who engaged in miserable intrigues against Chrysostom, and went to Constantinople to bring about his exile. His nephew, Cyril, succeeded him in 412, and promised to be like him. He had the same intemperate zeal, and inherited the same bad name for violence and craft. He at once fell into a quarrel with the prefect of the city, having stirred up bloody strife between the Christians and the Jews. And the sequel was the awful tragedy which Mr. Kingsley has

made familiar in his historical novel, "Hypatia," and George Ebers in "Serapis." For that was the name of a beautiful and accomplished woman, a mathematician and philosopher, who had come to be recognized as the head of the Neo-Platonic School. She was the friend and counsellor of the prefect, Orestes, and this excited the jealousy and hatred of the fanatical mob, and of the Nitrian monks, who, under the lead of Peter, a reader in the Church, dragged her from her chariot into one of the churches, stripped her, tore her piecemeal, burned her remains, and cast the ashes into the sea. Theodoret, a score of years after, charged upon Cyril complicity with this barbarous murder, but most historians are unwilling to believe it.

Little remains of the Christian history of Alexandria that is worth relating. It is a story of quarrels and intrigues, of Nestorians, Eutychians, Monophysites, of heresy pursuing heresy, of the same metaphysical discussions, and no Origen or Athanasius, even no Theophilus or Cyril, to engage in them; of the Church given up to the rule of Monophysite Patriarchs; of the city of the Ptolemies and the Cæsars getting ready for another master. For before the middle of the seventh century Amron and his Saracens were coming with their conquering sabres. The Emperor at Constantinople sent no succor. The Copts were not unwilling to be rid of the Greeks. And so before Mohammed had been dead ten years the city of St. Mark acknowledged the Caliph Omar as its sovereign, and the crescent took the place of the cross. The victorious general wrote to the caliph: "I have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; I shall content myself with observing that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres, or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews. The town has been subdued by force of arms,

without treaty or capitulation, and the Moslems are impatient to seize the fruits of their victory.”¹

At the end of the thirteenth century Abulpharagius, a Jacobite archbishop in Asia Minor (Aleppo), told this story about the Alexandrian library: John the Grammarian, surnamed Philoponus, a peripatetic philosopher, being in Alexandria at the time of its capture, and in high favor with Amron, begged that he would give him the royal library. Amron told him it was not in his power to grant such a request, but promised to write to the caliph for his consent. Omar, on learning the request of his general, is said to have replied that, if these books contained the same doctrine with the Koran, they could be of no use, since the Koran contained all necessary truths; but if they contained anything contrary to that book, they ought to be destroyed, and therefore, whatever their contents were, he ordered them to be burnt. Pursuant to this order they were distributed among the public baths, of which there was a large number in the city, where for six months they served to supply the fire. It hardly requires the scepticism of Gibbon to doubt the story. The great library of the Ptolemies had met many mischances by fire long before, and must have been much reduced; the story is told nearly six hundred years after the event as a wonder, by a stranger far away in Armenia, while the Alexandrian writers of the time are silent about it. And it may be allowed to doubt whether anything was burned up in the library which was any great loss to after times. Books that deserve to live manage somehow to live. It is the good, the true, the immortal books which do not shrink to single copies, which the world will not willingly let die. And as the sneering Gibbon says: “If the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the

¹ Gibbon, ch. ii. p. 955.

public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind." ¹

It is nearly a thousand years from Alexander to Amron, and all the glory of Alexandria was in those thousand years. Vasco da Gama found a new way to the Indies round the Cape of Storms. Venice not only stole the remains and the patronship of St. Mark, but captured the commerce of the Levant. The Church divided, and its life and splendor were in the West rather than the East. If any glory was left in Syria or Egypt, in Constantinople or Alexandria, the Moslem soon defaced it. The intellectual eminence of Alexandria waned long before its commercial decline; and all the power it has left is in her names in philosophy and theology, —

"the dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

In the metropolis of that New World beyond Atlantis, of which Ptolemy, the great geographer of Alexandria, never dreamed, stands the obelisk which Tiberius Cæsar brought from Heliopolis, and set up in one of its squares, type of the oldest civilization tardily following after the course of empire which westward takes its way. So goes the history of the world, never in one stay. Its art sets up pillars of stone, its theology sets up pillars of dogma. But time comes, which is greater than everything but truth, and makes the new old, and even the old new again.

"O backward-looking son of time,
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

"But life shall on and upward go;
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem calm and clear
Which God repeats.

¹ Gibbon, ch. ii. p. 956.

"Take heart ! the Waster builds again,
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

"God works in all things ; all obey
His first propulsion from the night ;
Wake thou and watch ! the world is gray
With morning light."

III. ROME.

WHEN Jesus Christ was born, Rome was seven hundred and fifty-three years old. In that time it had grown from a little village on the Palatine into a great city with two millions of people, in fact into the great city of the world. More than that, by its genius for political organization, it had first made all Italy part of itself, and then made the whole Mediterranean basin subject to its rule; and before long its provinces stretched from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, and from the Danube to the Numidian desert. It had become an Empire, and the Master of the World. It was not yet all it became as a city. Many of the great buildings whose ruins still draw the world to the sight had not yet arisen. But it had organized a system of law which has lasted longer than its most solid structures. It had created a literature only second to that of Greece, and which already was in the splendor of its noon. The wealth of conquest was coming to give it new magnificence. The Republic was past, and the emperors were to enrich it with forums, basilicas, temples, and amphitheatres, with triumphal arches and columns, with aqueducts and baths, and to replace brick with marble. It was a *colluvies gentium*. The old Latin and Sabine farmers and traders who lived on its hills would not have felt at home with such a mixed crowd of Egyptians and Moors, of Greeks and Asiatics, of Jews, Italians, Iberians, and Gauls, as made its mixed population eight centuries later. At the centre of the Forum, Augustus set a gilded milestone, from which went out thirty-one roads to the ends of the Empire. These highways opened the world to Rome for coming and going. The traveller could pass with ease from Cadiz to Byzantium, from Cologne to the cataracts

of the Nile. Over these roads the legions went out to protect the boundaries, and traffic came to bring all luxuries to the capital. Everything and everybody came to Rome, — Greek artists and rhetoricians, Alexandrian corn-merchants, African lion-hunters, Jewish peddlers, captives by thousands to crown a general's triumph, gladiators butchered "to make a Roman holiday," curious travellers to see the wonders and enjoy the pleasures of such a city; here a prisoner like Paul, here a messenger like Phœbe carrying his Epistle; from east and west, from north and south, all sorts of people came to bring something or find something in this metropolis of all the nations. The first families, the *optimates*, made themselves rich by foreign plunder; but most of the people were poor, and a million of them slaves, with from six hundred to a thousand senators,¹ ten thousand knights, fifteen thousand soldiers; the rest were "people," the *plebs urbana*, a great proletariat, prolific of social danger, and supported at public expense.

Of Rome in the making, little is to be said here. There had been a monarchy and a republic, with whatever cloud of myth over its beginnings and early history. The legends may pass with whatever kernel of truth was in them. There were patricians and plebeians; there were Gaulish invasions and Samnite and Punic wars; there were the struggles of the people with the aristocracy, with victory and assassination to Cæsar, the leader of democracy, and the founder of the Empire at last. Enough that Rome began and grew, and at last, as the result of these seven centuries and more, there is a compact life here, a solid city, the city of cities, with wealth, with government, with religion, with the pride of a great history, with the power of a great Empire, with the glory of unconquerable arms. Enough that here is a mighty imperialism beginning the experiment of new centuries of dominion. Enough, above all, that here is a great Rome already made, waiting for a

¹ Merivale says five hundred. *History of Romans*, i. 62.

new religion, worth receiving, worth propagating far as its roads or arms could go. Enough that here at the centre of civilization, the new history of the world, with its feeble beginnings at Jerusalem, is to take foothold, and start for another empire, of wider reach and deeper foundations than that of the Cæsars.

The Cæsars were the chief pontiffs of the religion which had been inherited from Rome's earlier days. It was a plain, homely faith, of exact, regulated, almost military ceremonial, with the dry, prosaic character of the primitive Romans. It was without enthusiasm, and took its inspiration from political feeling, for it was the creature of the state, without doctrine, or even a code of morals. There was no emotion, no kindling vision, no satisfaction for the heart. It had not even the airy grace and charm of the Greek mythology. It was dry, legal, an obligation to be punctually met in order to secure the protection of the gods. It was commercial, so much ceremony and so much favor in return. It made the father of the family supreme, and gave much ceremonial sanction to marriage, and was a support to the magistracy. It may have produced heroes, never saints. It was selfish rather than inspiring; civic rather than spiritual, or even mythologic; the religion of patriotism rather than of faith, or even of ethics. The pontiffs were civil officers, not an unworldly clergy. Says Cicero: "Our ancestors were never wiser, never more inspired of the gods, than when they determined that the same persons should preside over the rites and ceremonies of religion and the government of the state."¹ In the course of time it had received foreign elements, which, however, had not radically changed its character. "The gloomy faith of the Etruscans, the genial mythology of the Greeks, the fanatical mysticism of Asia, all left their mark on the liberal religion of the conquering Republic, always ready to tolerate and find

¹ Uhlhorn, *Conflict of Christianity and Heathenism*, p. 34.

room for the various gods of the nations whom the sword of the legions had ejected from their homes. But so long as the capitol remained the centre of Roman religion, and Romans were Romans by blood and not by adoption, the foundations of the national religion continued firm, and withstood the assaults of foreign divinities."¹ There were divinities enough for everything, for every part of nature and every event of life. There were *indigitamenta*, or registers, with lists of gods for all human wants, so that no one need be deceived.² There were forty-three gods for childhood, from the infant's first cry through all his eating and drinking, and sports and studies. There were gods for war and agriculture, for marriage and maternity, for trade and the chase; gods of the sky and the seasons, of the sea and the gardens, of the household and the state, of beginnings and boundaries, even of thieves and drains. The words of the frivolous Petronius were more than a joke, that "this country is so peopled with divinities that it is easier to meet a god than a man." If there was any supreme deity, it was Rome itself. The Jupiter of the Capitol represented the state; and when the Empire came the Emperors themselves became gods, receiving divine honors. This was the strength of their religion, and the chief virtue it produced. The Roman felt that he belonged, not to himself, but his country. Religion took the form of patriotism, and when that declined with the expansion of the Empire, and the opening of Rome to alien influences, barren ritualism or puerile superstition took its place. Attempts were made to arrest the decadence, but at the end of the Republican period Rome was full of indifference or scepticism.³ Foreign religions came, but the new gods gave no more satisfaction to restless hearts than the old ones, and only scepticism was left. Wealth, lux-

¹ W. R. Inge, *Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, p. 5.

² Boissier, *La Religion Romaine*, i. 4.

³ *Ibid.*, i. 54-63.

ury, slavery, weakened public and private morals, and among the cultivated class there was a pretty thorough unbelief in the old religion, if not in any religion at all. They wanted religion sustained for the sake of the people, and for social convenience. And so Augustus revived an outward interest in its ceremonies. The restoration of the national religion was a leading idea in his policy. But it was for a political purpose, and not from any sincerity of faith in the gods, whom he privately scoffed. And so it only hastened the decomposition of the old religion, which, when it issued in the apotheosis of the Emperor, who might be a buffoon, a madman, or a monster, had little reality or moral power left. "It is easy to forecast the future of a religious restoration like this, which was but a gigantic political fraud."¹

The advent of Oriental religions in Rome is a most significant phenomenon. It showed the effect of a polytheistic education. It showed that the primitive faith of Rome had decayed, and failed to satisfy men's minds. This passion for remote, strange, novel, mysterious deities, as different as possible from their own, was the sign of an exhausted faith, of a feverish despair, possibly of a hope still reaching after something better to believe. Isis, Serapis, Mithras, the gods of Egypt, of Syria, of Persia, became the fashion. They had their sanctuaries. Their worship touched a new chord in men's bosoms. And they set men looking towards the East, where the sun of a holier faith was rising, and the knowledge of an Eternal God through Jesus Christ was starting westward to take possession of Rome at last, and sweep all its mythologies away.

For the Jew among the rest had come to Rome with his Jehovah. It was a part of the dispersion of the Jews in all countries. And it was a part of the inevitable gravitation of all vagrant people towards Rome. They

¹ Dr. Pressensé, *The Ancient World and Christianity*, p. 424.

came to stay, perhaps sixty years before the Christian era, and multiplied rapidly.¹ They settled themselves in the dirtiest and poorest part of the city, beyond the Tiber. They lent themselves to mean employments, and were fond of gain, as they have been ever since. Still they had something better about them which excited curiosity as well as disdain. They were hated because they hated in turn. They were proud even in their beggary. But scorn as they were of the satirist, they had something in their history and their religion to draw respect. They were Jews always, and never changed their ancestral faith. Amidst their poverty and their dirt they had their Sabbaths and synagogues,² and kept intercourse with the synagogues in Jerusalem. They won proselytes there as elsewhere. But they made small impression on the life around them. Judaism was not the religion for such a society. It could not take the place of the old. It had not truth and power and life enough to create the new. They were not to find a New Jerusalem on the banks of the Tiber.

But the new came, — when, where, how, is unwritten. Christianity struck Rome near the middle of the first century, but through what persons, in what way, with what exact impression, we can only infer, for there is no record. There were Christian disciples there, Jewish and Gentile, before any apostle came. It has been much disputed whether Peter ever came at all. He was not there, certainly, and had not been there, when Paul wrote his powerful Epistle to the Church in Rome, or he could hardly have escaped allusion in the midst of so many less known and unimportant names. Indeed, on Paul's avowed prin-

¹ "In Rome under Augustus the Jews numbered perhaps 40,000; in the time of Tiberias, perhaps 80,000." Uhlhorn, *Conflict of Christianity and Heathenism*.

² "The existence of seven synagogues in Rome has been definitely established, and probably there were others." Uhlhorn, 83.

ciple of not building on another man's foundations, he could not have written the Epistle at all if Peter were there before. At last Paul himself arrived in Rome, and it is incredible that everybody came to hear what the famous apostle had to say for himself, and Peter stayed away. He lived in Rome two years, and in that time he sent letters, still preserved, to Timothy and Philemon, and to at least three churches, in neither of which is there the remotest allusion to the other apostle. And it is only after more than a hundred years of silence in regard to Peter that a tradition appears of his having been Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, and that he there, like Paul, met his martyrdom. This tradition was promoted by the Clementine romance, which was designed to magnify Peter in order to establish the growing eminence and authority of the Roman Bishop. It is more than doubtful, however, whether he ever came to Rome at all. If he did, it must have been at a late period of his life.¹

No doubt Christianity had been known at the capital, more or less, since the return of the "strangers of Rome" from the Pentecost.² Among the many thousands of Jews, there must have been some who had heard of it through correspondence with friends at home and visits, and probably some who had embraced it, either before, or more certainly after, their expulsion by the Emperor Claudius in the latter part of his reign. Two of these refugees, Aquila and Priscilla, whether converted before or after, returned there and had a "Church in their house." Two of the persons named in Paul's Epistle were his relatives, converted before he was, well known to the other apostles, who had probably carried their faith to Rome some time before.³ At all events, in the year 58 there

¹ A. Harnack, *Encyc. Brit.*, xviii., art. "Peter."

² Acts ii. 10.

³ That the last chapter of the Epistle was designed for the Church in Rome is in debate. The arguments are concisely stated by Farrar, *The Messages of the Books*, p. 290.

was a Church there, perhaps not so thoroughly organized as afterwards, but important enough for Paul to write to it his most labored Epistle, in which twenty-four of its members are mentioned by name. Some of these persons were Jews, though the names are all Greek, while the argument implies the presence of both Jews and Gentiles, divided in views and sympathies, perhaps into different congregations, and the liberal party, which Paul represented, apparently in the majority. It was a Greek rather than a Latin Church, strange as it may seem, recruited out of the energetic, intelligent, inquisitive Greek population of the city,¹ and justifying St. Paul's assertion that the Gospel was the power of God "to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Of course such a body was lost, almost unknown, in the vast mass of a heathen population. By the large Jewish community it was generally ignored or despised, and their leaders told the apostle, when he came, that everywhere his "sect" had a bad name, and they abjured it and him.

It must have been in about the year 61 that Paul arrived in the city, brought by compulsion of law, and yet quite in agreement with a desire and plan of his own. Some time before he had said, "I must see Rome," and not for the sake of the city only, but of the Church, which he "longed" with "great desire" to visit. He had lived and preached in later years in the larger cities of the Empire, — Philippi, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, — and Rome was left to the end of his career. He came a prisoner, and yet his moulding power in a growing Church could

¹ E. Schürer on Ep. to Romans, *Ency. Brit.*, xx.

This is now the opinion of most historical students. "For some considerable (it cannot but be indefinable) part of the three first centuries the Church of Rome, and most if not all the churches of the West, were, if we may so speak, Greek religious colonies. Their language was Greek, their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek." Milman, *Latin Christianity*, ch. i. p. 32. Cf. Lightfoot, *Philippians*, p. 19.

not be small, and must have been in the line of his remarkable Epistle. He encountered factious opposition, the same he had met elsewhere, and yet, as he wrote to Philippi,¹ that made Christ better known. He was bound to a soldier, so that he had no free circulation in the city, if he desired to see it, or be known in it. But he "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God."² And such stationary preaching was not without fruit. His chain testified of the cause for which he wore it to all the soldiers of the imperial guard, who in succession kept daily watch over him.³ His converts were among the imperial household, and were numerous enough to send salutations in a body to a distant church.⁴

But a veil of uncertainty, and then of darkness falls upon Paul while here at Rome. Here the end came, probably after trial, and by the lictor's axe; but whether at the end of the two years' residence, or after going east again, and then to Spain, and a second imprisonment and trial, is still a question, and perhaps always will be. He disappears, and our last glimpse of him is in Rome. He disappears, let us hope, under the doom of Nero's court, and not in the flame of Nero's wrath. He disappears, a victim somehow to that power with which, for two centuries and a half, Christianity was to struggle through sufferings like his own even to victory at last. He may have died under sentence of the Roman judges, and been spared the more dreadful fate of his brethren in the Roman Church, which came soon, not in the course of law, but in the outburst of fierce and bloody passion.⁵

On the 16th of July, in the year 64, in the night, a wild conflagration broke out in the city of Rome. For

¹ Philippians i. 15-18.

² Acts xxviii. 30.

³ Philippians i. 13.

⁴ Lightfoot, *Philippians*, 169-176.

⁵ Farrar, *Life of St. Paul*, chap. lv., gives an interesting account, hypothetical, of the closing period.

six days and seven nights the fire raged, and then for three days more in a new quarter, burning over ten out of the fourteen wards of the city, and leaving a large part of it a heap of ruins. It was a time of consternation and unreasoning fury. The Emperor himself was charged with being the incendiary.¹ And he, says Tacitus, falsely charged the Christians with the crime. Some victim must be found. Some expiation must be made. If the Christians could not be convicted of kindling the fire, yet, as Tacitus relates, they could be condemned as enemies of the human race. Already their religion began to be reckoned a detestable superstition, and they were counted bad enough to be incendiaries, even though they were not guilty of this very deed. And so the old Roman appetite for blood was inflamed. And the more cruel the death inflicted on the criminals, the more guilty they would be made to appear. Perhaps Paul fell under the swift, sharp edge of the headsman's axe, and that was mercy. For now execution was made a torture. The Christians were wrapped in the skins of beasts to be hunted and torn in pieces by bloodhounds. At night they were wrapped in tow, and smeared with pitch, and bound to stakes, and burned as torches. Like Dirce, Christian women were bound to a raging bull, and dragged to dreadful death. It was all worthy of Nero, who, but twenty-six years old, had brutally killed his brother, his wife, and his mother, had put to death Seneca and Burrus, to whom he was most indebted, and had shown a capacity for crime of all kinds such as is rare among the vilest of mankind. It was not persecution such as Decius or Diocletian planned against a dreaded and growing church. It was popular rather than legal. It was passion, hatred, a bloody thirst, the mad blow of a wild beast, the first flash of Pagan wrath against a faith it did not yet understand, but of which it was suspicious, if not afraid. It

¹ *Dict. of Christian Biog.*, art. "Nero."

was limited to Rome. But it showed what was coming throughout the Empire. Paganism and Christianity were to come into collision, not only through at least ten imperial persecutions, but all along the line of conflict, till Constantine should recognize the Church, till Theodosius should make pagan worship a crime.

But something had come into Rome which, though emperor and populace might hate, they could not kill. It was a religion which had come to stay, and to live, and to grow. The poor had it, but they would not part with it, for it was the consolation of their poverty, and the promise of their coming inheritance. For years it found no record. The satirists found it too insignificant for their scorn. The philosophers, whether from ignorance or from fear, left it in contemptuous silence. The historians mention it only to show it was there. Its apostles were dead, and Rome appears no more in the New Testament except in the lurid symbolism of the Apocalypse.

At the end of the first century comes Clement, leader if not bishop of the Church in Rome, organ at any rate of its communication with foreign churches, and author of an "Epistle to the Corinthians," sent not so much in his own name as in behalf of the Roman congregation. Already the idea of a certain honorary primacy in the Church of Rome had begun to appear. Its advice was asked, was given sometimes without being asked, and the Church in Corinth, not much changed since Paul's day, needed the counsel of a church in which order and rule prevailed, as it did in Rome. It was the authority of the Church, however, not of the bishop, which was recognized. In fact, the bishop is not mentioned in this letter. The growing ascendancy of the Roman Church is seen in the controversies which arose in the second and third centuries respecting the time of observing Easter, the discipline of penitents, and the validity of heretical baptism. The decision of Rome was sought, and in the end it prevailed.

It was an ancient, an apostolic see, partaking of the political preëminence of the capital of the world, eager to preserve the orthodoxy and the unity of the Church, and slowly acquiring a precedence which had momentous results. Its importance and its influence was not in the greatness of its bishops. According to the Roman catalogue there were thirty-one popes before the conversion of Constantine, or indeed forty-six before Leo the First, and hardly one of them is much more than a name on a list, and not one who compared with Cyprian, or Ambrose, or Augustine, or Athanasius. Jerome singled out one hundred and thirty-six persons distinguished in the Church during the first four centuries, and only four of them were bishops of Rome, one for each century, — Clement, Victor, Cornelius, and Damasus. And these wrote but little. The most learned member of the Roman Church, and its leading theologian in the third century, was Hippolytus, whose seated statue one sees in the Lateran Palace, and whose important work has been made important by its discovery in our own day, and by the light it sheds on the Christianity of his time. The third century was the period of a great ecclesiastical crisis in Rome, which issued in a victory of hierarchical power. It was a question of schism rather than heresy, of discipline rather than doctrine, a question between severity and indulgence; and, strange as it may seem, it was the liberal view which used its opposite to strengthen and establish episcopal authority. The episcopate had already established its preëminence over the eldership. Now it claims the power of the keys, the prerogative of remitting sins. And that provoked resistance. There came occasion for broader remission as the Church grew, and larger numbers brought looser morals. First came Montanism, austere even to rigor, insisting on a strictly pure church, and a stringent discipline, with Tertullian, ardent even to fierceness, for its prophet. And he arrived in Rome at a critical mo-

ment in the struggle, just as the Bishop of Rome was taking away from the Church, and conferring on bishops, the power to remit sins in virtue of their office. The same conflict continued between Hippolytus and Callistus, and the result was the same, in the elevation of episcopal power and the lowering of discipline. Then came Novatianism, following on the same lines in support of ancient discipline, and an offspring of the Decian persecution. For with that came the question, what should be done with weak Christians who under its pressure had temporarily fallen from the faith. Novatian refused absolution even to the penitent, and demanded absolute excommunication. The other, and, as it proved, stronger party, which elected Cornelius bishop, advocated a restorative discipline. The contest between rigor and lenity continued, but Novatianism lost the battle, and, as Dean Milman says, "like all unsuccessful opposition, added strength to its triumphant adversary. It was not so much by its rigor as by its collision with the hierarchical system that it lost its hold on the Christian mind."¹ The hierarchical idea came out of every conflict with new strength. Power was centralized more and more in the clergy than in the episcopate, and at last in the Bishop of Rome.

It is from a letter written by Cornelius, the bishop at this time, that we learn something of the growth of the Roman Church. He writes that besides the bishop there are forty-six presbyters, indicating perhaps the number of congregations, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolytes, fifty-two exorcists, readers, and janitors, and more than fifteen hundred widows and orphans supported by the Church, which led Gibbon to estimate the number of Christians in Rome at about fifty thousand.² The catacombs, where its dead were buried, give a knowledge

¹ *Latin Christianity*, i. 65. A graphic account of the long struggle is given by Pressensé, *Early Years*, iv. b. 1, chaps. v.-vii.

² Eusebius, vi. 43 ; *Decline and Fall*, chap. xv.

of Christianity in Rome for the first three centuries not to be found in its literature.¹ This silent city underground was once alive with the terrors, the conflicts, the griefs, the faith of the new religion which above ground was enduring execration and contending for existence. It is the monument not so much of human mortality as of a new church and religion in Rome. Thither it fled for refuge and for consolation, painting the symbols of its cheerful faith on the sombre walls, nourishing in its dark cells the divine peace and the hopes of immortality which Paganism had destroyed. And the testimony was preserved by being buried. It hid itself in the crypts of the rock, protected by the Roman laws of burial, to be protected afterwards by neglect, till three hundred years ago it was unearthed, like another Pompeii, and the Christianity of the first three centuries was found as it had been left in its subterranean necropolis. Nothing brings so near to us the Christians of that early time as these innumerable graves, where they laid their dead to rest. We walk through these long, dark galleries, and the dust takes life again, their immense population returns,² and the early Church in Rome becomes a living reality. It is not the voice of her bishops and doctors that we hear, but the thoughts, the affections, the faith, the inner life of the Christian people are revealed. Into this vast receptacle under ground, preserved for ages, all that separated life ran, to show what and how great it was.

On the 28th of October in the year 312, Rome, and to some extent the Christians in Rome, must have been

¹ This fact is drawn out in an interesting way in Stanley, *Christian Institutions*, chap. xiii. De Pressensé, *Early Years*, b. 3, chap. vii.

² Martigny, *Dict. des Antiquités Chrétiennes*, p. 128, estimates the united lengths of the galleries at 587 miles. Northcote thinks there were not fewer than 350 miles. *Roma Sotteranea*, 26. Padre Marchi makes the extravagant conjecture of six to seven millions of graves.

greatly agitated by the battles going on at its gates between Constantine and Maxentius just beyond the Milvian Bridge. It was a contest between two Augusti for the Empire of the West. It really was more. It involved deeper and unsuspected issues. Victory for Constantine was victory for Christianity. He had already issued edicts of toleration. He had had some vision which he regarded as a signal that he should espouse the Christian cause and conquer by its cross. He was, from conviction or policy, or both, going to the Christian side. But he had little to do personally with the city of Rome. He stayed there two or three months after his victory, and erected an arch of triumph, which still stands near the Coliseum, bearing his name. Twice afterwards, at intervals of ten years, he came to the city. Before long he built a new capital on the Bosphorus. Rome ceased to be the home of the emperors. In the East they kept court at Constantinople; in the West, at Milan or Ravenna. And the result of this absence of the emperor in time was the augmented importance and influence of the Bishop of Rome. Another result also, in time, was two churches, with a Greek and a Latin Christianity, and even two empires. But in name the Empire now ceased to be Pagan. The emperors were Christian. A great revolution had come. And Rome felt it, though three centuries had not been sufficient to secure the exchange of the old religion for the new, among the people, and especially among the patricians. Now persecution ceased. Toleration made the religions equal. Imperial patronage descended on the Church. In the year 325 the Emperor summoned the first of the seven great councils, and presided over it. There is a fable of his baptism in the porphyry font still shown in the Lateran, and his donation of the patrimony of St. Peter to Pope Sylvester. The possible truth in this mediæval fiction may be, that he gave the Lateran Palace to the Bishop of Rome, where to this day his successors are

throned and crowned. The historic fact is, that when the Pope came to rule the States of the Church, it was thought necessary to date his title back of Charlemagne, as far as the first Christian Emperor, and hence this stupendous forgery, "which commanded for seven centuries the unquestioning belief of mankind."¹ And the actual result was, that Constantine, by investing the Church with the right of holding land, and receiving it by bequest, promoted that gradual accumulation of wealth in the hands of the Roman Bishop which secured his power better than any premature donation, involving dangerous risks and enmities, could have done. The Church grew every way, except in spirituality, and with it, if not beyond it, grew the importance and power of the Roman Bishop. The Cæsars abandoned the ancient capital, and rarely visited it. A Prefect, often a Pagan one, ruled in the name of the Emperor, with less real power than the Bishop, who by the absence of the Emperor and the force of events became the first citizen, and his office the prize of ecclesiastical, if not of political, ambition. Within forty years (357) we find the election to the bishopric dividing the city into contending factions, provoking a sanguinary conflict which intimidates the government, turns the basilicas into contending garrisons, and defiles them with blood. The Pagan historian tells the story with honesty, if with a slight contempt. "No wonder that, for so magnificent a prize as the Bishopric of Rome, men should contest with the utmost eagerness and obstinacy. To be enriched by the lavish donations of the principal females of the city; to ride splendidly attired in a stately chariot; to sit at a profuse, luxuriant, more than imperial table, — these are the rewards of successful ambition."² More than that, the Bishop of Rome was becoming the arbiter in controversy for all the churches, which were

¹ Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, 100.

² Ammianus Marcellique, xxvii. 3.

coming to acknowledge him as the lineal successor of St. Peter, and the spiritual head of Christendom. The fifth century is to begin with the first Innocent, and the middle of it to hail the first Leo, in whom the Bishop becomes a Pope, and the Papacy prophesies what it is to become. Of course Paganism, with twelve illustrious centuries behind it, did not die easily or at once. Rome was still in appearance a Pagan city with a hundred and fifty temples, and more than that number of shrines, still in use after the middle of the fourth century. The Senate, the aristocracy, clung to the old religion. Before the end of that century the mortal conflict came, the mortal blow was struck, not by Damasus, the Pope at Rome, but by Ambrose, the Archbishop at Milan. In him the Pagan Prefect Symmachus found his match rather than in the Roman Bishop. Under his instigation the emperor refused to be the Pagan Pontifex, and the Senate could no longer meet under the auspices of that image of victory which had been the presiding genius through so many generations. At the end of the third century Diocletian was decreeing the destruction of Christianity, and closing its churches. At the end of the fourth century Theodosius and his sons were decreeing the abolition of Paganism and confiscating its temples. The barbarians were gathering like the clouds of a storm, and while the feeble Honorius was cowering with fright in the marshes of Ravenna, Alaric with his Goths was descending upon Rome to plunder and desolate. Her ancient gods were looked to in vain for her defense, and with the fall of Rome the creed of Paganism was shattered in pieces, and its adherents were left to despair. It was Alaric the Visigoth, and Genseric the Vandal, quite as much as any Christian preaching or any imperial edicts, which killed Paganism in Rome.

And yet it was not to perish altogether. For, unconsciously almost, a compromise was going on, and if Pagan-

ism could not stand by itself, it was content to be assimilated rather than extirpated. Christianity in the fifth century was willing to make friends with it, and preserve in its festivals, in its rituals, in its saints and martyrs, in its semi-deification of the mother of Jesus, the remains of the system it was strong enough to displace, and yet not courageous enough to destroy.¹ Paganism took its revenge by allowing its adherents to become Christians while they were half Pagans, and its mythologies survived in a Paganized Christianity, into whose ritual and life the essence of Paganism filtered in spite of the teaching of its doctors and its creeds.

After Alaric and his Goths came Attila and his Huns. The battle of Chalons had stopped their career in Gaul. And now they came over the Alps and menaced Rome, which turned trembling to the prayers (if not the diplomacy) of its Bishop, rather than to the arms of its generals, for defense against the brutal and Pagan barbarians. Leo, the Bishop, was joined with the two highest civilians of the city to go out and make terms with him. The legend of the historian and Raphael's picture are made to adorn the plain fact that, confronted by the chief Bishop of the West, and perhaps deterred by the fate of Alaric, by some strange influence or other, he was turned back into his forests, and never came in sight of Rome.²

And with St. Leo, called the Great, began the race of great Popes, indeed the foundation of the Popedom. He was a Roman as well as a churchman, and carried statesmanship, and the gift of organization and rule which belonged to his race, into his spiritual office. Says Dean Milman: "Leo was a Roman in sentiment as in birth. All that survived of Rome, of her unbounded ambition, her dignity in defeat, her haughtiness of language, her

¹ Conyers Middleton, *Letter from Rome, Dict. of Christian Antiquities*, art. "Paganism."

² A. Thierry, *Histoire d'Attila*, i. 206.

belief in her own eternity, and in her indefeasible title to universal dominion, her respect for traditionary and written law, and of unchangeable custom, might seem concentrated in him alone.”¹ His ambition was to establish the monarchical authority of the Roman See. Already out of practical and theological necessities had come the doctrine of the unity of the Church. And to be one, the Church must have a single head, and the head must be in Rome. And he can be no other than the lineal successor of St. Peter, the Bishop of the Roman Church, the spiritual Father and Pope of the Church Universal. And with Leo this was more than a theory. His practical genius, his energetic will, his commanding position, stamped the authority of the Pope on all Latin Christendom. He succeeded in consolidating the power of the Roman See, so that in the West at least it should hold real if not undisturbed dominion for a thousand years.

It has come to this. On the assumption, the unfounded assumption, of a superiority, a primacy of Peter among the apostles, of the Roman Church among the churches, of an hereditary preëminence and authority in the Bishop of Rome, the once humble presbyter of a Roman congregation is turned into a spiritual monarch, with a throne higher and more durable than that of the emperors during five centuries. He is the Bishop of bishops, the Pontifex Maximus, and at length a temporal Prince, the ruler of rulers, and the vicar of God.

Thenceforth the history of the Church in Rome is the history of the supreme Pontiff of Latin Christendom. The Pope absorbs all historical importance, as all spiritual power. The Church there is lost in the greater and ecumenical Church of which the Roman Bishop becomes head and ruler. And the history of the Church for ten centuries to come is the history of the Papacy, of that Roman Pontificate, which, beginning with Innocent and Leo in

¹ *Latin Christianity*, i. 230.

the fifth century, culminates in Gregory VII. and Innocent III., and has its two hundred and sixty-third tenant still ruling in the Vatican. There is still a church in Rome, but it is no longer a congregation with its presbyter; it is a Pope with his curia, a spiritual Empire with its Cæsar on the throne, and its generals, its regiments, its provinces covering Christendom.

The fifth century, the middle of which was the age of Leo, was "a period of despair and languor throughout the Christian community, when the idea of advancing the bounds of Christianity, once so rife and effectual, was tacitly abandoned."¹ On the frontiers were the barbarians menacing civilization, and possibly the existence of the Church itself. And the anxieties of Leo, great as he was, were expended on the consolidation of authority, rather than on the conversion of new nations, and the strengthening rather than the extension of the Church. The Goths came and set up a king of their own in place of the Roman Emperor. The Lombards were to follow, to the terror of the Popes. And out beyond them were the Teutonic tribes, impatient for conquest, waiting to be conquered for Christ. For this nobler work the next, the sixth, century was a preparation; monasticism with Benedict at its head for its great promoter, and Gregory I., the next of the great Popes, to commit the See and Church of Rome to its prosecution. Clovis and his Franks, from whom came modern France, first came into the Church, and with consequences of mingled good and evil for the Roman See, and for subsequent European history, of the first importance. And then came the mission to England, proceeding directly from Gregory the Great, with the conversion of the Saxons, with consequences to all the world quite as momentous. A century later, under Gregory II. (715-731), Boniface brought Germany into the faith.

But in the eighth century, in fear of the Lombard, the

¹ Merivale, *Epochs in Early Church History*, p. 170.

Pope turns to the Frank for succor. The power of the Franks had fallen out of the hands of the degenerate heirs of Clovis into the mightier grasp of Charles Martel, who had delivered Christendom from the Saracens on the field of Poitiers, and now of his son and grandson Pepin, and Charles the Great. They now came into Italy to give and to take. And it was in exchange of reciprocal benefits that the Pope received that addition to his patrimony known as The States of the Church, while he in turn, so far as was in his power, gave to Charles, the king of the Franks, that imperial crown which, since 476 and the reign of Augustus, had passed away from the West to Constantinople; that Empire which, if it appears to date from the coronation of Charlemagne, really began when Augustus returned victorious from the battle of Actium (September 2, 31 B. C.), and ended only when in 1806 Francis II. of Austria gave it up by the compulsion of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was on Christmas Day in the year 800, while Charles was kneeling in prayer before the high altar in that ancient basilica which Constantine erected in honor of St. Peter, that the Pope, Leo III., came forward, "and as in the sight of all, he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Cæsars, then bent in obeisance before him, the church rang to the shout of the multitude, again free, again the lords and centre of the world, '*Karola Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico imperator vita et victoria.*' In that shout, echoed by the Franks without, was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilization of the South with the fresh energy of the North; and from that moment modern history begins."¹

Here, too, stood face to face the two great powers, now so friendly, whose fatal feud was to distract Latin Christendom for the next five hundred years. When two go

¹ Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 49.

horseback, one must ride behind. The compact between Empire and Popedom was full of danger, and which should be uppermost was the real and constant contest. The Pope crowns the Emperor, but the Emperor must confirm the election of the Pope. Now the state dominates and uses the Church, and again the Church subjects the state to a spiritual despotism. The supremacy of the Church, the autocracy of the Pope, was the idea always contending for victory through the Middle Age, — now seeming to win it, and yet in the end really defeated. In less than three hundred years from the coronation of Charlemagne, the Emperor will be at Canossa, standing barefoot in the snow, a suppliant for admission to the presence of Gregory VII., and it looks as if Hildebrand were master of the world. In five hundred years Boniface VIII., with a suicidal audacity, will tighten the splendid cord woven by Innocent III. till it breaks, and the Popes will go into exile from Rome for seventy years, and then into schism for forty years, and at last confront the rebellion of Teutonic Christendom against their dominion forever.

They were of all sorts, and carried the Popedom through all stages of exaltation and depression, into audacious heights of pretension, into the vilest depths of infamy. It was built up on a vast system of forgery (the Isidorian Decretals); it was fought for; it was bought and sold; it was won and lost by intrigue, by violence, by the influence of infamous women, of ambitious princes, of profligate Churchmen. It was held by vicars of the Holiest Person, who were yet without learning, without faith, without virtue, without decency even; infidels, voluptuaries, nepotists, pornocrats. It sank to such baseness and profanation that its own historians not unnaturally claim it for a sign of the divinity of the institution, and a miracle rather than a marvel, that it survived such degradation, and even recovered its lost glory. It was suc-

cored by the German Emperors, and by reaction against the extravagance of its own iniquity. And yet it sank again, and after four centuries, with the revival of learning, with the coming of new light, with the signs of a new age, the Borgias and Medicis were no better than the creatures of Theodora and Marozia, showing that the sanctity of the office made no difference to such miscreants as John XII. and Alexander VI. If history was worth anything, it proved that the Popedom was a bad institution ; that bad men made it worse, that good men could not make it good. And the world grew weary at last of a Popedom with such a history. Religion wanted the freedom it had lost, "an ampler ether, a diviner air." The Church had often groaned in its restlessness for a deliverance always postponed. Western Christendom was recovering from its long paralysis, its nationalities finding independence and power, and its pulses feeling the stir of new life. It was dropping feudalism. It was discovering new worlds. It was going to govern itself. Reform was attempted and failed. Three councils tried it in vain. The next step was revolution. And that came. It could not help coming. Rome was no longer the capital of Christendom ; the Pope was no longer its ecclesiastical ruler. Switzerland, Germany, England, Holland, the North of Europe, the better half of Christendom, broke from him in violent protest. He remained an Italian Prince. The Council of Trent tried to secure what was left. The Jesuits, more than the monastic or mendicant orders before them, controlled and sustained the Papal Chair, and tried to recover what was lost. One hundred and fifty millions of people in all countries still bow to its spiritual authority. On the 18th of July, 1870, the Vatican Council decreed the Infallibility of the Pope, the last step in his spiritual exaltation. And yet, in a little more than a year after, his temporal power, more than eleven hundred years old, was gone. The exigencies of

France annulled the old gift of the Franks, and Italy, after centuries of struggle and hope deferred, had its own king, acknowledged from Turin to Palermo, with Rome for its capital. The Vatican is left for the home of the Pontiff, and that is all. He is an ecclesiastic, and nothing more. Even Catholic nations are very polite and benevolent to the Holy Father, and perhaps believe in him; but they govern themselves. He is no longer a civil ruler. He can no longer bind and loose kings and governments at his pleasure. His power is felt in many ways, but it is only as a spiritual potentate, and under his own ecclesiastical jurisdiction. So long as they can have free choice, and vote for their own governors, even Catholics will not submit to civil rule or political domination in an ecclesiastic, however exalted.

And this is the history of Christianity in Rome. It began with a few Christians, perhaps with the preaching of a traveling presbyter, possibly of an apostle. When it first had a Bishop, he was chosen by the clergy and the people, and his power was only the power of his Church. It soon hardened into an ecclesiasticism which, not content with its single church, inherited the ambition of the old Rome to govern the world. It took a marvelous continuity, which links the first Leo with the thirteenth, which has kept in succession its two hundred and sixty-three Popes, still Bishops of Rome, while infallible Pontiffs of Catholic Christendom. How long an Italian priest will rule without appeal over bishops and clergy and churches in every country in Christendom, nobody knows. Rome is no longer the Rome it was, except in memories and traditions. And yet the Holy Father dares not forsake it, lest he break the continuity, and lose the sanctity which belongs to the See of St. Peter. It would be still the Popedom, however, wherever he is, whether at Malta or Madrid. It will take more than exile to destroy it. It will fall only before such great moral convulsions,

or such great secular changes, as before this have removed the foundations laid through many generations, and by which authority is transferred from kings and priests to the people, from churches to the conscience, and from great establishments to that Holy See which stands eternal in the soul of man. God never gave to St. Peter, nor to any man, such power as the Popes have held, and still hold, over millions of human beings, over congregations and clergy who acknowledge the Lordship of that Christ who declared, even in the presence of the imperial procurator of Rome, that His kingdom is not of this world. It is ecclesiastical absolutism, it is religious despotism, suppressing instead of developing, inconsistent with the spirit of original Christianity, repugnant to the better intelligence of Christendom, a block to the better progress of the world, governing in the interests of authority rather than of truth, of power rather than of liberty; and it must come to an end, or to a great change, before Christianity can become the salvation of the human race.


Rome took, and it also gave, as it must where it and Christianity come together. The new religion took a stamp from the great civil polity, from the strong social life, from the new order of ideas into which it came, and could not help it. Jewish and Hellenic, it became Roman too. The title on the cross was written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, significant of the three great currents with which the Christian stream was to mingle, of the controlling elements in its history. The force which shaped Pagan Rome passed over into Christian Rome, not in an inheritance of Pagan ceremonies only, but of power and life. Rome stood before the world for order, organization, authority. Her genius was legal, her security, her success, her power, was in law. And the genius of Rome cast the Christianity of the West into its matrix to create another type than in the East. Ecclesiastical organization was moulded by civil. The Roman state was reproduced in

the Roman Church, as the spirit of Roman law penetrated the Roman theology. The Western Church was political more than sacerdotal. The Popes were legislators and administrators more than theologians. And the theology of the West exercised itself on different questions, and with quite other methods than those of the East. The Roman Law supplied a new order of ideas, taken from jurisprudence rather than metaphysics; and the Roman Theology has been forensic rather than scientific, practical more than speculative, busy with the nature of man rather than the nature of God, with sin and justification more than with the Trinity and Incarnation, — in a word, Roman rather than Hellenic. “Why is it, then,” asks Sir Henry Maine, “that, on the two sides of the line which divides the Greek-speaking from the Latin-speaking provinces, there lie two classes of theological problems so strikingly different from one another? The historians of the Church have come close upon the solution when they remark that the new problems were more ‘practical,’ less absolutely speculative, than those which had torn Eastern Christianity asunder; but none of them, so far as I am aware, has quite reached it. I affirm without hesitation that the difference between the two theological systems is accounted for by the fact that, in passing from the East to the West, theological speculation had passed from a climate of Greek metaphysics to a climate of Roman law.”¹ That supplied ideas and terms into which the problems of theology cast themselves, and directed the course of reasoning which led to their solution.

And so Rome created a type of theology, of religion, of ecclesiastical government, as it had of political life and organization, which has been perpetuated through all the generations of Latin Christendom. Jerusalem fell, and went out of history. Alexandria decayed, and passed under another faith. But Rome, through more than eigh-

¹ *Ancient Law*, ch. iv. p. 346.

teen hundred years, with their vicissitudes, through ages of darkness and ruin, through ages of genius and glory, under her Emperors, under Greek Exarchs, under Pontiffs who were saints and Pontiffs who were miscreants, from first to last has been a Christian city. Into it Moslem and Pagan have not come. The Reformation did not touch it, certainly not to alter it. Its chief Bishop is at the head of a priesthood eighteen centuries old, and as wide as the world. Forth from it have always gone laws for Catholic Christendom. Like Babylon and Troy and Memphis and Mycenæ, it may perish in some yet unanticipated future. But for good or for evil, for falsehood or for truth, for the arrest or the progress of the kingdom of God, for both indeed, for all the Christianity there was through many generations, for an indestructible part of Christian history of all the centuries, Rome will stand forever in men's memories, in the tide of time, as the supreme city of the world.



IV. CONSTANTINOPLE.

It would have been a part of the strange irony of history, of its singular retrogressions, had Constantine, seeking a place for a new capital of his Empire, planted it, as at one time he proposed, on the plain of ancient Troy.¹

Thence the early Roman legends brought the ancestors of the Latin race. The best Roman poetry had sung the flight of Æneas from the burning Troy, bringing the incunabula of Roman greatness, the germ of Roman civilization, out of the East. To build a new Rome on the ruins of the city, whose siege was the inspiration of the two great epics of the ancient world, would have had a poetic or sentimental reason, and nothing more. But with no regard to antiquity, he chose with an eye to situation, and preferred the Bosphorus to the Hellespont, and Byzantium to Troy, although the control of one was likely to include the control of the other. He chose Byzantium, not merely because here he had defeated Licinius, and made the whole empire his own. He saw, as the masters of empire have seen ever since, that its tenant stood at the centre of command, and held the "Gordian knot of the world." He saw its incomparable advantages, landward as a promontory readily defended, and seaward in a harbor connecting with all the seas, with water deep and clean and tideless, with Europe on the right hand and Asia on the left, and easy of defense on either side. Between two seas and two continents, it seemed to be set on the axis of the world. With a foresight

¹ So Zosimus states, and in his time some of the beginnings were to be seen. It is also reported that he had thought of Sardica, in Moesia, and that he used to say, "My Rome is at Sardica." A. De Broglie, *L'Eglise et L'Empire*, ii. 144.

equal to Alexander's at Alexandria, and with even better opportunity, he selected a site such as he could find nowhere else in the East or West; such as their founders have not found in Petersburg, or Berlin, or Madrid, or Washington.

"He called into being a city which, while other cities have risen or fallen, has for fifteen hundred years, in whatever hands, remained the seat of Imperial rule; a city which as long as Europe and Asia, as long as land and sea, keep their places, must remain the seat of Imperial rule. The other capitals of Europe seem by her side things of yesterday, creations of accident. Some chance, a few centuries back, made them seats of government till some other chance may cease to make them seats of government, but the city of Constantine abides and must abide. Over and over again has the possession of that city prolonged the duration of powers which must otherwise have crumbled away. In the hands of Roman, Frank, Greek, and Turk, her imperial mission has never left her. The eternity of the elder Rome is the eternity of a moral influence; the eternity of the younger Rome is the eternity of a city and fortress fixed on a spot which nature itself had destined to be the seat of the empire of two worlds."¹

For almost a thousand years there had been a Greek town there, but its great destiny had not been fulfilled by the Greeks. It fell to the Romans. The defeat of Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge did not secure the undivided Empire to Constantine. For a dozen years Licinius kept up the contest, and it was at the Bosphorus at last he had to surrender. In the year 324 Byzantium, with the whole Empire, east and west, became Constantine's, and he determined to turn it into a new Rome.

But it was not the fortunate issue of war, nor the discovery of a happy location for a city, nor even some ambition of a victorious emperor, which gave the Empire

¹ Freeman, *Historical Essays*, third series, 251.

a new capital in the East. The design was begotten in the mind of Constantine by other and deeper causes. Under Diocletian's partition of the Empire, and for some time before under the soldier emperors, Rome had been losing its importance. Nicomedia was large enough for the emperor in the East, and Diocletian, in his twenty years' reign visited Rome but once.

Constantine for years had his palace and headquarters in Treves. But when the Empire was reconsolidated under Constantine, and undivided sovereignty came back to his single hand, a new capital became a necessity, so he thought. For he hated Rome. He had no memories of it but disagreeable ones. He had never lived there. He had visited it but twice, and the last time he left it in disgust, if not in wrath; perhaps in remorse for his own crimes, certainly in revulsion from its religion. The Senate was Pagan, and could not be relied upon to support the new *régime*. The aristocracy and the populace, too, were averse to the new faith. The city everywhere was full of the monuments of Paganism, the awful shadows of the ancient temples falling upon all its life. It must be built over again before it could be such a capital as a Christian Emperor would want. It was a Pagan city, and he wanted a place where Christianity could sit on its own throne with a certainty of its own succession, and with no burden of a Pagan past to carry. In a new Rome he could sever his administration from the influences of the old religion, and "put the new wine into new bottles."¹

He but obeyed the necessary tendency of things, as well as his own purposes or passions, when he resolved to forsake the old capital of the Cæsars, and build an entirely new one in the corner rather than the centre of Europe. He could not anticipate all the consequences of such a transfer, — the passage of power to the barbarians, the

¹ De Broglie, *L'Eglise et L'Empire*, ii. chap. vi., "Fondation de Constantinople."

increase of it in the Roman Bishop, the separations in the Church and the Empire, the fascination, old and new, which Rome would keep over the minds of men for ages.

He may have foreseen the risks, as well as the great possibilities not exhausted even yet, of a throne on the Bosphorus, and may have taken them rather than keep the centre of the Empire where it had been. At all events he made the venture, and gave a new turn to history. As it was a new city, so it was artificial and manufactured. It did not grow like the old Rome. It sprang at once into the greatness of a capital. It covered the whole point of the promontory between Propontis and the Golden Horn, with its seven hills. The cities of Greece were stripped to adorn it. To this day, there remain parts of a brazen column brought from the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, "probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses."¹ If it had no amphitheatre for gladiators, it had a hippodrome for chariot races. Market-places, porticoes, courts, baths, and palaces were erected at once at great cost. It was its boast that it was a Christian city from the start. Its air was never tainted by the smoke of Pagan sacrifice. Senators and distinguished families from Rome were induced to reside there. Settlers of all names and from all sides came, drawn by the privileges and exemptions of the place, and gave it a mixed population. On the 11th of May, 330, it was dedicated with a grand ceremony, partly religious and partly secular, and the day was observed for centuries as the festival of the nativity of Constantinople. For this was the legal name it received, though the Emperor joined with it the name of Second or New Rome. For it was his favorite fancy to reproduce the old city in the new. It began as a Roman city, the capital of the Roman Empire in the East, though in time, as was natural, the Greek element prevailed, and before long the Empire is Byzantine and the Church is Greek.

¹ Bryce, *Constantinople*, 19.

Following the example of Diocletian, he Orientalized his administration, while he also Romanized it. He created a multitude of new offices, and added immensely to the burdens of taxation. Absurdly extravagant titles were given to officials, and the Emperor himself was more like a Sultan than a Cæsar. Beyond all this, he devised an elaborate scheme by which the civil functions of the state were separated from the military, and both from the spiritual, — a distinction before unknown, which has continued in the political European nations ever since.¹

The Empire now had a new capital, and so in one sense had the Church. In time came an Eastern Empire and an Eastern Church, and Constantine had prepared for both by building Constantinople. He left Rome to her own destiny; to lose her own Empire in that of the barbarians of the West. He left her Christianity to shape itself into separate dominion on the old spot, instead of transferring it to a new centre in the East. And yet, whether he knew it or not, whether he designed it or not, he was laying foundations for another Empire and another Church simply by building his New Rome. For the laws of Nature are mightier often than the will of man, and in the long run what is decreed in them (as what is decreed in the secrecies of the Divine Providence) gets the victory. The difference between the East and the West, the Greek and the Roman, Constantinople and Rome, was to come out in the history of the Church. And so the city of Constantine stands for that type of religion, so different from the Jewish or the Roman, which to this day rules so large a part of Christendom.

When the seat of Empire was transferred to Constantinople, Christianity was three centuries old, and had already acquired a power of which its adoption as the religion of the Emperor, and very soon of the state, was only an outward sign. It had an established, organized, offi-

¹ *Encycl. Brit.*, art. "Constantine."

cered corporation. It had taken deep root in the thought and life of the time. Thirty years later, Julian tried in vain to revive Paganism, and turn back the tide setting towards the new faith. His opposition was brief, but it could not have arrested the growth of the Church had it run through a generation. In the East, Christianity had the advantage, for it was in the East, sooner and more strongly than in the West, that it had established itself. There it had its beginnings. Even in Rome, its beginnings were Greek. The New Testament was in the Greek tongue. The first General Council was held far away in Nicæa, and, ecumenical as it was counted, of its more than three hundred members not more than eight were from the West. The question it debated arose in the East; its discussions were in the Greek language, as was the creed which it adopted. In fact the first seven councils, which even the Roman Church acknowledged to be ecumenical, were all held in the East, and were engaged over eastern questions. In time Eastern Christianity had acquired such a distinct theology and life that it separated itself from the West into a church of its own. It had no single patriarch, like the Roman Bishop in the West. But in the course of events the patriarch of Constantinople took the precedence over Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem natural to the Bishop of the political capital. In 457, at the Council of Chalcedon, his See was declared equal in power and only second in rank to that of Rome, "forasmuch as it is a New Rome." This division of ecclesiastical power determined the character of the Eastern Church, and distinguished it from the monarchical despotism of the West. The one allowed national churches; the other effaced them, and compelled them to acknowledge the primacy of Rome. And the junction of ecclesiastical with political power determined considerably the course of Eastern Christianity. Becoming the religion of the Emperor, in time it became the religion of the Empire. At first, under Constantine, a

privileged religion, under Theodosius it became the established one [380]. Before the end of the fourth century Paganism was suppressed by law, and the State and the Church were united. Constantine began by convoking the Nicene Council, and by the time of Justinian dogmatic controversies were settled by imperial decrees. The belief as well as the discipline of the Church was determined by the Emperors, not more because they had the power than because it was the wish of the people; and many of them were as well versed in theology as in government.

Constantine was no theologian, and yet one of the first things he had to do for the Church was to settle a theological controversy, really the first and greatest in its history. He might not appreciate all the significance of the question on which parties were forming, but he had the sagacity to see the importance of unity in the new Church, even for the sake of the Empire itself. And so he called together the bishops of Christendom in council. There was not yet a Constantinople, and so he called them to Nicæa in Bithynia, in the last of May, 325, in the twentieth year of his reign. Three hundred and eighteen bishops, about a sixth of the whole number, came. He had just conquered Licinius, and brought civil war to an end. He could now put his hand to heal the wounds of the Church. The trouble was Arianism. It began in Egypt. Alexandria was the natural birthplace of such a heresy. Alexander was Bishop. Pope he was called, and the quarrel began with him. But the real combatants were Arius and Athanasius. Arius was a man in advanced life, already more than sixty years old. Athanasius was young, under twenty-five. The one was a presbyter, the other only a deacon. They both came to Nicæa, though neither was a member of the Council. It was the doctrine of Arius, which for six or seven years had been creating great agitation, which gave occasion for the Council. The question in dispute was chiefly speculative, and concerned the

interior nature of God, and the relations of the Divine Father and Son. Arianism held that, while the Father had no beginning, the Son had; that the Son had a derived, created existence, and was not of the same substance as the Father; in a word, it made Christ inferior, and struck a blow at the Incarnation as the fundamental truth of Christianity. The decision of the Council was against it. Arius was sent into exile, and a creed adopted which affirmed the Christ to be "very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made."

The Nicene Creed has suffered some verbal changes, but it has stood in the Church, the oldest, the most unchangeable, the most universal of the creeds. Arianism held out for a time, and, counting its history among the Gothic races, for a long time. For fifty years and more it had more or less of imperial favor, especially under Constantius [337-360]. If Arius went into exile, so did Athanasius, four times and for twenty years of his life. After Arius had passed eighty years of age he returned to Constantinople, and the Emperor ordered his restoration to the communion of the Church. On Sunday he was to be received in solemn procession from the imperial palace. But on Saturday, towards night, he was seized with sudden illness in the forum and died. It was quite in the spirit of the time for Athanasius, who had just been banished to Treves, to declare such a death a divine judgment on Arius, and a sufficient refutation of his heresy. For forty years the conflict went on, bitterly, vehemently, without reason or charity on either side. Council neutralized council. Power might be with the Arians, but argument was with the orthodox; with the great Athanasius and the three great Cappadocians, — Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, and Gregory of Nyssa. Finally came the great Theodosius to conquer the Goths, for a time to restore and reunite the Empire, and by force to banish Arianism from the Church.

Theodosius was a Spaniard, as were Trajan and Hadrian before him. He had the Spanish temper. He was devout, even to superstition, and yet a voluptuary; he was passionate, even to recklessness and cruelty; he was indolent until roused to action, when he was courageous and energetic; he could commit the worst crime in history, like the massacre at Thessalonica, and then bow his imperial head in penance before the imperious ecclesiastic at Milan. He had neglected baptism until the second year of his reign, and then he at once took ground against Arianism as a fatal heresy, and ordained that the adherents of the Nicene Creed should be known as Catholic Christians.¹

Constantinople was the stronghold of the interdicted sect, its See and its churches possessed by the Arian party. He soon changed all this. Bishops and clergy must subscribe the orthodox creed or be expelled. With equal severity he suppressed heresy and Paganism, with Ambrose in Milan and Gregory in Constantinople to spur him on. The second General Council he called in Constantinople [381] to tighten the bonds of the Nicene Creed, and fasten it upon the Church. In fifteen years he issued as many as fifteen edicts against all who did not accept it. He commissioned inquisitors in the spirit of his later countrymen, Dominic and Torquemada. In the interest of the Christian Faith he violated its whole spirit and law. Naturally, as a soldier, he believed in force, while as a Christian he had not learned the first lesson in the power of truth, and the freedom and charity of the Gospel. But, right or wrong, for injury or benefit, the

¹ "We will that those who embrace this creed be called Catholic Christians. We brand all the senseless followers of other religions by the infamous name of heretics, and forbid their conventicles to assume the name of churches. We reserve their punishment to the vengeance of Heaven, and to such measures as divine inspiration shall dictate to us." — Gibbon; Milman, *Christianity*, iii. 100.

Church was indebted to Theodosius for establishing unity of faith, and delivering her from a great internal danger. If Arius met his confutation in Athanasius, his influence was destroyed by Theodosius.

After the building of Constantinople the Empire was always liable to fall apart, and with the death of Theodosius (January 17, 395) the division came. He left two sons, boys in years, both weak, ignorant, unfit for the cares of empire; and yet to the two fell the divided rule of the Roman world. In eighty years the Empire of the West fell into the hands of the barbarians. For a thousand years longer the Empire of the East continued with the successors of Theodosius. His eldest son, Arcadius, now eighteen years old, had none of the imperial qualities of his father. The father was manly, handsome, sagacious, prudent, with a will of his own. The son was small, ill-shaped, swarthy, without vigor of mind or body, ruled by eunuchs or women, as became too much the custom in the East. The glory and shame of his reign gathers round John of the Golden Mouth, known to all ages as Chrysostom, who honored Constantinople by his eloquence, as it was disgraced by his sufferings. He was called from the See of Antioch, and made Archbishop of Constantinople; but the purity of his life and the power of his preaching wrought his ruin. For they provoked the anger of the Empress Eudoxia, who compelled the timid Arcadius to send him into a banishment in the mountains of Armenia, which was death. His fall was the degradation of his office for all the centuries after. The Bishop of Constantinople could never be an Ambrose or a Leo. He could never be Pope from his very position. He was often the nominee of the Emperor, often his underling and dependent, rarely resisting him, and generally obliged to yield to his will, even his caprice. His brother of Rome ruled and shaped religion in the West with independence and with vigor. In the East it was the creature of the State,

and the State was a despotism. It was mixed with the intrigues of the court and the fashions of the cities, and had no Gregory or Innocent to assert its supremacy. Its disputes kindled the most malignant passions, involved the populace as well as the clergy, and were decided at last by the Emperors rather than the theologians.

Arianism never succeeded in forming a Church. But new questions soon appeared as its natural sequel, producing new heresies, — Nestorian, Monophysite, Eutychian, Monothelite, — out of which grew not sects only, but churches; the Coptic, the Ethiopic, the Jacobite, the Armenian, the Maronite, permanently severed from the orthodox communion. The question was still, how God became man, and in what relation the two natures in Christ stood to each other. The answers run, in the main, into two very different and extreme types, the one disjoining the two natures as if incapable of real union, the other mixing and confounding them as if inseparably one. And the doctrinal were national divisions as well, in part, and perhaps sprung out of national causes. Nestorianism came from Antioch, and found its home in the East. Monophysitism was born in Alexandria and had its home in Egypt, while neither took any hold in the Greek or Latin Church. The first two General Councils established the Nicene doctrine as against Arianism; the second defining more distinctly the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and their decision stands even with the schismatic churches.

In a period of three hundred years (381–681) four other councils defined still further the doctrine of the nature of Christ, especially against Nestorians, Monophysites, and Monothelites, to be accepted of course by the Orthodox Church, and rejected by those in schism. These questions, agitations, quarrels, affected the Empire quite as much as the Church, and the Emperor had his hand in them quite as much as ecclesiastics. Often his influence was felt in the councils; generally he enforced

their decisions; sometimes he attempted the conciliation of parties, as Zeno in his *Kenoticon*; or, like Theodosius or Justinian, he undertook to establish orthodoxy as a part of his imperial office and policy.

Questions in theology, abstract, and remote from any practical interest of life, were the politics of the court, and influenced the policy of the Empire. And it was in the quality of the Greek mind also that they should take their part in the life of the common people every day. All were theologians and disputants together. Gregory of Nyssa draws a lively picture of Constantinople in the time of the Arian controversy: "Every corner and nook of the city is full of men, who discuss incomprehensible subjects; the streets, the markets, the people who sell old clothes, those who sit at the tables of the money-changers, those who deal in provisions. Ask a man how many oboli it comes to, he gives you a specimen of dogmatizing on generated or ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, you are answered the Father is greater than the Son, and the Son is subordinate to the Father. Ask if the bath is ready, and you are answered, the Son of God was created from nothing."¹

Among the Emperors who aspired to settle these disputes, and to be a lawgiver in the Church as well as in the State, was Justinian, who was really the great figure on the throne in the sixth century. It was really a double figure, for he is not to be separated from Theodora, whom he made his wife and Empress when he came to the throne. She was the daughter of a bear-keeper in the hippodrome, in her girlhood a performer of pantomime in the theatre, a notorious courtesan, who had some inducement to reform, and had fascination enough left to inspire the passion of a man of twice her age, who was not only the emperor, but addicted to study, industrious, abstemious in his habits, and as fond of theology as he was of govern-

¹ Neander, *Church History*, ii. 432.

ment. Never anything stranger than such a marriage, unless it be its sequel. For with the charms of person and manner which won the heart of the Emperor went energy, courage, tenacious purpose, capacity to rule. She left her old life behind, and became an Empress indeed. When Justinian quailed before the great insurrection of Nike and proposed to fly, she stood firm, and inspired even Belisarius with her inflexible purpose. She said she would die in the purple rather than live in exile. But as she was without fear she was without pity. If she became virtuous, she never ceased to be cruel. She was true to her husband, but she was implacable to her enemies. He survived her, and credited to her wise and prudent counsel his best achievements.

He had his likeness to Louis XIV. with a Du Barry or De Pompadour for his wife rather than his mistress. He shares with Constantine and Theodosius the name of Great, and yet it was a mixed greatness. It was a great reign, and yet he was not really a great man, unless knowing how to make use of others constitutes greatness. His designs may have been far-reaching, but he depended on others to carry them out. He was a man of moderate abilities, and for courage he depended on Theodora. He was vain, and yet allowed his wife to rule him; as weak as he was proud. He was very ambitious, but he was timid. He was temperate and regular in his life, but cold, treacherous, ungrateful. If he was religious, he was also a bigot and a persecutor. He was as prodigal as he was rapacious. He prepared for future disaster by a splendid extravagance. He was suspicious and ungenerous. He was petty and pedantic. Restless and unceasing activity was his most marked quality; intermeddling with everything, and often making change for the sake of change. With his great generals, Belisarius and Narses, he regained Africa from the Vandals and Italy from the Goths, and repelled invasions from Bulgaria and Persia.

With his great lawyers under Tribonian, he codified the Roman law, and accomplished a great work in legislation; unappreciated at the time, but which has kept his name in honor for all generations. He aspired to regulate theology as well as jurisprudence, and to be a theologian as well as Emperor. He had the advantage that what he could not carry by argument he could by force. He tried to bring back the Monophysites, and yet in his last years he came dangerously near falling into a similar heresy himself. He was eighty-three years old when he died. He did one great thing for Constantinople, which is a possession forever. He built St. Sophia. His was the fourth church of the name, preceded by those of Constantine, Constantius, and Theodosius the Younger. The second echoed with the marvelous eloquence of Chrysostom, and fell when he went into exile. The third stood one hundred and seventeen years [415-532], till, in the fifth year of Justinian, it was destroyed in the memorable conflict of the blue and green factions of the hippodrome. And then he undertook to erect the structure which has lasted over thirteen hundred years, to our own day. Within seven years after its foundation, February 23, 532, it was dedicated with the Emperor's rather conceited exclamation, "I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"¹ He had expended upon it at least five million dollars,² and employed ten thousand workmen. He adorned it with marbles from pagan shrines, and from the quarries of all countries. There were eight pillars of red porphyry from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, eight of green serpentine from that of Diana of Ephesus, with others from those of Apollo at Delos, Minerva at Athens, and Cybele at Cyzicus. Mosaics covered the walls and arches, now hid under the whitewash of the Moslem. Bronze, silver, gold, and gems enriched its altar and sacred places. Its

¹ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, cap. xl.; *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1865, p. 468.

² It is set as high as thirteen millions sterling,

enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat that it seems to hang in air, with minor domes and arches, and throughout "gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless, perhaps, the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it, than in St. Peter's itself."¹

The Abbey at Westminster, the cathedrals of St. Denis, of Rheims, of the Lateran, of St. Peter's, have their abundant historical associations, especially for us of the West, but the Church of Justinian has an interest altogether unique and surpassing. No church really so old remains substantially the same, especially after passing from its ancient faith to a new and fierce and hostile one. It has been a witness of a large part of the history of the Byzantine Empire and the Greek Church. Here the Emperors were crowned for nearly a thousand years. Here the Patriarchs received investiture. Here took place controversies and councils, stormy with wrath and all evil passion, and violent even to blood. Here the conversion of Russia begun, as the envoys of Vladimir were dazzled by its gorgeous architecture and splendid ceremonial, and went back to report that they had seen in it the glory of God. On its altar the legates of the Pope laid the sentence of excommunication which severed the Greek and Latin Churches. Here the last Emperor, Constantine XI., took the communion, and went out at the Gate of St. Romanus to die sword in hand, when it was all he could do for his Empire and his faith. It witnessed at last the terrible death of the Byzantine Empire by the sword of the Turk, while the Sultan Mahmoud II. stained one of its columns with his blood-smeared hand, shouting, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Mahomet was born within six years of the death of Justinian. From him sprung a mighty movement which greatly affected the fortunes of the Eastern Empire and

¹ Bryce, *Constantinople*, 48.

Church. It was, first of all, a protest and crusade against all idolatry. It allowed no images. It was met by a corresponding movement in the Eastern Church, possibly suggested by it, with which, however, it had but an indirect connection. Iconoclasm originated with Leo III., the Isaurian, in the beginning of the eighth century. It did not arise in the Church itself from any spiritual insurrection against image-worship. It was the attempt of a vigorous reforming Emperor, by an arbitrary edict, to change religious customs which were the growth of centuries, and strongly rooted in the habit, if not the faith, of his subjects. It was more than an effort like that of Justinian or Heraclitus to settle articles of speculative belief, and touched more tender points. Right or wrong, it proved a failure. People can be educated into a superiority to ritual observances, but the iconoclastic Emperors put force in the place of instruction, and the habit of the Church and the opposition of the monks and clergy were too strong for them. It fell to two women at last to defeat the attempt of the most energetic and courageous emperors. One hundred and sixteen years after the controversy begun, the weary struggle was brought to end by the Empress Theodora in 842. On the first Sunday in Lent, the 19th of February, she led the solemn procession of ecclesiastics and monks, with dignitaries of the State, while with burning torches they made the circuit of St. Sophia, saluting the banished pictures now restored to its walls, to remain there until the sterner and more terrible iconoclasts of another faith, four centuries later, should efface them, perhaps forever.

And now for more than a thousand years that day has been kept in the Greek Church as the feast of Orthodoxy, the Orthodox Sunday, as it is called. While Iconoclasm failed in its purpose, and the use of images, or at least of pictures, has remained in the Eastern Church till now, it had consequences of the utmost importance, both in the East

and in the West. Instead of strengthening Christendom against aggressive Mahometanism, and employing the great administrative and military genius of the Isaurian Emperors for the consolidation of the Byzantine Empire, it cast elements of distraction and animosity into men's minds, and wasted and weakened energies which might have given the Empire new lease of life. It hastened the hour for severing the East and West, which seems to have been predestined from the foundation of Constantinople. Italy was lost to the Byzantine Empire, and fell to the Franks, who came over the Alps at the summons of the Popes, only to establish another empire in the West, and to give the temporal power to the Popes. Henceforth there was more distinctly, and in inflexible opposition, an East and a West. The difference became disruption. Political separation led, and ecclesiastical followed. There were unsettled questions of jurisdiction between the Pope and the Patriarch over the provinces east of the Adriatic, and then over Bulgaria after its conversion, and these kept irritation between the two churches till division came. Behind these was the still greater question of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, which the Eastern Church would not be brought to acknowledge with any sincerity, while the Popes, reinforced by the forged Isidorian decretals, asserted it with new boldness and success. The quarrel of Photius and Ignatius, in which the appeal was made from the imperial tyranny to such a daring and imperious Pope as Nicolas I., the Pope excommunicating the Patriarch and the Patriarch the Pope, drove the wedge still farther. And still behind this were the doctrinal questions in dispute between the two churches. The Latins added *Filioque* to the Nicene Creed, the only and unchangeable creed of the Eastern Church, making the Spirit proceed from the Son as well as from the Father, and this the Greeks would not tolerate. And what seemed worst of all to common people, the Roman Church used unleavened

bread in the Eucharist. They might not comprehend all the bearings of a theological doctrine, but they were easily scandalized by the absence of yeast, as if that were essential to salvation. When the Russian Prince Vladimir was converted, the Greek missionary told him to give no heed to the emissaries of Rome: "They celebrate the mass with unleavened bread; therefore they have not the true religion."

It was this question of *azyma* which at last was thrown into the controversy between the two churches, and completed the rupture. In the middle of the eleventh century the Patriarch was Michael Cerularius, a passionate hater of the Western Church. In the heat of his passion against the Latins he accused them of this heresy. He closed every church of the Roman obedience in Constantinople. He joined the Metropolitan of Bulgaria in a violent assault on the Latin Church, especially for its continuance of this Jewish practice. Leo IX. remonstrated, and sent three legates to Constantinople to compose the quarrel. Neither party was in the temper for concession, or even for amity. On the 16th of July, 1054, the legates went to St. Sophia, and laid on the high altar a sentence excommunicating Michael with all the proper anathemas, and shook the dust of Constantinople from their feet. What was given was returned in good measure; the two churches consigned each other to perdition, and this was the end of all communion between them. The Crusades widened the breach, for if the Latins had good reason for despising the Greeks, the East had even better reason for hating the West. If the one seemed weak and cunning, the other was barbarous and overbearing. Sometimes, in their straits, the Emperors wanted help from the West, and then sought reunion, but it never came. Their subjects refused to surrender. In 1439 the Emperor, the Patriarch, and some seven hundred Greeks and Orientals appeared at the Council of

Ferrara, which had been adjourned to Florence. An agreement was made, and signed by the Pope, the Emperor, the cardinals, patriarchs, and bishops. But on their return the clergy and people in the East repudiated it, and in fifteen years Constantinople fell into the hands of the Moslems, with no trace of the reconciliation left.

Before the Ottoman came from the East, the Crusaders came from the West, and Constantinople suffered its first conquest from the Latins instead of the Mahometans. Innocent III. started the fifth crusade, but with a crafty eye for its own advantage, Venice turned it aside from Jerusalem to Constantinople, and its chief result was, not the rescue of the Holy Land, but the capture and subjugation of the great Christian capital of the East, and the substitution of a Latin for a Greek Empire for almost sixty years. The proud city of Constantine and Justinian, of Chrysostom and Basil, now the outpost of Christian civilization in the East, was besieged, humiliated, plundered, by a set of buccaneers who professed to be the special champions of the Cross and the defenders of Christendom. A Flemish King, a Venetian Patriarch, even the Roman Pontiff, displaced all Byzantine authority, and the farce of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was repeated on the banks of the Bosphorus. But it ended as it begun. It had no right to be, and it could not last. Six Latin emperors kept it on its feet for fifty-seven years. But as it had no foundation in justice, so it was of no advantage to either East or West, unless perhaps to Venice, which had a commercial eye to whatever was to its own benefit. Where the Franks demolished, the Venetians preferred to steal. The bronze horses, which Constantine carried from Rome to his new city, the old Doge Dandolo set up over the portals of St. Mark's, where they still stand. What was carried away was nothing to what was shattered and burned. The cruel intolerance of the Franks provoked the bitter hatred of the Greeks; the dream of

Innocent to recover the East from its alienation was defeated by the very crusade which he expected would accomplish it; and the chasm between the two churches became impassable, apparently never to be bridged. The city never recovered from the ravage, or from the government nearly as injurious, of the Franks. Says Dean Milman:¹ "Venice, after the conquest of Constantinople, became a half Byzantine city. Her great Church of St. Mark still seems as if it had migrated from the East; its walls glow with Byzantine mosaic; its treasures are Oriental in their character as in their splendor."

The Latin Empire passed and the Byzantine returned. The Isaurian, the Macedonian, and the Comnenan dynasties, which preceded it through nearly five centuries, had many great names, and Emperors who kept up the life and splendor of the old Empire. Now it fell into the hands of the Palæologi, and became but a pale shadow of what it had been, and was ready to fade away. It was reduced within, and crowded on all sides. Venice and Genoa had become the rivals of Constantinople in commerce, in wealth, in maritime power. The Ottoman Turks were conquering the East and menacing Europe. Only Timour and his Tartars postponed for a time their conquest of the Empire and the capture of Constantinople. While the Empire was failing, the Church had gained by the conversion of Bulgaria [868-900] and Russia [988] in the ninth and tenth centuries. The Roman Church took the Teutonic tribes in the West, while the Slavs in the East fell to the Greek Church, and have become in the course of centuries, and with the death of the Byzantine Empire, the source of its strength and growth. Russia, covering half of Europe and the whole north of Asia, with a population of ninety millions, took its Christianity from Constantinople, and, with an ecclesiastical head of its own, acknowledged by three quarters of its

¹ *Latin Christianity*, v. 373.

people, still holds the doctrines and ritual of the Greek Church. In the cathedral at Moscow goes on the same splendid ceremonial of worship which in the beginning overpowered the imagination of Vladimir's ambassadors, under the dome of St. Sophia, and to-day the Eastern Church has a wider dominion and a larger constituency than in the days of Basil, or even of Justinian. But while the Church survived, the Empire perished. It endured through a wasting paralysis of nearly two hundred years. The ravens were watching for their prey. For a hundred years the Ottoman Turks were in Europe waiting for the chance to capture Constantinople. The city of Constantine, a Christian metropolis from the start, was destined to pass, not to some Christian power like Russia or Bulgaria, not to the Holy Roman Empire of the West, not to the Saracens, who had carried a brilliant civilization with their arms from Bagdad to Cordova, but to the Ottoman Turks, who could bring to it only the civilization of Asiatic barbarians, and the religion of Mahomet. Their janissaries, and their cannon, with their bravery and their determination, were too much for the feeble Greeks, who had scarcely any empire to fight for, and could no longer hold their city with their mercenary troops. The last of the Constantines, when he could do no more, fell sword in hand, and on the 29th of May, 1453, Mahomet II. marched into the city of the Christian Cæsars.

A Sultan took their throne : the crescent took the place of the cross on the dome of St. Sophia, and, to the sorrow if not the shame of Christendom, the Turk rules in Constantinople as well as in Jerusalem. For eleven centuries and nearly a quarter it stood, as it begun, a Christian city. For four centuries and more than a third, the alien has occupied its palaces, and Antichrist has turned its churches into mosques. Nature has its old charm, and the position its perpetual value : the same wide reaches of blue water, the same temperate airs, the same bright, soft sky, the

same hills with their olives and cypresses, the snowy Olympus still gleaming in the distance, the great seas finding their ways out and in by its walls. It might again be restored to Christendom, and its long eclipse pass away. But who is to be the new Constantine to recover its lost destiny, the new Justinian to purify St. Sophia, the new Belisarius to expel the Turks, and unite the Slavs, and give the old Christian capital to a new Christian Empire, is hidden yet in the unopened leaves of the sibyl's book. It is now only the city of the Sultans, severed from its ancient history, waiting for such new destiny as may come to it in the new distributions of empire, and when the great powers of Europe can agree to whom it shall fall. The old Rome has become the head of a new Italy for which it waited. The new Rome waits for its empire, which may be Greek or may be Slav; it cannot be Turk. That it has a future is as sure as its superb position, or that the Turk does not belong in Europe. Says Mr. Bryce: "Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire and commerce, religion and letters and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even as Augsburg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities."¹

Constantinople once meant the Eastern Empire and the Eastern Church. Now it means neither. The Empire is gone. The Church remains, but not in the city of Constantine. It is not even Greek, as it once was. It is Slavonic chiefly, though that has not altered its doctrine or its organization, any more than Rome lost itself in the Teutonic tribes it converted. Eastern, Byzantine, Greek as distinct from Latin and Western, whether Catholic or Protestant, the old type of Christianity continues. For this is one characteristic of the Eastern Church, that it is

¹ *Lecture at Aberdeen, 1878.*

conservative and unchanging. It partakes of the immobility of the East. It has stood by itself, not only struggling with Mahometanism, but in antagonism with the Western Church, maintaining its traditional orthodoxy, and taking no strength from communication with the rest of the world. Its isolation has kept it stationary. From the beginning it was a creature of the State, of a despotic government, and never learned to exert itself for its own support. It was never a free, self-acting church. It has never been a missionary church. It has had no Hildebrand, no Luther, no Loyola, no Council of Trent. Its worship is antique and unæsthetic, a strange combination of "barbaric rudeness and elaborate ceremonialism." No Sistine Madonna, no Descent from the Cross, no Martyrdom of St. Peter, shines over any of its altars. Its monks have been only monks, not learned like the Benedictines, not missionary and preaching like the Mendicants, but simple recluses from the world. Monasticism became active and practical in the West, but has remained contemplative and eremite in the East. The West never had a Simeon Stylites. The pillar saint is a birth of the East. The monastic system of the Eastern Church has hardly altered since the time of St. Basil. Unlike the Latin Church, the Greek Church has a married clergy, and gives far more independence and consequence to the laity. It has no infallible Pope. It allows the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and in general it has not been a persecuting Church,¹ close as it clings to its ancient creeds, and stiffly as it avows its exclusive orthodoxy. The fortunes of the Eastern Church are no longer bound up with the destiny of Constantinople. The Papacy has no historic or logical home but Rome, and it is doubtful if it could retain its vitality, perhaps even its existence, if expatriated, whatever the fate of the Roman Church. But the nationalism, what we may call the Gallicanism, of the

¹ Stanley, *Eastern Church*, 122.

Eastern Churches, has made them independent of person or of place, of a hereditary patriarch or capital. The city of the Sultan will pass into the hands of some Christian power, — Russian, Austrian, Greek, Slavonic, — or become a free city, an emporium of the world's commerce, with no political allegiance, but its authority as one of the two great capitals of the Christian world is not likely to be restored.

The dome of St. Sophia may once more cover a Christian worship, the Turk may recross the Bosphorus never to return, but the Constantinople of the past, of eleven centuries of Christian history, unless by some strange revolution in the historic order, will not come back. Whatever its future, brighten it as we may with all Christian hopes, it is the old, the vanished, the buried Constantinople, with its finished mission, with its mingled splendor and shame, with its spiritual power transferred to new centres, a monument like Jerusalem and Alexandria, and only that, which we can place among the capital cities of the Christian faith.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

SAINT AMBROSE AND HIS TIME.¹

It is the history hanging over the Italian cities which gives many of them their peculiar attraction to the traveler. They are sought for the sake of what has been, and imagination recreates in them the Past, which may have left few tangible relics, but which, nevertheless, overshadows all present glory. They are filled with a population of shadows and memories, of great figures and stately names, of emperors and prelates, of writers and warriors, emerging from the dim history in which they have been living, and bringing with them something of the life of the ancient time. In Ravenna, the Roman Cæsar, the Gothic King, the Greek Exarch, kept their state; there begun, in the gift of Pepin and Charlemagne, the power of the Pope as a temporal prince, which has expired under our own eyes; and there is the mausoleum of the daughter of the great Theodosius, and the tomb of Dante, sleeping far from his ungrateful Florence. The shrunk and desolate Ferrara once had the most splendid court in Europe; there is the house of Ariosto, and the prison of Tasso; it was the retreat of Calvin, and the birthplace of Olympia Morata. Wandering into Milan, in the end of the last summer, drawn and enchanted by its great cathedral, I found rising before me constantly the stately figure of her great bishop and saint, whose presence, memory, and name

¹ Published in the *Baptist Quarterly*, vol. vii.

Sancti Ambrosii Mediolanensis Episcopi Opera, ad manuscriptos codices Vaticanos, Gallicanos, Belgicos, etc., nec-non ad editiones veteres emendata, studio et labore monachorum Ordinis S. Benedicti, e Congregatione S. Mauri. Tomus Primus, Parisiis: MDCLXXXVI.; Tomus Secundus, MDCXC.

are still greater than anything in her history. It suggested a slight study of Ambrose and his time.

He was the great ecclesiastic of his time. Chrysostom surpassed him as an orator. Jerome had more learning. Augustine was the greater theologian. Athanasius was a profounder dogmatist, and stood as courageously for his episcopal right against imperial aggression. But in Ambrose sacerdotal authority first asserted itself with the spirit of Hildebrand, and as Archbishop of Milan he assumed a power which the Bishop of Rome had not yet dared to exercise. He asserted it under feeble emperors, but he maintained it against the mightiest. It was moral ascendancy as much as priestly prerogative. It was the claim for the Church of moral dominion, of spiritual supremacy, by one who was a Roman before he was a Christian, and who brought over into the new world which was rising out of the wreck of religion and empire, something of the old Roman virtue, — the stern, conscientious, imperious spirit of the undegraded, unconquered mistress of the world.

It was that greatest period in human history, when Rome, when Europe, was changing its religion. The capital, conquering, imperial civilization of the world was passing from Paganism to Christianity. The causes of that wonderful change, of that great religious revolution, have been much discussed. They lie primarily in the religion itself, in moral, vital forces strong enough for conquest. Nothing explains the triumph of Christianity but itself. Paganism was worn out, and ready to die. In the end of the fourth century, and during the episcopate of Ambrose, it received its *coup de grace*. In the beginning of the century Constantine had gathered the powers of the Empire into his single hand, and elevated Christianity to the throne. At the end of it Theodosius had abolished, by law, the old religion, which had been identified with the great periods, the mighty growth of Rome, which was

dying with her decay, and only waited the coming of Alaric to be buried in the ruins of the Empire itself.

It was also the period of the great conflict in the bosom of the Church between the doctrines of Arius and Athanasius, which was to terminate in its consolidation under one rigorous and unbending creed. For a time Arianism maintained itself with vigor, though condemned by the great Council at Nicæa, and bishops and emperors were its defenders. The end of the fourth century saw its suppression by the same hand which was put to the abolition of Paganism. Theodosius had determined on the unity as well as the triumph of Christianity. His edicts went forth against heretics as well as pagans. His first act, in conjunction with Gratian and Valentinian II., the two other emperors, was to enjoin the universal acceptance of the orthodox catholic faith. "Thus," says Dean Milman, "the religion of the whole Roman world was enacted by two feeble boys and a rude Spanish soldier."¹

It was in the midst of this conflict, and apparently in consequence of it, that Ambrose at a leap, or rather — for it was against his own resistance — by a sudden explosion of popular feeling, rose at once into the archbishopric. He was a young man, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. His father had held the post of pretorian prefect in Gaul, where the son was born. He had been educated at Rome for the public service, and in the course of civil promotion had been appointed prefect of the Æmilian and Ligurian Provinces in Northern Italy. His appointment came from the Emperor, but he received his instructions from Probus, the Prefect of Italy, who, to guard him against the severity common with the Roman magistrates, charged him to rule his province "not as a judge, but as a bishop." The words of his patron and friend, who was a Christian, the event turned into a sort of unintended prophecy. The prestige of Rome, as the capital of the Empire, had long

¹ *History of Christianity*, iii. 101.

before declined, as conquest was extended, and as Illyrians or Spaniards, who perhaps had never seen the metropolis, took the purple. Diocletian and Maximian established their residence in the provinces. Milan became the virtual capital of the Western Empire, and, Gibbon says, "assumed the splendor of an imperial city."¹ The Bishop of Milan was metropolitan of a considerable portion of the present Lombardy. For twenty years Auxentius, an Arian, had held the primacy against many efforts to displace him. At his death, the bishops made a vain attempt to induce the Emperor Valentinian to name a successor. The choice was remitted to them, and also to the people of Milan, who at that time seemed to have had a voice in the election. The contest between the Arian and Athanasian parties was violent, and threatened to break out in sedition. This called for the interposition of Ambrose, as the civil governor of the province, who proceeded to the Basilica, that by his presence and words he might allay the tumult. His address had an unanticipated result. A child, as Paulinus² tells the story, "perhaps so instructed," Neander suggests, cried out, "Ambrose for Bishop!" This apparently accidental nomination was taken up by a general acclamation of the whole assembly, and both parties joined in the spontaneous and unanimous election.

The surprised and reluctant magistrate tried in vain to evade an office for which he had no special preparation, and to which he felt no divine call. He was but a catechumen, not yet having received baptism. He is said to

¹ *Decline and Fall*, chap. xiii. 4.

² Paulinus was a deacon and notary under Ambrose, and wrote a brief and superficial memoir of his life, addressed to St. Augustine. It has the merit of contemporary knowledge. It is printed by Gersdorf. *Bibliotheca Patrum*, viii. The Benedictine editors have also inserted it in an Appendix, together with a memoir of their own. *Opera*, ii. 2-63. Tillemont gives ninety-five chapters to the Archbishop, and has been the chief source of information for the preparation of this article. *Mémoires Ecclesiastiques*, x. 78-306.

have adopted some singular devices, such as the assumption of unusual cruelty in his magistracy, the introduction of lewd women into his house, to create imputations against his chastity, and flight from the city by night, only to find that he had lost his way and was back at another gate in the morning, in order to divert from himself the popular feeling, and to escape the office. Valentinian, the Emperor, threw his weight into the scale, and Ambrose consented. The 30th of November was long observed in the Church of Milan as the day of his baptism. A week after, on the 7th of December, he was ordained. It was a singular election, and to us, at this distant time, and trained in the usages of the primitive Church of the New Testament, seems almost incredible. The Church had traveled far from its original simplicity and unworldliness when it could even allow, much more invite, a civilian, the first civil officer of the country, unbaptized, perhaps unconverted, certainly untaught and untried in any religious function, to step into the highest ecclesiastical post, and surrender itself to his keeping. The event justified the choice ; but there were no assurances beforehand, as far as we can see, that it might not have quite another issue. It was committing to accident, it was intrusting to uncertain hands, it was even offering to worldly power an office most sacred, and which, theoretically at least, required the previous interposition of the Holy Ghost. But it illustrates the freedom, the unrestrained mingling of lay with clerical power, the influence of the people, and even of popular impulses, in the most important ecclesiastical elections, even at so late a period. Above all, it shows that at the end of the fourth century, as was the case long after, the Bishop of Rome had no voice in episcopal appointments, and that the See of Milan was as independent as that of Rome itself. There is the voice of the people, the clergy, the Emperor, but not the whisper of a Pope.

Though elected by both parties, he at once declared

against Arianism by demanding baptism of an orthodox bishop. He renounced the pomps of his civil state, and assumed an austere simplicity of living. He gave his own estates to the Church and to the poor. And he devoted the wealth of the Church, he even sold the consecrated plate, for the redemption of captives. He said, as if the spirit of humanity were superior to any ecclesiastical zeal, "The Church possesses gold, not to treasure up, but to distribute it for the welfare and happiness of men. The blood of redemption which has gleamed in those golden cups has sanctified them, not for the service alone, but for the redemption of man." He at once commenced theological studies, and placed himself under the tuition of Simplician, who became his successor in the archbishopric. But he never made any mark in theology. Dean Milman remarks: "The most curious fact relating to Ambrose is the extraordinary contrast between his vigorous, practical, and statesmanlike character as a man, as well as that of such among his writings as may be called public and popular, and the mystic subtlety which fills most of his theological works."¹ But without early theological training, his imagination flew to allegory as the easiest interpretation of Scripture. His judgment was exhausted in the discipline of the Church, while his fancy took free flight in the realm of theology, stimulated without doubt by his fondness for the writings of Origen.

It was in the midst of the conflict of Christianity with expiring Paganism, and of orthodoxy with waning and retreating Arianism, that Ambrose undertook the administration of the Church in this metropolis of the Western Empire. Paganism had long been doomed, for it was morally undermined, and the faith in it, satisfaction in it, had gone beyond restoration. But still it had a political existence. It had its memories dear to Roman pride, its structures, its ceremonials, its priesthood. It stood by

¹ *History of Christianity*, iii. 159, note.

sufferance at least. The Emperor still held the dignity and wore the robes of Supreme Pontiff, although he were a Christian. As a matter of course he was chief of the religion as well as of the state. But he had ceased to reside at Rome. He was a stranger to the influences and associations which inspired the Roman aristocracy with regret, if not reverence, for the declining faith and its ancient glories. But Gratian soon showed that he had come under the control of a more masculine mind than his own, and which would give Paganism no quarter. He was but a youth, good without strength, easy and irresolute. The Senate sent to him a deputation for the purpose of investing him with the dignities of the Pontificate. But he spurned the idolatrous honor. If Rome was shocked by such an ominous assault on its venerable religion, it saw with alarm and indignation the statue and altar of Victory, which had stood in the Senate House and presided over its deliberations from the earliest times and through the periods of conquest and glory, where Senators took their oaths, and a daily libation was offered as a prelude to their public proceedings, now cast out by imperial decree. Four times the Senate, by deputations to the imperial court, solicited its restoration. The first, Gratian refused even to receive. The second made its appeal to his successor, Valentinian, and it is here that Ambrose appears openly to share in the conflict. Symmachus was a person of the highest character and dignity. He was a senator of great learning and wealth, and with the honor of being pontiff and augur he joined the civic offices of Proconsul of Africa and Prefect of Rome. To him was intrusted the preparation of a petition to the Emperor. It was drawn with the skill of a master of rhetoric. The conscious weakness of a failing cause betrays itself in the apologetic tone, in the elaborate caution against giving offense, in the spirit of conciliation and entreaty so much in contrast with the temper of the religion which a century before was

smiting Christianity with the bloody hand of Diocletian. He pleads for a religion which has stood the trial and received the sanction of ages ; which may be allowed to stand for the good it has done ; and which, in the uncertainties of human inquiry and the diversities of human belief, has the advantage of custom and of past blessing on its side. He brings Rome, the once mighty, irresistible Rome, to speak in such tones as these : —

Most excellent princes, fathers of your country, respect my years, and permit me still to practice the religion of my ancestors, in which I have grown old. Grant me but the liberty of living according to my ancient usage. This religion has subdued the world to my dominion ; these rites repelled Hannibal from my walls, the Gauls from the Capitol. Have I lived thus long to be rebuked in my old age for my religion ? It is too late ; it would be discreditable to amend in my old age. I entreat but peace for the gods of Rome, the tutelary divinities of our country.

But the alert and resolute Ambrose would not allow the youthful Emperor to be drawn into any concession by the eloquence of the Pagan apologist. He at once wrote an earnest letter of caution to Valentinian. He then drew up a formal reply to the argument of Symmachus. So great a Latinist as Heyne gives the palm of superiority to the Prefect over the Bishop. The apologist may be more dexterous, more elegant, more careful. The Bishop is more careless, more impetuous, more confident, more fervid. He has to condemn, not to conciliate. He is to carry his point, not by artifices of rhetoric, but by ardor of conviction. And so he carries the spirit of his action into his style. He is not a suppliant entreating. He is a priest commissioned to instruct with divine authority. He warned the Emperor not to be deceived by names, nor to be led astray by his political advisers. He says : —

He who advises, and he who decrees such concessions, sacrifices to idols. We, bishops, could not quietly tolerate this.

You might come to the Church, but you would find there no priest, or a priest who would forbid your approach. The Church will indignantly reject the gifts of him who has shared them with heathen temples. The altar of Christ disdains your offerings, since you have erected an altar to idols; for your word, your hand, your signature, are your works. It is written, Ye cannot serve two masters.

He not only brandishes the terrors of priestly authority, he pours derision and contempt on the venerable traditions, the impotent gods of Rome:—

Where were the gods, in all the defeats, some of them but recent, of the Pagan emperors? Was not the altar of Victory then standing? And who is this deity? Victory is a gift, not a power; she depends on the courage of the legions, not on the influence of the religion; a mighty deity that depends on the numbers of an army, or the doubtful issue of a battle!

The victory was with the Ecclesiastic rather than the civilian, and the Emperor did not yield. Twice again the Senate supplicated the Emperor in vain. "The fair humanities of old religion" had not only, according to the expression of Coleridge, "vanished from the faith of reason." The ancient gods fell not only before the arguments of Ambrose; they could not stand before the conquering arms of Theodosius. The Emperor of the East became the Emperor of the West, and the trembling temple of Paganism went down at his coming. The Senate at his instigation debated the claims of Jupiter and of Christ; and, without doubt under his inspiration, Jupiter was outvoted. The tenants leave a falling house; and according to Prudentius, six hundred Roman families at once deserted their ancestral religion, and passed to the Christian side. The Pagan worship was no longer allowed support out of the public funds, and before Ambrose died the religion of Numa, which had lasted eleven hundred years, was but a vanishing shadow, and its priesthood, its flamins, and vestals had been turned out to starve.

In the conflict of hostile creeds, Ambrose had a formidable enemy to encounter, and the opportunity to assert his hierarchical prerogative in a bold and victorious style. The Empress Justina, the widow of the first and the mother of the second Valentinian, was an Arian, and a determined one. During her son's minority she had great power in the government, and she used it to force Arianism into the Church, and thus provoked the Archbishop of Milan to defiance and resistance. She had employed him, indeed, on a difficult and most important political service. After the murder of Gratian he had been dispatched to Gaul to negotiate with Maximus, who had assumed the purple and was now menacing Italy with invasion. Either by his skill as an ambassador, or his authority as a prelate, he checked for a time the ambition of the invader, and secured the peace of Italy. But this service softened neither the purpose of the Empress nor the orthodoxy of the Bishop. They were first brought into collision by what seems to have been a stretch of ecclesiastical zeal on the part of the resolute Ambrose. The bishopric of Sirmium in Illyria, which had been filled by an Arian, was vacant, and Justina, who was there, used her influence to secure the succession in the same party. But Ambrose, though it was beyond the limits of his diocese, appeared in the city, and in the face of the empress-mother brought about the election of an orthodox bishop. This was only premonitory of a closer and sharper conflict. On the approach of Easter, in the spring of 385, Justina, in the name of the Emperor, demanded the use of one of the churches of Milan for the celebration of the Arian service. At first she asked for the Portian Basilica, now the Church of San Vittore al Corpo, without the walls. The next demand was for the new and larger Basilica, which Tillemont¹ thinks was the church founded by Ambrose in 382 on the site of the present San Nazaro Maggiore. A contest began which was carried on through the Holy

¹ *Histoire Ecc.*, x. 167.

Week, and in which the inflexible firmness and courage of the Bishop won the victory. He was summoned before the Imperial Council. An impetuous crowd followed him, alarmed for his safety, and dashed against the gates of the palace, till the affrighted ministers begged him to interpose for the protection of the Emperor and the peace of the city. The government attempted to take forcible possession of the Basilica, which only raised a tumult which the Bishop was commanded to allay. He answered that he had not stirred up the people, and God only could still them. The soldiers entered the church where Ambrose was conducting the worship. But they fell on their knees, and assured him that they had come to pray, not to do violence. He went into the pulpit to preach on the Book of Job. And as he spoke of the wife of the patriarch urging him to blaspheme the name of God, of Eve, of Jezebel, of Herodias, the application was not difficult to make. Again and again the Council sent to him to give up the Basilica, and he, with persistent firmness, declared the inviolability of the church, and that the Bishop cannot alienate the temple of God. He further said that if the Emperor had no right over a private house, much less had he over the house of God. They said: "Everything is permitted to the Emperor." He replied, "That his right did not extend to that which belonged to the Most High." They said, "Surely the Emperor ought to have a church to worship in." He answered, "What has the Emperor to do with an adulteress, the church of heretics?" The secretary of the Emperor came. "The Emperor wishes to know," he said, "why you raise yourself to be a tyrant." He replied, "If I am a tyrant, why not punish me with death? The tyranny of a bishop is in his feebleness. Maximus did not think I was the tyrant of Valentinian when I prevented his coming into Italy. Priests have bestowed empire; they never condescend to assume it." The Emperor himself was

urged to confront the Bishop. The young man answered, "His eloquence would compel you to give me up to his power." There was nothing to be done with the refractory priest. The triumph was with him. The Empress was obliged to yield, or to postpone her purpose and her revenge. She tried again, and again it was Ambrose who conquered. He was sentenced to exile; he refused to go, and the people would not let him go. And at last he found, or Heaven found for him, the means of finishing the contest.

It was during its progress, according to Augustine, that Ambrose first introduced the antiphonal singing to relieve the vigils of the people. "Then it was first instituted that, after the manner of the Eastern churches, hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of sorrow."¹ It was closed at last by what was counted divine interposition. The people were already with Ambrose. His character, his eloquence, his benevolence, and his very firmness and courage, the awful assertion of an authority higher than the Emperor's, carried captive the popular mind. It was a time of high religious excitement among a people who were the ancestors of the impressionable, ardent Italians of to-day. They were ready to invest the champion of his order, of the Catholic faith, of the contending Church, with even supernatural power. And he ministered to their enthusiasm, and at least made use of their credulity. By some strong presentiment, in a vision, as Augustine,² who was then in Milan, says, the Bishop was directed to a spot where the remains of two martyrs, SS. Gervasius and Protasius, had been buried for three hundred years. They were of gigantic proportions, their heads severed from the body, and the tomb filled with blood. The relics were conveyed with pompous ceremonial to the Ambrosian Church, which he dedicated to them, but upon which

¹ *Confessions*, ix. 7.

² Tillemont, x. 183.

posterity has placed his own more illustrious name. A healing power went out from them ; a blind man recovered his sight, and the wonder kindled the enthusiasm of an excitable people. It was not in human nature, not in ecclesiastical human nature at any rate, not to avail itself of such a fortunate occasion to fortify the persecuted Bishop in his conflict with heretic power. The Arian Empress and her adherents were incredulous. But the people believed, and it was not for a boy of sixteen, though he were sovereign of Italy, to stand against a Bishop clothed with such sanctity, and crowned with such honors from above. Opposition was swept away before the enthusiasm which had been so wonderfully, if not so skillfully, enlisted. The altar was mightier than the throne.

And now it is that his life comes into relation with the two great men of his age. His connection with Augustine may have been brief, his influence not profound, and yet at a critical period it was decisive. It was in the year 383, when he was twenty-nine years old, that Augustine came to Milan. He had run a wild career of mingled passion and study, of spiritual dreaming, of religious yearning, of philosophical speculation. This irregular development of a powerful mind was about to issue in the repose, or at least the confidence, of a settled faith and of a devout life. He came under the influence of Ambrose, and was moved by his eloquence. He came into deeper and spiritual sympathy with the writings of St. Paul, and exchanged the Hortensius of Cicero for the Epistle to the Romans. Through throes of spiritual agony he came into the kingdom of Heaven. By the hand of Ambrose he was baptized, and led into that Church whose doctrine he has moulded, if he has not shaped its fortunes, as perhaps no other single mind has done. His example is less historic and commanding, his bishopric less conspicuous ; but as ideas in the long run rule the world, it is the fervid and profound theologian, rather than the courage-

ous and imperious churchman, the catechumen rather than the preacher in the Ambrosian Basilica, whose sceptre is longest, and who is still Bishop over almost the Church Universal.

Theodosius was now the real master of the Roman world. His sword had rescued the West from the power of Maximus, and his generosity had restored and secured the trembling throne of Valentinian. The potent offices of Ambrose had been invoked a second time for the protection of the young and feeble Emperor, and to check the progress of the usurper, even in the midst of his sharp feud with the heretic Empress. She lived to see the triumph of the great Emperor who had married her daughter and rescued her son. But she died soon, and with her died the Arianism of Valentinian, and the hopes of its party. For three years he was in Italy, much of it in Milan, under the eye of its Archbishop. Before, Ambrose had been contending with a weak Emperor and against heresy. He has now to meet a Cæsar worthy of the great days of the Empire, who is a Catholic not to contend with so much as to control. And with the weak and the mighty alike he asserts the supremacy of the Church and the authority of the priesthood. The conqueror, the ruler of the world, in the height of his power, finds at Milan, if nowhere else, a tribunal to which he must bow, a person before whose rebuke he quails. The Christians in Callinicum had burned a Jewish synagogue, it was said, by the advice of their Bishop. Some monks, incensed by an interruption of one of their processions in the road, burned a church belonging to some Valentinian Gnostics. The Emperor, with such ideas of justice as would be tolerably obvious to the lay mind, ordered that the Bishop rebuild the synagogue, and that the rioters should make fair compensation to the heretics for their loss. This was far beyond the diocese of Ambrose, and he himself was off at Aquileia, at the head of the Adri-

atic. But he felt that by his position he was the champion of the true faith wherever menaced. He wrote to the Emperor, vindicating the Bishop. If the Bishop complied with the imperial mandate he would be an apostate, and the Emperor would be responsible. It was only repaying in kind what the orthodox had suffered at the hands of Jews and heretics. But the letter failed of its purpose. Ambrose returned to Milan and renewed his charge in the church, refusing to proceed with the mass till the Emperor yielded and granted lenity to the offenders.

But we are now to see the bold prelate taking a still loftier attitude, vindicating outraged justice, and bringing the loftiest head in Europe to bow before the altar in humble and penitent confession. In a thousand years Rome had seen great crimes in the head of the state, had seen bloody deeds and intolerable despotism go unrebuked, had never seen the Emperor bow to a subject, and acknowledge in him a moral majesty greater than his own proud and unchallenged authority. But it is the last of the great Emperors, and the last at whose feet the whole Roman Empire bowed, who now bends subdued before a priest whom, a hundred years before, the Emperor Diocletian might have given to the headsman, or tossed to the lions in the Flavian amphitheatre. Theodosius was a man of many noble and manly virtues, and had often shown an imperial clemency and generosity. But he was quick in passion, and often broke into great tempests of anger. The people in Thessalonica had been affronted by Botheric, the king's lieutenant, and in an affray he, with several imperial officers, was killed. Theodosius, notwithstanding all attempts to allay his resentment, resolved on secret and summary vengeance. While the whole population was gathered in the circus, a signal was given to the troops secretly posted round it, and an indiscriminate and horrible massacre followed. For three hours the carnage went on, till the blood of seven thousand persons, strangers and

natives, of all ages, of either sex, the guilty and the innocent, was shed in expiation of the offense.

Ambrose heard of it, and, whether in terror or in grief, retired into the country to avoid the presence of the Emperor. He sent him a letter expressing his horror at the crime in which he would be an accomplice if he kept silence. He exhorted him to penitence, and promised him his prayers. But he warned him not to come to the altar, for he would not communicate with a man stained with the blood of thousands of innocent people. For eight months the Emperor waited in seclusion, not daring to come to the church. The slave and the beggar could enter, but the sovereign of the world was shut out. This he felt, and through his minister sought of the prelate some relaxation of the hard sentence. But Ambrose answered that the Emperor might march over his dead body, he would not allow him to come into the church. At length the Emperor was allowed to enter one of the cloisters of the church, where he professed himself ready to submit to whatever Ambrose should prescribe. After some parley the Bishop consented to remove his interdict on two conditions: First, that he would issue an edict prohibiting the execution of capital punishment for thirty days after conviction, and that he should submit to public penance. The Emperor was not content to fall on his knees to receive absolution. He prostrated himself on the pavement, tore his hair, struck his forehead and watered the ground with tears. It is but the anticipation in spirit of Henry IV., seven centuries later, imploring, in the snow at the gates of Canossa, the absolution of the prouder and mightier Gregory. And so the conqueror of the world was conquered, and confessed that there is a majesty greater than that of kings. Humanity and justice could look up and feel that they had found a friend, and a champion more than imperial. It was one of the great events, one of the sublimest pictures of history. It was the moral authority

of Christianity holding in check arbitrary power, establishing a tribunal which should protect the meanest and punish the mightiest. It was sacerdotal power, carrying in itself the latent peril of abuse for religious oppression and persecution, and yet exercising in pure hands a wholesome control over the insolence of irresponsible greatness, and the cruelty of despotic and intemperate passion. It was the gates of the same Portian Basilica, now the Church of San Vittore al Carpo, which the prelate had closed against the heretic Empress, which were also shut against the orthodox Emperor. One is still shown, at the Church of San Ambrogio, two panels of cypress wood, which are said to be parts of the ancient gates before which this immortal transaction happened. And one sees in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna the picture in which the masterly hand of Rubens has reproduced the great spectacle.

Ambrose lived to pronounce the funeral orations over Valentinian and Theodosius. He refused to acknowledge the authority or receive the gifts of Eugenius. He retired from Milan till the conquering arms of Theodosius had reduced the East and West to his sway. The victorious Emperor came to Milan to finish the brief remainder of his days, commending his sons in his dying hours to the Archbishop, by whose moral influence he had been persuaded to abstain from the eucharist while his hands were stained with the blood of a war which his Christianity could not but justify.

Not long after, in 397, on the 4th of April, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, after a service in the Church of twenty-three years, the good Bishop of the Milanese, the imperial ecclesiastic of his age, finished his days. Stilicho, the great general, was then at Milan, and urged the people to send to the Bishop, asking him to offer his own more effective prayers for his recovery. He replied: "I have not so lived among you as to be ashamed to live. I have so good a Master that I am not afraid to die." For

five hours he held his hands crossed in the attitude of prayer, and so expired. His body is kept in the ancient basilica which bears his name. In the Duomo, the corpse of San Carlo Borromeo sleeps in a shrine of silver and crystal, dressed in gorgeous pontificals, and stared at by eyes curious or devout. But the shrine of Ambrose is the sanctity, the memory which, through fourteen centuries, has hung invisible round his grave. He has the rare and double honor of a place among the saints of the Eastern as well as of the Latin Church, — his name enrolled with Basil, Athanasius and the Gregories, as well as with Cyprian and Augustine.

The works of Ambrose the Benedictines have collected in two folio volumes. It has already been intimated that he was a churchman rather than a theologian. He added something, perhaps, to the theology of his time, but nothing which is felt in the theology of to-day. He was inferior in intellectual power to Athanasius, Augustine, and Origen. He followed the Greek Fathers in his dogmatics, though laying more stress than they on the doctrines of sin and grace, anticipating in some measure the anthropology of Augustine.¹ Half of his works, comprising the first volume, is devoted to exposition of the Scriptures. His interpretation is mainly allegorical, and of very little value. An exception may possibly be made in favor of his discourses on the Psalms, which are more earnest and practical. The principal work in the second volume is a treatise "*De Officiis Ministrorum*," which is ethical rather than theological, and shows how much stronger he was in the sphere of morals than of theology. He, however, adopts the vicious distinction, current in his time, between perfect and imperfect moral obligation, placing virginity, fasting, poverty, among those "counsels of perfection" which belong to a life strictly dedicated to religion. His sister, Marcellina, had taken in his early days the vow of perpet-

¹ Neander, *Church History*, ii. 562.

ual virginity. And he not only yielded, but contributed to the mighty ascetic tendency coming in from the Eastern Church which developed monachism, and made it such a power for evil and for good in the coming ages. Six of the works in the second volume treat of the celibate state, and speak its praises. His works also include ninety-one letters, on various subjects, which illustrate the character of the man and the events of his life.

The name of Ambrose is connected with a great improvement in the church-music of the fifth and sixth centuries. Before his time, the music was a mere recitation of words, with a slight modulation of the voice, and a monotonous singing of prayers, performed entirely by the younger clergy. He introduced the musical scale of the Greeks, and their more melodious tunes. He also taught the practice of antiphonal chanting, as Augustine states,¹ during his conflict with the Empress Justina. It soon spread through the Western Church, and held its place for two hundred years. At the end of the sixth century it was superseded throughout Italy by the richer Gregorian chant; but in the Church of Milan it is still preserved with jealous pride. There, in the beginning, the ardent soul of Augustine was moved by its simple beauty, though his conscience was alarmed lest the delights of music should be a snare to his soul.² "How did I weep," he

¹ "It was a year, or not much more, that Justina, mother to the Emperor Valentinian, a child, persecuted thy servant Ambrose, in favor of her heresy, to which she was seduced by the Arians. The devout people kept watch in the Church, ready to die with the Bishop, thy servant. Then it was first instituted that, after the manner of the Eastern Churches, hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of sorrow; and from that day to this the custom is retained, divers, yea, almost all thy congregations, throughout other parts of the world, following herein." — *Confessions*, ix. 1.

² "At other times, shunning over-anxiously this very deception, I err in too great strictness; and sometimes to that degree as to wish the whole melody of sweet music, which is used to David's Psalter,

says, "in thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned Church! The voices flowed into mine ears, and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, and tears ran down, and happy was I therein."¹

Ambrose, and with him Hilary of Poitiers, led the way in the composition of hymns for use in the worship of the Church. Neander states that the ancient usage had been to confine the singing to passages taken from the Scriptures, and that this improvement met considerable opposition.² The *Te Deum*, whose stately strains have echoed through the churches of Christendom ever since, has been ascribed to the Bishop of Milan, and he probably translated it from the Greek for the use of his choir.³ Many hymns have been attributed to him which are not his. The Benedictines admit but twelve, and a recent writer, one of the Prefetti of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, Dom. Biraghi, whose learning is vouched for by Bishop Wordsworth, rejects five of these.⁴ He, however, has added others, and, going beyond other authorities, admits eighteen hymns and four poems as genuine produc-

banished from my ears, and the Church's too: and that mode seems to me safer, which I remember to have been often told me of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, who made the reader of the Psalm utter it with so alight inflection of the voice that it was nearer speaking than singing. Yet, again, when I remember the tears I shed at the Psalmody of thy Church, in the beginning of my recovered faith, and how at this time I am moved, not with the singing, but with the things sung, when they are sung with a clear voice, and a modulation most suitable, I acknowledge the great use of this institution. Thus I fluctuate between peril of pleasure and approved wholesomeness; inclined the rather (though not as pronouncing an irrevocable opinion) to approve of the use of singing in the churches, that so by the delight of the ears the weaker minds may rise to the feeling of devotion." — *Confessions*, x. 33.

¹ *Confessions*, ix. 6.

² *Church History*, ii. 318.

³ Herzog, *Real-Encyclopædie*, iii. art. "Ambrosius."

⁴ *Journal of a Tour in Italy*, i. 114.

tions of Ambrose. His hymns are vigorous, severe, dogmatic, objective. There is no tenderness of sentiment, and an austere simplicity of diction. They belonged to the time, and he made effective use of them. He says, in one of his letters: "Some complain that the people are led away by the singing of my hymns. I do not deny it. The singing is grand, and nothing can stand before it. What can be more telling than the confession of the Trinity in the mouth of the whole population, day by day?"¹ Perhaps his grandest hymn is the "Veni Redemptor Gentium," a translation of which Dr. Schaff has set at the head of his excellent collection, "Christ in Song." The morning song, "*Æterne rerum Conditor*," and the evening song, "*Deus Creator Omnium*," are also famous. Translations of most of them are to be found in "*Hymns, Ancient and Modern*," and some of them are used in the service-books of our unritual churches.

The name of Ambrose is still borne by the liturgy of the Church of Milan, though a large part of it must be more ancient than his day. Parts of it he may have composed, and it was revised under his hand. But from the time, at least, of Gregory the Great, down to the present day, the ritual of the Church of Milan has been peculiar, differing in many respects from the Roman.² Attempts have been often made to introduce the Roman liturgy in its place, but they have been always successfully resisted. The Latin Church everywhere else has relinquished the original mode of baptism, and, as Dean Stanley says, "with the two exceptions of the Cathedral of Milan and the sect of the Baptists, a few drops of water are now the Western substitute for the threefold plunge into the rushing rivers, or the wide baptisteries of the East."³

¹ *Opera*, ii. 873, Ep. xx. 34.

² Palmer, *Origines Liturgicæ* i. 125-133; Muratori, *Antichità Italiane*, viii. 205-228.

³ *Eastern Church*, 117. Robinson gives a description of minor-

Ambrose was one of the men who, by Providential position as well as by powerful character, had an important part in moulding the Latin Church and Latin Christianity, which have so greatly shaped the fortunes and colored the history of the modern world. At a juncture when the new religion was fixing its form, and organizing itself for the conquest of Western Europe; when, as we cannot but think, it was violating its first principles, and abdicating its noblest opportunity for the sake of temporal as well as spiritual dominion, and cherishing the ambition of advancing both together; when it was condensing itself into a gigantic ecclesiasticism: this Roman civilian, trained in all civic duties and virtues, used to command, with the clear head, the resolute will, the austere virtue which belong to the typical Roman, came to the See where, next to that of the metropolis of the world, he could direct the course of Western Christianity. He took the theocratic view, which is the farthest possible from ours. He held it, no doubt, sincerely; not out of personal ambition, not so much, perhaps, from mere narrow sacerdotalism as from a profound conviction that religion, and the Church which he identified with it, was real king of the world. But in it was the germ of that dark growth of ecclesiastical power which has shed disastrous eclipse across the ages since. It without doubt has done service for mankind. It protected the weak against worse enemies. It carried the ark of God, the culture, the learning, the piety, the seeds of a better time, through ages of barbarism and darkness. It has often balanced and counterpoised, it has resisted and sometimes avenged, the tyrannies of civil power. But another age has come, and the world henceforth refuses to shelter itself under the protection or to bear the yoke of ecclesiastical power. That power wanes, and religion finds for itself a surer and a purer home in the heart of man, and baptism at Milan, according to the Ambrosian ritual in the twelfth century. *History of Baptism*, 95-102.

in his voluntary submission to Divine law. History has shown that it is not safe to trust man with great power in the Church, and it is not needful. Religion is suppressed, asphyxiated, killed, under excess of organization. It lives, it grows, at all events it preserves its spiritual freshness and purity, in the air of liberty, and through the processes of spontaneous development. The aspiration and the destiny of Italy — of the Italy of Ambrose and Cavour, of Theodosius and Victor Emanuel — is for a free Church in a free state ; for religion at last to come to that happy position where the fathers of Rhode Island left it at the beginning of their history, — the Church, religion, to stand or fall by its own truth, virtue, spiritual power, and inward life, keeping itself out of civil government, keeping the government out of it.

BENEDICT AND THE BENEDICTINES.¹

HALF-WAY between Rome and Naples there rises above the town of San Germano a mountain crag overlooking the valley of the Liris, —

“The river taciturn of classic song,”²

crowned with the white walls and gleaming windows of a building which, at first sight, the traveler might mistake for a palace or a castle. It is Monte Casino, the cradle of Western monasticism, the capital of the Benedictines for over thirteen hundred years, — the most ancient and most illustrious monastery in Christendom. At its base are the ruins of a city going back to the dim times of the Volsci, with an amphitheatre of the days of the Cæsars, and the villa of Varro, who in learning and piety was a Pagan Benedictine of the best type. From its top opens a prospect of Italian beauty, with the river creeping across the hazy plain, the valleys scarped in soft lines in the northern and eastern hills, with the snow covered Apennines shining in the remoter horizon. Not far are Arpino, where Marius and Cicero were born, and Aquino, the birthplace of Juvenal and Thomas Aquinas. Here, remote from cities and traveled resorts, on its isolated hill, is the home of a society whose antiquity, whose history, whose members,

¹ Published in the *Baptist Quarterly*, vol. x.

Les Monastères Bénédictins d'Italie; Souvenirs d'un voyage littéraire au delà des Alpes; par Alphonse Dantier. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier & Cie. 1867.

² “Non rura quæ Liris quietâ

Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.” Horace, *Ode I.* 31.

whose wealth, learning, and literary treasures, and whose numerous progeny, give it a singular eminence. Its church surpasses every other in Italy, even St. Peter's itself, in elegant and costly decoration. Its library was the ark in which some of the richest treasures of ancient literature survived the dark ages. Its archives, with eight hundred original documents, furnish abundant material for ecclesiastical diplomatics and archæology. And it was here, nearly five hundred years after Christianity had come into Italy, and two centuries after it had been legalized by Constantine, more than a hundred years after Honorius had decreed the extinction of Paganism and the destruction of its temples, and after Theodorico the Goth had interdicted its exercise in Italy under penalty of death, — it was here, on this little mountain in Campania, that the ancient religion found its last refuge, as if the better to survey the vast domain which the new faith had taken from it, and to breathe its expiring sigh over the loss. While everywhere else in Italy the old idolatry had disappeared, here, on this lofty height, so near the metropolis of Christendom, early in the sixth century, there was an ancient Temple of Apollo still undestroyed, and a grove where the peasantry still made sacrifices to gods and demons.

It was to this spot, it was perhaps in order to attack and vanquish this abomination, that Benedict fled from the retreat he had tried to find in the gorges of Subiaco. There, among the wild and picturesque Sabine Hills, ascending the course of the Aní as it hollows its path from fall to fall among the rocks, he had thirty-five years before taken refuge as he made his escape from the world whose attractions he dreaded. The son of a noble house of the town of Nursia, born in the year 480, and spending his boyhood in study at Rome, he had taken early disgust at the profligate manners of his companions, and before he was fifteen, if we may credit his biographer, Gregory the

Great, he had resolved to renounce all prizes of the world, and try the discipline of solitude and penance. For three years he buried himself in a cave among the cliffs of Subiaco, indebted for his hair-cloth shirt and dress of skins, and scanty fare, to a monk from a convent near by, who alone knew his place of concealment; and there he led the outward life of a wild beast, and, as he conceived, the inward life of an angel. He suffered inward torments and outward vexations. The legend goes that he conquered his unchaste thoughts by rolling his naked body in a bush of thorns till the blood came. The monks of Vicovaro importuned him to take the rule of their house, and then, weary of his austerity, tried to poison him in the wine of the Eucharist. He returned to his cavern, where he could find better company in himself. *Habitavit secum*, says Gregory. But the fame of his sanctity had drawn a multitude of monks around Subiaco, who are soon gathered into a community, and Benedict is their superior. It had also exposed him to trials, and brought him enemies, the usual penalty of any kind of excellence. His good name and even his life is assailed; lewd women are introduced into his monasteries; his efforts to maintain strict discipline are thwarted, and he resolves to abandon the spot sacred to him by so many years of conflict. He is nearly fifty years old; but he perhaps cherishes in his soul the hope of better success in a new experiment. He carries in his bosom, it may be, the germs of the reform he is to start, of that institute he is to establish, and moves in the consciousness of a great purpose and a great destiny towards a new retreat among the hills of Campania. It is not unlikely that report had come to him of the lingering Paganism of the place, and that he went as a missionary to drive idolatry from a haunt where the negligence of the Church and the ignorance of the people had allowed it to remain so long.¹ M. Dantier adds the

¹ Beugnot, *Destruction du Paganisme*, ii. 287.

somewhat practical reason, that the land belonged to Tertullus, the rich father of Placidus, one of his young companions, and that the donation of it gave Benedict undisputed possession of a spot for his little colony and his new experiment.¹ Dante, in one of the fine passages of the *Paradiso*, hears Benedict tell the story of his success:—

“That mountain, on whose slope Casino stands,
Was frequented of old, upon its summit,
By a deluded folk, and ill-disposed ;
And I am he who first up thither bore
The name of him who brought upon the earth
The truth that so much sublimateth us.
And such abundant grace upon me shone,
That all the neighboring towns I drew away
From the impious worship that seduced the world.”²

Benedict came into the world in the dark and troubled time when the Barbarians were invading Italy. His life nearly synchronizes with the period of the Gothic rule. The Roman Empire, after five hundred years of glory and shame, expired just before Benedict was born, when Odoacer stripped Augustulus of the purple, and sent him into exile. The Roman literature came to a brighter close in Boethius, who, imprisoned in the tower of Pavia, was writing his immortal “*Consolation of Philosophy*,” five years before Benedict forsook the heights of Subiaco. While he was laying the foundations of the order which has done so much for the scholarship of Christendom, Justinian was silencing the voice of philosophy in the schools of Athens ; and, it may be added, the Code of Justinian, more potent and enduring even than the Rule of Benedict, was published in the very year, 529, in which Monte Casino was founded. It was amidst the invasions of this barbaric life, which was pouring its fresh blood into the veins of a decaying world, it was amidst the terrors and despairs of that age of disso-

¹ Dantier, i. 154.

² *Paradiso*, canto xxii., Longfellow, 563.

lution, that monasticism came into the West, and was organized for its great service. The Count de Montalembert couples the two together : —

In order [he says] that the Church should save society, a new element was necessary in the world, and a new force in the Church. Two invasions were required, — that of the Barbarians from the North, and that of the monks from the South. The Roman Empire, without the Barbarians, was an abyss of servitude and corruption. The Barbarians, without the monks, were chaos. The Barbarians and the monks united, recreated a world which was to be called Christendom.¹

There were monks and monasteries in the West long before Benedict. They were in the East before they were in the West. Monasticism is a child of the Orient. It does not belong to Christianity alone. It is in human nature. It is Pagan as well as Christian. Eight hundred years before St. Antony, Buddha turned ascetic and hermit, and established a monasticism more ancient and more enduring than the Christian. The Indian Yogi and the Mussulman Fakir are spiritual relations of the Coptic hermit and Simeon Stylites. It is born of weariness and disgust of the world ; of remorse or of misfortune ; of the conflict with moral evil which it is vainly thought can be easier waged in solitude ; of the inclination for a life of seclusion, of contemplation, of freedom from social bonds or temptations ; of the asceticism so natural to the human heart, which thinks to find virtue and perfection, and to earn heaven at last, by personal austerities, by chastising the body, and isolating the soul. It began in the simple asceticism which at first, without separating from society, condemned itself to silence, to fasting, to celibacy. Soon the ascetæ retired into the woods and the deserts, becoming anchorites in lonely cells and hermitages. In time, from whatever cause, perhaps from very weariness of solitude, they drew together, building their huts in neighbor-

¹ *Monks of the West*, vol. i. 276, 283.

hood, with some sort of community ; and at last coming under one roof, forming closer association, and becoming cenobites, as the name indicates, having a common life, and finally a common rule and an established order. This ascetic tendency, beginning in solitude and ending in a separated society, of course was fostered by circumstances ; as in Egypt by the climate and geography, by the indolence, the gloomy fancies they engender, and the facilities for life out of doors ; by the persecutions on the one hand and the corruptions on the other of the Roman Empire ; the noblest spirits sometimes in their despairs flying out of a world falling to pieces into refuges of peace and prayer, and, when the privilege of martyrdom was passed, seeking its crown in the desert and the cave, in self-torture and spiritual suicide. It was not Christianity any more than the condition of society itself which drove men out of it. There was no energy, and no field for it. With the fall of the Empire, and the devastations of the Barbarians, with oppressive taxes and idleness and public wretchedness, and the disturbance of life, men had nothing to do but turn monks. In the storm and general shipwreck, they were glad of a harbor where they could abandon all hope of this world for the sake of a future ; where at least the idle could live ; where even common spirits could win the honor of sanctity ; and where poverty would be without want, and wear even a badge of sacredness and honor. They emigrated from a world vexed by noises and strifes, and which offered them nothing, into some land of seclusion and silence, where they could be quiet and alone, and let the world go as and where it would. Times came when the monk turned into an ambitious priest, or a zealous missionary, when the monastery mixed itself with the movements of the world outside. But originally the monk was a layman, willing to forego the excitements and gains of life for the sake of escaping its distractions or corruptions ; desiring to dismiss all hopes or fears of anything

here below, that in quiet he might wait for what is to come hereafter. Monachism was a reaction from secular life, which, always burdensome to some spirits, was in the fourth and fifth centuries so full of desolations and miseries that there seemed no remedy but in flight from a world ruined beyond salvation.

It was then that Christian monachism came into the West out of Egypt, its native country. There as early as the Decian persecution, in the middle of the third century, Paul of Thebes had begun the life of an eremite; and there, under the inspiration of St. Antony's example, before a century had passed, the deserts from Nitria to the Thebaid were populous with anchorites and cenobites, as populous, it has been said, as the cities themselves.¹

"Go," says the golden-mouthed doctor of Constantinople, "to the Thebaid; you shall find there a solitude still more beautiful than Paradise, a thousand choirs of angels under the human form, nations of martyrs, armies of virgins, the diabolical tyrant chained, and Christ triumphant and glorified."²

Athanasius had known the solitaries of the Egyptian deserts, had been the friend, as he became also the biographer, of Antony; and it was Athanasius who was to be the missionary of monasticism to the West. Twenty years, five times during his episcopate, he was in exile. Twice he had taken refuge and found enthusiastic welcome in the Thebaid, and three times he had been a fugitive in the West. In 340 he came to Rome, bringing monks with him, and the report of a new form of religious life. His story took effect. Monasticism began to spread, and found apostles and defenders. Not only Basil and Gregory and Chrysostom in the East, but Ambrose at Milan, and

¹ Gibbon quotes Rufinus (c. 7, *Vita Patrum*, p. 461). "Quanti populi habentur in urbibus tanta pœna (pœne) habentur in desertis multitudines monachorum." — *Dec. and Fall*, c. xxxvii.

² Chrysostom, *On Matt.*, Hom. viii.

Augustine in North Africa, and Martin of Tours, himself a monk before he became bishop, and Jerome, spending his last years in a monastery at Bethlehem, gave it sanction and impulse. In Rome it touched some enthusiastic spirits. But it was opposed to the habits and the passions of Roman society, not yet emancipated from Paganism, and often provoked contempt and indignation. The patricians preserved the easy manners of Paganism after they relinquished its doctrines, and the populace kept their prejudices, and to both the monks were detestable. Jerome relates that at the funeral of Blesilla, a nun whose days were thought to be shortened by excessive fasting, the people threatened to throw the monks into the river.¹ "In the cities of Africa," says Salvian, "and more especially in Carthage, no sooner did a man in a cloak make his appearance, pale, and with his head shaved, than the miserable infidel populace assailed him with curses and abuse." It took a different stamp from the more practical genius of the West.² There were fools and follies enough, but not so many as infested the monasteries of Egypt and Syria. No saint of the pillar was known in the Latin Church. At the end of the fifth century these spiritual retreats had sprung up everywhere, in the glens of the Apennines, in the heights of the Jura, in the lonely islands of the Mediterranean coast, in the remote wilds of Ireland and Wales. There were monks and monasteries, but no organization, no uniform discipline, — in a word, no monastic order. At first, and for two centuries, the monks were simply laymen, and the monasteries were lay associations, under no ecclesiastical engagements. They made their own laws. Their spirit was one of liberty and religious exaltation. Some of them wandered at will, religious vagrants and vagabonds. The West did not follow the extravagances of

¹ Gieseler, *Ecc. Hist.*, i. 409.

² Guizot, *Hist. of Civ.*, ii. 65; Milman, *Lat. Christianity*, ii. 74; denied by J. H. Newman, *Historical Sketches*, iii. 377.

monasticism in the East, neither did it altogether avoid them: The door of the cloister in the East or West was not shut against folly, pride, hypocrisy, even avarice and luxury. Such men as Augustine and Jerome, ardent advocates and propagators of monachism, found occasion to denounce its excesses.

With the world outside of the monastery full of confusion, amidst the dissolving of the Empire and the fearful agitations of society, should there not be confusion within? The storms of the time cast into the monasteries all kinds of spirits, and especially such as were distracted, wretched, excited. They were asylums for the wounded rather than the well, for the eccentric rather than the sane. They were societies containing the prolific germs of good and evil, and with an undreamed future before them, but needing order and organization. If they were to be saved from degeneracy and ruin, if they were to withstand the storm and preserve civilization, they must gain a compact and firm order. They were not a clergy, subject to episcopal authority. Their law, their discipline, their organization, must come out of themselves. The reformer, the organizer, the legislator of monasticism, must be a monk, and that monk was Benedict.

He had fourteen years of life remaining, in which he laid the foundations on Monte Casino which have endured so long. He purified the spot of its Paganism, became an apostle and missionary of religion to the populations around, and spread cultivation over the barren hillsides; built the Abbey which, three times destroyed and rebuilt, has held its place for thirteen hundred years; and above all, founded that moral edifice, that code of monastic rules, under whose shelter the monks of Western Europe lived and died through so many generations. His sister, Scholastica, born on the same day with himself, had followed him to find a retreat near his own, where they met once a year, and dying within forty days of each other, in

the year 543, they were buried side by side in a tomb which is still shown under the high altar of the Church of Monte Casino. It belonged to the habit of the time, and above all of the monkish literature, to surround its saints and heroes with an atmosphere of marvel. There are legends enough about St. Benedict, which need not be repeated, which need not be believed, such as invested with wonder every man who awakened the enthusiasm of his age. We may not believe them, our critical philosophy may pronounce them incredible and impossible. But they were believed. Gregory the Great, writing his biography fifty years later, related them for facts. Where there is smoke there is fire. Such legends are the poetry of history. But they spring out of real virtue and sanctity and heavenly communion, out of the faith, the reverence, the admiration at any rate, which believe the saint to be honored of Heaven, and crown his head with the aureole which is just as beautiful and golden for being imaginary and unsubstantial. It is not in the legendary story of Benedict, even with the gilding of fable washed off, so much as in the rule he established, that his real spirit and inner life is disclosed. If his life had consisted only of the wonders told of him, his name would have perished long ago.

Hitherto the monks had been guided by rules like that of St. Basil, imported from the East, by vague traditions, and by such records as were to be found in the lives of the Fathers of the Desert. A fixed form and a fixed rule were now to be given to the monastic life. The code which Benedict wrote for his own house became the accepted law of the monks of the West for centuries. It is divided into seventy-three chapters. It turns the cloister into a voluntary prison, and a prison for life. For it established the permanence of the monastic order by the vow of stability which it required. This was the great innovation which changed and fixed the monastic life into

an institution. Before, whatever moral obligation held the monk to his monastery, there was no formal engagement. The society lacked the cohesion which it took from the solemn and perpetual vow now required. A novitiate, indeed, was allowed. The perpetuity of vows required it in any wise legislation. Where there is no retreat, there ought to be the chance of previous deliberation. The applicant was left outside for some days to test his perseverance. He was then put under instruction in regard to the difficulties and hardships of his new vocation. If after two months he persevered, the entire Rule was read to him, with the closing words: "This is the law under which you wish to enlist; if you can keep it, enter; if you cannot, depart freely." This was to be repeated three times before the close of the year. He is then informed that he is about to lose all power of disposing of himself, or of laying aside the Rule which he now accepts after sufficient deliberation and trial. Then, says the Rule: —

Let him who is to be received promise in the oratory, before God and his saints, the perpetuity of his stay, the reformation of his manners, and obedience. Let a deed be made of his promise, in the name of the saints whose relics are deposited there, and in presence of the abbot. Let him write this deed with his own hand, or, if he cannot write, let another, at his request, write it for him, and let the novice put a cross to it, and with his own hand deposit the deed upon the altar.¹

The monk was to leave everything behind, abjuring family, society, country, property; renouncing his own will in the pledge of absolute obedience, extending, in the strong language of the Rule, even to things which are impossible. With the abdication of will, of personality itself, there went, of course, the renunciation of all individual property. All things were to be in common.

It is especially necessary [says the Rule] to extirpate from

¹ *Reg. S. Bened.*, c. 58.

the monastery, and to the very root, the vice of any one possessing anything in particular. Let no person dare to give or receive, without the order of the abbot, nor have anything of his own peculiar property, not a book, nor tablet, nor a pen, nor anything whatsoever; for it is not permitted them even to have their own body and their own will under their own power.¹

In fact, individuality was completely abolished, the will abdicated, self sacrificed in favor of obedience, absolute and without reserve. In fact, it was spiritual slavery of the worst kind. "That," says M. Guizot, "is the fatal present that the monks made to Europe, and which so long altered or enervated its virtues."² While the government of the monastery was an absolute despotism, it was despotism tempered by the liberty of election, and even by the privilege of advice. The abbot was to be elected by the free choice of the monks, and he was elected for life. He was also to take counsel with them in all matters of importance, though his decision was to be final and supreme.

The monastery was a prison, but an industrial prison. The great reform which Benedict introduced into the monastic institute was the ordination of labor. "Laziness," says his Rule, "is the enemy of the soul, and consequently the brothers should, at certain times, occupy themselves in manual labor, at others in holy reading." It accordingly regulated minutely the employments of every hour of the day, according to the seasons. Seven hours were appointed for manual labor, and two for reading. "If," says the Rule, "the poverty of the place, or the harvest, or any necessity keep them constantly at work, let them not be vexed; for they are truly monks if they live by the labors of their hands, as our brothers the apostles did. But let all be done with moderation, for the sake of the weak." The regulations for reading illustrate the spirit of the Rule:—

During Lent, all shall receive books from the library, which

Reg. S. Bened., c. 33.

² *Hist. of Civ.*, ii. 77.

they shall read, one after another, all through. Especially let one or two ancients be chosen to go through the monastery at the hours when the brothers are occupied in reading, and let them see if they find any negligent brother who abandons himself to sleep, or to talking, who in no way applies himself to reading, but is useless to himself and distracts others. If one of this kind is found, let him be reprimanded once or twice; if he do not amend, let him receive correction, in order to intimidate the others. On Sunday, let all be occupied in reading except those who are selected for various functions. If any one be negligent or lazy, so that he will neither meditate nor read, let some labor be required of him, so that he may not be left to do nothing. Let some employment be imposed for the weak and delicate brothers, so that they may be neither lazy nor oppressed with severe work.

Such distribution of time, giving so much to labor and so little to study, Benedict probably felt to be required by the circumstances of the monasteries of that age. They were agricultural colonies in their way, settling in uncultivated places, reclaiming the land, tilling the soil, — the agricultural missionaries and teachers of Europe. In time, when by industry and by donations these communities had mastered nature and become rich, these prescriptions were modified, the hours of manual labor were reduced, as they were also changed to the transcription of books and other literary tasks.¹

Having regard to their hard labor in the fields and at their trades, perhaps also to rougher men and harsher climate, he spared his monks some of the mortifications practiced in the East. They were allowed a pint or more of wine a day, and the abbot was at liberty to deviate from the rules in regard to food and drink, according to the season of the year and the amount of labor, as he was required to have respect to the necessities of the sick and infirm, of old men and of children. He also repressed the love of gain by requiring that the monks should sell the

¹ Dantier, i. 198.

products of their industry at less price than secular laborers. The monastery must be so constructed that the mill, the bakery, the garden, and the whole internal economy could be carried on within the walls, so as to break up the vagabond ways into which so many monks had fallen, and to complete their seclusion from the world.

M. Guizot speaks of the character of good sense and mildness which marks the Rule, and adds: "The moral thought and general discipline of it are severe; but in the details of life, it is humane and moderate; more humane, more moderate, than the Roman law, than the barbaric laws, than the general manners of the times."¹ Benedict himself intended it should be as moderate as the object of monastic life would allow. He says, in closing the preamble to his Rule:—

We must then institute a school for the service of the Lord, in which we trust nothing harsh or burdensome will be established. If, however, anything a little severe, on reasonable grounds of equity, be enjoined for the correction of vice or the preservation of charity, do not in sudden alarm fly from the way of salvation. It is always narrow at the beginning, but walking some time in the way of obedience and faith, a man's heart dilates, and runs with unspeakable sweetness of love in the way of God's commandments.

The Rule of Benedict has been praised by popes and princes; by Gregory the Great, who believed it to be inspired; and by Charlemagne, who caused inquisition to be made if there were any other order in his empire; by Louis le Débonnaire, who recommended it to his son as a manual of government; and by Cosmo de Medici, who read it, as he said, for its good lessons in the administration of his states and the government of his people;² by Bossuet, who called it an epitome of Christianity; and by Guizot, whose words have just been quoted; by councils which have recommended it; and by the monasteries

¹ *Hist. of Civ.*, ii. 80.

² Dantier, i. 201.

without number which have adopted it. Says Sir James Stephen : —

The comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own ; the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion ; the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local ; and the deep insight into the human heart, by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes, — these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators.¹

That Benedict expected for it such fame, and so wide a sway ; that he supposed he was making a Rule for an innumerable progeny to spring out of the loins of his single house, and for ages to come, there is little sign.² It contains no reference to an association, or great order, such as sprung out of it. If it is elastic enough in scope for its subsequent growth, its future could hardly have been anticipated. Like all founders of great institutions, doing the duty of his time in the simplicity of faith, and establishing a strict and wise order for his own house, he builded better than he knew, and laid the foundations of many generations. He simply sowed a seed in the ground, and it brought forth fruit, not according to the foresight of man, but according to the will of God.

And yet his Rule contained in itself the reason of its success. It was written after long experience with the

¹ *Essays*, 236.

² In a single passage it prescribes a difference in the style of the monastic dress, according to country or climate, and the prescriptions for food and medicine refer to the expectation of having monasteries elsewhere.

class for which it was made, and was the fruit of earnest thought applied to the problem of organizing monastic life into permanent and useful form. The practical, organizing genius of the West found its expression and instrument in Benedict, who found a growing world of monasticism waiting for its law, and had the wisdom to enact and to try it. He committed it to missionaries, who went forth to plant it in new fields, in Sicily and in Gaul, on the heights of Soracte and the isles of the Adriatic. More than all, it may be, within a half century, in 590, a Benedictine monk, as the first of his order, came to the See of Rome, in the person of Gregory the Great. He did not forget his order. He never ceased to be a monk. He not only wrote the *Life of Benedict*, but gave the sanction of his supreme authority to his Rule. He guaranteed the freedom of monasteries and the inviolability of their property. The Rule and the order of Benedict might have lived and triumphed had there been no Gregory, but they felt the influence and the help of his mighty hand.

His own house was not to escape the calamities of a violent age. The Goths had spared it. A year before he died, by some strange freak of curiosity or superstition, Totila, the last and not the least of the Gothic sovereigns, reversing the victories of Belisarius, on his way through central Italy, sought out the saint of Monte Casino. The story goes that the barbaric king was awed by the presence and softened by the words of Benedict, who even foretold his conquest of Rome, his reign of nine years, and his death in the tenth. The Goths disappeared, and the Lombards came in their turn. Their coming was in ravage and terror, and the home of the Benedictines did not escape. In 589 it was sacked, and the monks fled. They found refuge in Rome, where, under Pope Pelagius II., they built a monastery near the Lateran, remaining there one hundred and thirty years. After so long a time

the sanctuary on Monte Casino was rebuilt, receiving great endowments, and by its wealth tempting the Saracens to destroy it in 884, the autograph copy of Benedict's Rule being at that time irrecoverably lost. In 1349 it was shattered by an earthquake, to be restored in 1365 by Urban V. Towards the end of the seventeenth century it was rebuilt in its present form, with a magnificence before unsurpassed; and on the 19th of May, 1727, was consecrated for the third time by a Pope, Benedict XIII.

The community has passed through fortunes of equal interest with those of its residence. It has had illustrious inmates and illustrious guests. Its abbots have been princes of the realm. In its palmy day the abbot was first baron, and it held feudal privileges and rights.¹ It was involved in the great strife between the Papacy and the Empire; and when Hildebrand, who had, as Cardinal, assisted at the dedication of its basilica in 1071, retired from Rome to die at Salerno, he halted at the tomb of Benedict, and in his last hours nominated the Abbot Didier, afterwards Victor III., for his successor. It had opened its gates to Charlemagne, and Carloman, the son of Charles Martel, came here as a monk to find relief from the cares of empire. Its decline began in the political strifes of the Middle Age, in which it became more or less involved. The order of St. Benedict was too closely associated with the Roman pontificate not to share its waning fortunes. Monte Casino was at the summit of its power during the time of Gregory VII., and it declined with the Papacy. Its decadence was marked in the second half of the fifteenth century. The mendicant orders, with their militant spirit, were coming into competition with the Benedictine, to contract its dominion; and increase of wealth

¹ "A l'époque de sa splendeur, elle comptait au nombre ses domaines, 2 principautés, 20 comtés, 440 villes, bourgs ou villages, 250 châteaux, 335 manoirs, 25 ports de mer, et 1662 églises." — Dantier, i. 6, note.

tempted strong hands to lay hold of religious houses when they could. Commendatory abbots took the place of those elected by the chapters, and in 1454 Monte Casino yielded to this abuse. In Canto xxii. of the *Paradiso*, Benedict says to Dante:—

“ And now my Rule
Below remaineth for mere waste of paper.
The walls that used of old to be an abbey
Are changed to dens of robbers, and the cowls
Are sacks filled full of miserable flour.
But heavy usury is not taken up
So much against God's pleasure as that fruit
Which maketh so insane the heart of monks.
For whatsoever hath the Church in keeping
Is for the folk that ask it in God's name,
Not for one's kindred or for something worse.”¹

In commenting on the first line of this extract, Benvenuto gives a description of Boccaccio's visit to the library of Monte Casino, in the last part of the fourteenth century. He says:—

To the clearer understanding of this passage, I will repeat what my venerable preceptor, Boccaccio of Certaldo, pleasantly narrated to me. He said that when he was in Apulia, being attracted by the fame of the place, he went to the noble monastery of Monte Casino, of which we are speaking; and being eager to see the library, which he had heard was very noble, he humbly—gentle creature that he was—besought a monk to do him the favor to open it. Pointing to a lofty staircase, he answered, stiffly, ‘Go up; it's open.’ Joyfully ascending, he found the place of so great a treasure without door or fastening; and having entered, he saw the grass growing upon the windows, and all the books and shelves covered with dust. And wondering, he began to open and turn over now this book and now that, and found there many and various volumes of ancient and rare works. From some of them whole sheets had been torn out, in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and others were greatly defaced. At length, full of pity that the labors and

¹ *Paradiso*, xxii., 74–84, Longfellow, 564.

studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such profligate men, grieving and weeping he withdrew. And coming to the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. He replied that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves, and made psalters, which they sold to the boys; and likewise of the margins they made breviaries, which they sold to women. Now, therefore, O scholar, rack thy brains in the making of books.¹

However Decameronian this story may appear — and M. Dantier is inclined to accuse both Dante and Boccaccio of prejudice — there is probably truth in it.² Still,

¹ Quoted by Edwards, *Memoirs of Libraries*, i. 271, from Valery, *Voyages historiques*, etc.

² In the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1875, Mr. Longfellow prints an exquisite pictorial poem, describing his visit to Monte Casino. He found the librarian incredulous about this story.

“ Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best;
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.”

It may be added that, under the supervision of Father Tosti, this little community, now reduced to about twenty persons, is engaged upon a catalogue of the manuscripts in their library. It is to be completed in five volumes, the first of which is already issued, and has been received by the Public Library in Boston. It gives chromolithographic specimens of the writing, the initials, colored rubrics and ornamentation of the various manuscripts, with detailed descriptions and copious extracts. Eight hundred pages are devoted to forty-four manuscripts, which shows how thoroughly the work is done. In the Preface, Father Tosti gives a short account of the growth of the library, and closes with some mention of some of the more distinguished visitors in his time. Among them is Mr. Longfellow, to whose name is attached this note: “*Hæc carmina in tabularia, sua manu exarata, reliquit*: —

“ ‘ Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.’ ”

He could have hardly selected, in all literature, a verse more appropriate for such a visit than this one of his own.

through the disasters of the Abbey, the library kept its root and grew. Benedict was no literary person, and the patronage of learning was no object of his Rule; but he provided for reading in his monastery, and required, whether for penance or pleasure, that during Lent all the monks should receive books from the library, which they were to read, one after another, all through.¹

He thus gave an impulse to study. Another impulse probably came from the monastery at Vivarium, in lower Italy. There, five years before the death of Benedict, Cassiodorus, the great light of the Gothic monarchy, the minister and friend of its kings for thirty years, had retired from the court of Ravenna, weary of his tasks or his honors, and when nearly seventy years old, with an immense fortune, had founded, on his patrimonial estate, a monastery with magnificent buildings, amidst the incomparable charms of the Calabrian shore. He did not renounce culture in the pursuit of spiritual perfection. He collected a great library, imposed study more than manual labor upon his monks, and turned his monastery into an academy. This example was not lost on the Benedictines at Monte Casino, when, in time, there was less occasion for manual labor, with perhaps more inclination for study, and the spirit, if not the letter, of the Rule was kept, as the monks, many of them, turned from the fields and shops to the Scriptorium, where their labor was spent in the transcription of manuscripts, first Scriptural and patristic, and then literary and classical. In the eleventh century Monte Casino had become famous for this work, and much of it was widely disseminated. Its monks were among the best illuminators of the time. After the vicissitudes of so many centuries, and with the pilferings which Mabillon and his companions did not hesitate to charge upon the Vatican, there are still eight hundred manuscripts, mostly of the eleventh and twelfth

¹ *Reg. S. Bened.*, XLVIII., Dantier, i. 354.

centuries.¹ There is a manuscript of Origen on the Epistle to the Romans, with an inscription indicating that it was in use in the middle of the sixth century.²

It is a mistake to suppose that the monastery is a university, a centre of active intellectual life. Occasionally there has been a monk of intellectual force, like Thomas Aquinas or Anselm. But Dr. Newman claims, and with good reason, I think, that literary pursuits are a fall and departure from the pure, primitive idea of a monk. He is to mortify his reason as well as his flesh. He retires to a convent, not to search after truth, not to wrestle with the secrets of God, but to find repose. If he studies, it is in paths that do not distract, and which are well trodden. It is as much to keep out of idleness as to discover truth. Says Dr. Newman:—

The object of the monks was rest and peace; their state was retirement; their occupation was some work that was simple as opposed to intellectual, namely, prayer, fasting, meditation, study, transcription, manual labor, and other unexciting, soothing employments. Such was their institution all over the world.³

Such is the history of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino, and everywhere. Here is a society thirteen hundred years old, with seclusion and silence, and a library, and what has it produced? It has transcribed books, it has preserved manuscripts, and occasionally some work of historical investigation has been done. It has added little to the intellectual treasures of the race. And yet it has done service for others in its time. It has preserved what it did not create. The monks could copy what they could not produce. They were the printers of the Middle

¹ For an account of the Library, see Dantier, i. 21-42.

² Donatus gratiâ Dei presbyter proprium codicem Justino Augusto tertio post consulatum ejus, in ædibus B. Petri in Castello Lucullano infirmus legi, legi, legi.

³ *Historical Sketches.*

Age, reproducing with the pen, illuminating with the pencil, the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and the Greek and Latin classics, and thus performing an invaluable service at a time when nobody else could or would do it. When a copy of the Bible was worth a king's ransom, when the literature of the ancient world was in danger of being lost, it was the Benedictines in the Scriptorium of their abbeys who kept the lamp burning which without them had gone out. And then the abbeys and churches themselves, their very ruins, tell what the Benedictines did for the architecture of Europe. Almost every cathedral in England is a Benedictine foundation. At Rome, San Paolo-fuor-le-mure, with its magnificent basilica, belongs to this order. And it was for the Benedictine convent of San Sisto at Piacenza that Raphael painted the Madonna at Dresden, "which enchants the world."

It is reserved for the cradle of the Benedictine order at Monte Casino to be its grave. The first, it is also the last in the splendid line, and has the singular fortune to outlive its innumerable children. While Benedict was yet alive his Rule began its victorious career. The year he died, his faithful associate, Maurus, had crossed the Alps, and planted the first monastery of his order at Glanfeuil, in the centre of France. Before the end of the century Augustine had planted the Benedictine standard at Canterbury, and the marks of the order are seen in the two universities, in twelve cathedrals, and in abbeys, beautiful for situation, and enchanting even in their ruin. The monasteries of an earlier or of an independent foundation accepted the Rule of Benedict. It supplanted and absorbed the Rule of St. Columban, the Irish missionary to France. For six centuries Latin monachism, while it was undivided, belonged to Benedict. And when decay and corruption came, as they did come with opulence and repose, and reform followed, as it did

follow, when nobler spirits like Romuald and Bernard arose, the variations took new names, but were still his. The houses of Clugny, Camaldoli, and Vallombrosa, the Carthusians and Cistercians, with their separate founders, still venerated Benedict as the patriarch of them all.

The panegyrist of this illustrious order [says Dr. Newman] are accustomed to claim for it in all its branches as many as thirty-seven thousand houses, and besides thirty Popes, two hundred Cardinals, four Emperors, forty-six Kings, fifty-one Queens, one thousand four hundred and six Princes, one thousand six hundred Archbishops, six hundred Bishops, two thousand four hundred Nobles, and fifteen thousand Abbots and learned men.¹

In comparatively recent times the Benedictine name has flashed forth with new splendor. In the seventeenth century it revived more than its pristine literary glory in the Congregation of St. Maur. At this house, in Paris, gathered a company of scholars whose labors make an era in letters. Their editions of the great writers of the Church are a monument of industrious and careful scholarship such as the world has never seen. Their researches in archæology and history, their indexes, prefaces, memoirs, and dissertations, have the homage of all grateful ecclesiastical scholars. At a period of the richest literary fruitfulness the quickening influence invaded this quiet retreat, and it took its part in the harvest which enriched France in the reigns of the Great Louis and his predecessor. One hundred and five writers belonged to this illustrious Congregation, and contributed to its treasures. Not the least of their works is the annals of their ancient order, which is no mere piece of hagiology, but a grand accumulation of historical materials gathered from all the Benedictine ages. They unearthed the legends of the Middle Age, and, meaning to serve their Church, really exposed its follies to the unbelieving generation which fol-

¹ *Historical Sketches*, iii. 272. Cf. Dantier, i. 6 (note), *supra*.

lowed. Mabillon discussed the worship paid to unknown saints, and tried to discriminate the sanctity and to reduce the number of the large and rather mixed company whose relics were hallowed by the Church. But he gave great offense at Rome. The learning of Montfaucon rivals the learning of Mabillon, and Ruinart and Achery and Martene and the rest, shed a glory on the house of Maurists, at St. Germain des Pres, great in its way as that which illustrated in the same generation the house of the Cistercians, the home of the pious Jansenists of Port Royal.

It has come to this. Whether man is developed out of an Ascidian mollusk or not, the monasticism which begins with St. Antony, who could not read and despised a book, has traveled the long journey to Mabillon, the master of learning. The same system that produced Antony issued in Anselm and Abelard. It is difficult to put together in the same class the religious troglodytes in a cave in Upper Egypt, and the pale scholars who walk under the shades of Vallombrosa, or the stately cloisters of St. Denis or Westminster. But there are two monks. There are canonized fanatics and paupers and idiots, and there are missionaries like Boniface, and scholars like Alcuin, and saints like Bernard, and reformers like Savonarola and Luther. And there are two sides to monasticism, as well as a principle at bottom by which it is to be finally judged. There are the unquestionable services, the great Providential uses, of this institution in ages of darkness and violence; services to learning and religion, to agriculture and art, to the overthrow of Paganism, to the diffusion of the Gospel, to the discipline of Christianity for its conquests among barbarians; the industrial, the missionary, the educational, the moral influences which went out from the monasteries through ten centuries to mould the civilization, the thought, the religion of Europe. Here is this great historical institution, with its degeneracies and its reforms, with good in it

and evil in it, certainly filling a large place in the Church, in the entire life of the Middle Age. That that place was good and useful cannot be honestly denied. It is impossible, too, not to be touched with admiration for the nobler spirits who in cloisters have renounced everything else for the sake of the soul, that they might see the face of God ; for the superiority to mortal cares and fears and passions, and for the generous self-denial and heroism even which in so many instances illuminate the monastic annals. In a busy and out-of-doors age, let us appreciate the value of the monastic principle of separation from the world. The highest and best things of the world have been born in solitude, and there the noblest spirits have been nurtured. Not for the highest religion only, but for education, for study, for clearness of thought, for fertile production, there must be at least periodical seclusion.

And yet the monastic institution is to be judged as a whole, not by the learning and sanctity of the few, not by its temporary uses in an evil time, not by the advantages of seclusion, not even by its ideal alone. It was opposed in the beginning, for reasons of religion, of political economy, of patriotism. It has been finally suppressed by the consent of civilized nations for its mischiefs and corruptions. Founded on a vow of poverty, it accumulated wealth, not always by right, to be used often for self-indulgence. Founded in a plan of industry, it degenerated often into indolence, and in some of its orders made mendicity a virtue. It has withdrawn an immense force from the productive industry of the world, spent much of it in idle dreaming, in fruitless self-inspection, in impotent prayer, in injurious charity. It is fatal to domestic and to patriotic virtue, for the monk has no family and no country.

The monk's theory of life, of God and goodness, is not a true, it is a false theory. The world is not such, life is not such, as he dreams. It is a slander on the Maker of

the world that he did not make it to live in, to be good in it and not out of it. It is a false theory of the world, which is bad enough and miserable enough, a sick world and a dying world, and yet is God's world, and a good world, to be used and not despised after all. It is a slander on the holy name of Christ Jesus, who did not flee, but boldly bore up against the evil of the world and conquered it, that any of his followers must do otherwise, or that they follow him while they do otherwise. It is a slander on God that he is Lord of the soul and not of the body; that he has set them at necessary war; that the soul is God's, and the body the Devil's. It is a false theory of virtue that there is an aristocratic and a democratic kind of it; that there are select spirits who are under a special rule, and who are to strike for a more perfect life, while they retire to pray for the rest of mankind who are incapable of it; that there are two orders of men, when there is really only one, and that the monk in his cell, obeying God, if he does, is any better than his brother, just as virtuous, and using his time a great deal better and to the world's advantage in earning his dollar a day in making shoes. It is contrary to the theory of true religion, that the way to do the evil world good, to make it a better world, is to live in it. If the life withdrawn from the world into the monastery is good life, it is not wanted there, but it is surely wanted in the midst of sin and sorrow.

A poor-house is useful, and the monastery is a poor-house in its original intention. But to exalt poverty to a virtue is at war with the interests of society, and brings no necessary purification or salvation to the soul. Charity is good, and the monastery dispensed charity. But the wealth used in charity was acquired, some of it at least, as the price of sin and under the constraint of terror, and it has been distributed for the perpetuity of pauperism. Prayer is good, and retreats for prayer may be useful.

But if prayer promotes indolence, if it degenerates into formality, if it takes the place of duty and righteous service, its benefit is doubtful, and a society organized only for that may be a mischief. Whatever Providential uses it has served, they have been temporary. Whatever call there may ever have been for it was local, and surely the time for it has passed away. What is good in the sixth or the tenth century, may be worse than useless in the nineteenth.

The monk had notice of ejection long ago. A new world has arrived, and the monk has no place in the busy, free, industrial civilization of to-day. Italy at last, the home of the Benedictine, dismisses him as useless, needed neither for learning, charity, nor religion. Fifteen hundred years ago Athanasius came to Rome to preach monasticism, and now after fifteen hundred years, after so long a time, the Parliament of Italy comes to Rome to suppress its religious orders, and to sequester even the ancient house of the Benedictines to the uses of religion, charity, and education, but after the methods of a new, perhaps a more secular, less religious age.

It is not an altogether sentimental regret which wishes that at least this ancient home of so much which is historical, binding the Christian ages together, might be spared. Its buildings must remain, its archives and library ought not to be scattered, and there seems to be no political or other necessity for the dispersion of this small company of gentlemen and scholars who may be at least the guardians of the cradle and the tomb of their ancient order.

Will the monk ever come back? Will a new Benedict be called to organize an institute to last through another thirteen hundred years? It is too soon to say that the world, that Christianity, has outgrown asceticism and the monastic life which springs from it. Times of exhaustion, of convulsion, may come, very different from these, of labor and of liberty. Fanatic or ascetic impulses may

sweep through the Church. The spirits who in every age, even in our own time, find some charm in monastic life, may multiply. The spirit which produces monks may never die. But the tendency of modern society, the spirit of reformed, advanced Christianity, is opposed to any general development of monasticism, and it is only in a sporadic way that the religion, the civilization of the time, of the future, is likely to issue in an institution so antiquated and practically extinct.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS.¹

NOT long ago, the "Quarterly" contained an article on St. Benedict and his Order. It is now proposed to trace the rise of two new orders, which appeared nearly seven centuries later,—those of St. Francis and St. Dominic. We may begin by connecting them with the previous history of monasticism, though they are hardly its lineal offspring, and by no means acknowledged the rule of Benedict or a place among his descendants. In the time since Benedict the monastic order had parted into many families, with other names, but in all its variations still regarding him as its patriarch and chief. No institution could last through half a millennium without corruptions, such as belonged to its very constitution and to the times. Founded in poverty, it became by the very tendencies of society one of the wealthiest of corporations. It is an observation of Sismondi that religion, from being in the beginning a matter of morals and afterwards of orthodoxy, after the seventh century was reduced to a question of liberality to monasteries. Into them religion poured its gifts, and by the commutation of vows, by fears of the end of the world, by the price paid for religious insurance furnished in one way or another by the Church, they were wonderfully enriched. The increase of wealth was naturally the relaxation of monastic rules, and even of moral obligations. Their recruits were not many of them saints, most of them of common mould, and even

¹ Published in the *Baptist Quarterly*, vol. ii.

Monumenta Franciscana: Edited by J. S. BREWER, M. A., Professor of English Literature, King's College, London, and Reader at the Rolls. Published by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

in their seclusion were open to temptations and vices belonging to their kind of life. A venal or licentious abbot would degrade the moral tone of the whole community. In the ninth century the convents were hereditary fiefs of secular princes, and suffered from their control. From many causes came loose discipline and evil manners, and with them occasion for reformation whenever nobler spirits, impatient of license and eager for sanctity, appeared. Often it was easier to form a new society than to purify the old, and new rules were invented to prevent old abuses. In the eighth century Benedict of Aniana undertook the renovation of monastic discipline in France. At Clugny, and later at Fontevraud in France, at Hirschau in Germany, at Camaldoli and Vallombrosa among the Apennines, houses arose in the tenth and eleventh centuries, restoring or increasing the severity of the Benedictine discipline. The Carthusians, with their Certosa, at Pavia, the most splendid monastery in Europe; the Cistercians, with St. Bernard to give them the lustre of his great name; the Premonstratensians, the Carmelites, the Trinitarians, the Humiliates, with the knightly orders of the Hospital and the Temple, while multiplying the orders, illustrated the growing influence of monasticism in the age when the Papacy was also waxing to its supreme power. Monasticism, which was in the beginning a reaction from the secular spirit and a refuge from civil disorders, at this epoch found in the secularization of the Church and of life, in the political storms evoked by the quarrels between the popes and the emperors, in the wild life of the knights and the degeneracy of the clergy, in the same spirit of ferment, of dissatisfaction, of compunction among the nations of Western Europe which promoted the Crusades and the rise of new religious sects, enough to stimulate its growth. Becoming secularized itself, it was constantly giving birth to new reactions against the encroaching corruption. So that at

the very period where our story begins, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the Lateran Council in 1215, Innocent the Third prohibited the formation of any new order, and required that whoever wished to become a monk should attach himself to some one of the already existing rules.

And yet it was becoming clear that, if monasticism kept in its old grooves, it would not meet the exigencies of the times. While the Pontiff had immensely strengthened his authority, while the Crusades were aggrandizing the Church, while monasticism was passing through these alternations of reform, and while a certain religious ardor was issuing in these results, it was also manifesting itself in a disaffection with the Church and its rule. A spiritual rebellion was breaking out in all parts of Christendom. It was not an intellectual insurrection, like that of Abelard, or politico-religious, like that of Arnold of Brescia; it was a popular discontent with the hierarchy, a revolt against the creed, the practice, and the authorities of the Church. Whatever form it took, it was profoundly moral; the irrepressible repugnance of common people to spiritual aristocracy and secular religion; a longing for the restoration of apostolic order and faith. It was generally unsacramental, anti-sacerdotal, an anticipation in some sort of the Anabaptists, the Puritans, the Separatists of a later time. It sprung in part from the same spirit which was asserting municipal independence in Florence and Genoa, in Frankfort and Bruges, in the guilds and free cities. It was the index of still more discontent, suppressed and secret. It was sufficient to disturb the clergy, and send solicitude to the Pope. He had humbled the pride of the Hohenstaufens, but here was an enemy more difficult to reach and to crush. It was the heretic at home, and not the infidel in Palestine, calling for a new crusade. Three times in a hundred years the bishops of the Latin Church were called to the Lateran in

general council to consider these dangers. Against them monasticism could not make head, unless it took new form. It was too rich and stationary. It was fixed to one spot, and encumbered with too much property to move easily. It was a band of refugees from the world, rather than an army for its conquest. If the discontented fled there, their questions were silenced rather than answered. The religion which retired into monasteries was quiet on principle and by habit. If it quarreled with the clergy, it supported the Pope, who gave it exemptions and privileges. Its charity was rather for the purchase of merit and salvation for themselves, than love to the souls of men. It invited men to come, but did not go after them. And to those who did not come, the poor people who had no wealth and wanted spiritual satisfaction, the sight of magnificent abbeys and idle monks, and a religion which only ate and prayed, was only an inflammation to their discontent. The Albigenses made great argument of their own poverty contrasted with the self-indulgence of the monks. Monasticism as it was had no power sufficient to convince and convert them. Something more free, more practical, less separated from life, less wedded to sacred places, less entangled by superfluous property, was needed in order to maintain the power of the Church and the Pontiff. A more militant body, a flying artillery, a corps of spiritual Zouaves, must go among the people and after them, meeting the sects on their own grounds and with their own weapons. There must be a crusade for rescue, as well as for suppression. The heresy which would not yield to the brand and the sword, might yield to the sermon and an unworldly devotion. What could not be done by monks might be done by friars. And so the friars came, and the new mendicant orders, for two centuries, play a most important part in the fortunes of the Church and the Papacy. In them the religious fervor of the Middle Age culminated. Through them it became

preaching and missionary, and arrested the dangers and losses which menaced the hierarchy. St. Francis and St. Dominic, with Benedict and Loyola, are the unordained founders of institutes as potent as the clergy, and almost as the Pontificate itself.

For the first sixteen years of the thirteenth century, the Papal chair was occupied by Innocent III. If he was not the greatest of Popes, the Pope was never greater. Never was bolder assertion of absolute power, and never, perhaps, a time more favorable for the assertion. Christendom not only assented to it, but seemed to require it,—at any rate to tempt to it. The Guelphs and Ghibellines were at strife, and Italy in political confusion; the Empire was in disorder, and claimed by rivals for the crown; John in England, and Philip Augustus in France, both provoked the terrible interdict of the Pope; heresy demanded his vigilance, and provoked wrath even to blood; and everywhere was the opportunity for his interposition. He exercised it as a right, and he exercised it with vigor. His plans did not always carry, and some of them failed after his death. And the legend, that it was only with difficulty he escaped the torments of the damned, shows that the vicar of God is not above public opinion, however safe he may be in regions beyond it. But his character and bearing fitted his great place, to which he came when he was in middle life, and which he held with serene pride and unquestioned supremacy to the end.

It was to Innocent the question was submitted whether or not the religious enthusiasm which created these new orders should be sanctioned and used, or be turned away, perhaps to break out in new spiritual disaffection, becoming a trouble rather than a help to the Church. More than a generation ago, Mr. Macaulay, the most brilliant reviewer of his time, and in one of his most brilliant papers, drew that picture of the different policies of the Roman and English Churches which everybody has read. He says:¹—

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellanies*, iii. 334.

The Church of Rome thoroughly understands, what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. She neither submits to enthusiasm nor proscribes it, but uses it. She knows that when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the mind, they impart a strange energy, that they raise men above the dominion of pain and pleasure, that obloquy becomes glory, that death itself is contemplated only as the beginning of a higher and happier life. She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant; but he will do and suffer things which it is for her interest somebody should do or suffer, yet from which calm and sober-minded men would shrink. She accordingly enlists him in her service, assigns to him some forlorn hope, in which intrepidity and impetuosity are more counted than judgment and self-command, and sends him forth with her benedictions and her applause.

The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the learned and polite may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope around his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers, and all his influence is used to strengthen the Church of which he is a minister. To that Church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals, whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the palace on the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below.

Such an offer was now made to Innocent, which, as we shall see, he accepted, not without distrust, which perhaps the future justified, but with the traditional sagacity of his office, which hardly needed the addition of a super-

natural vision or inspiration to explain it. As Bonaventura tells the story, on a summer evening, in the year 1210, as he was walking the terrace of the Lateran, engaged in thought over the problems of his great Empire, he was interrupted by a stranger in a shepherd's dress, with bare and unwashed feet, who asked his attention. Angry at so abrupt an intrusion upon the privacy of the ruler of Christendom, he sternly ordered the man to withdraw. But that night he dreamed. According to one legend, he saw a palm-tree shoot up at his feet and come to full growth before his eyes. According to another, it was the great basilica of St. John Lateran falling to the ground and suddenly propped up by the poor stranger he had so summarily dismissed. Whether by dream, or by methods quite as common in the councils of the Lateran, the Holy Father had learned that he had sent away a man who had something to say to him which it might be of service to hear. It is not impossible that the stranger, who with all his simplicity was not altogether lacking in worldly wisdom, had discovered that so mighty a potentate could be reached in ways more sure, if less direct, than that which he had tried. At all events he was recalled to the presence of the august Pontiff, to make known his errand.

It was Brother Francis, who, with some companions, had walked from Assisi, in the midsummer dust, to ask the sanction of the Pope for their little company, and a rule by which they had bound themselves. He was then about twenty-eight years old. He was born in Assisi, the son of Pietro Bernardone, a prosperous trader in silk and wool, who, returning from France after the birth of his son, changed the name Giovanni, given him by his mother, to Francisco, for the sake of the country where, perhaps, he had just made a prosperous venture. Till he was twenty-five, he had followed his father's business; a gay youth, given to dress, to music and mirth, free in spending and giving. He had served as a soldier in some fight with

Perugia, where, being taken captive, he was in prison for a year. He still showed a soldier's bent, when, recovering from a serious illness in his twenty-fifth year, he started out to enlist in the contest of the Guelph against the German, from which, in a recurrence of his fever, and prompted by one of its visions, he soon turned back. Of the nature of his disease there is little information. Its physiological effects might explain the eccentric vein in his character. But it brought a crisis in his life.

He began to feel upon his soul an unseen power, binding him more and more, and through waverings and struggles carrying him into a new world of renunciation and faith. Strange impulses moved him, and yearnings after a vocation which was not yet clear. He heard voices of Christ in dreams. He went to Rome, and dashed all the money he had upon the altar of St. Peter's. He exchanged his fine dress for a beggar's. He went to a hospital of lepers, and tended these offensive outcasts with unnecessary sympathy. He heard a call to repair the dilapidated Church of St. Damian ; and rushing to Foligno with a bale of goods, he sold pack-horse and pack, and brought the money to the curate, who refused, whether from honesty or from caution, to take it. Here for a time he kept in concealment from his father, who was enraged over the loss of his goods and the conduct of his son. At last he appeared, but so squalid and haggard that the rabble hooted him in the streets, and the indignant father shut him up in his house. Through the indulgence of his kinder mother, he escaped. But the father brought him before the magistrate, and then the bishop. The good bishop advised him to return the money, and renounce all right to inheritance, as the father demanded. "I will restore the very clothes he gave me," said Francis, and stripped himself to his shirt. "I have called Pietro Bernardone my father, but henceforth I am a servant of God, and he only is my Father." And he went away, wearing

the coarse frock of a laborer, which the bishop had ordered. He could not escape his fancy, if you will call it so, for repairing decayed churches, and still clung to a literal interpretation of the call he had heard in St. Damian. The money he failed to get from his father he extracted by inexorable begging from the citizens, and undertook the work himself, carrying stone, paying the workmen, inspiring the whole enterprise, till the renovation was accomplished. A little out of the town was the Church of St. Peter's, and he did the same work for that. The Chapel of St. Mary of the Angels, at the Portiuncula, which afterwards became the cradle and home of his infant order, he also repaired. For two years he was occupied with such work ; a layman, never thinking even of being a monk, with no tonsure, no orders, no ecclesiastical position at all. The man was acting out the religion which was in him in a way of his own. He lived for others, and not for himself. A simple enthusiast, he despised all comfort, was eager for spiritual perfection, seeking it in such ways of self-denial and Christian helpfulness as came. One day, in 1208, he was at mass in the little Church of Our Lady, when there came to him, like a new revelation, the words of our Lord : " Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, in your purses ; neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves. And as ye go, preach." At once he cried, " This is what I have been after," and throwing away his purse, his staff, his shoes, and binding a rope round his coarse tunic, started out of the church on his new-discovered mission. We can see him, as after six centuries the traveler sees his bare-footed successor, begging and preaching in Italy to-day. We may figure him a little more clearly as he is described by his contemporary biographer, Thomas Celano : —

He was of middle stature, rather under than over, with an oval face, and full but low forehead ; his eyes dark and clear, his hair thick, his eyebrows straight ; a straight and delicate

nose, a voice soft, yet keen and fiery ; close, equal, and white teeth ; lips modest, yet subtle ; a black beard, not thickly grown ; a thin neck, square shoulders, short arms, thin hands, with long fingers ; small feet, delicate skin, and little flesh ; roughly clothed, sleeping little, his hand ever open in charity.

Handsome Italian fellow, gallant, and troubadour that he had been, it is a strange transformation. He has taken Poverty as his bride ; as Bossuet says : “ The most ardent, the most enraptured, and, if I may say so, the most desperate lover of poverty, perhaps, which the Church has ever had.” The nuptials are commemorated in the frescoes of Giotto, and the verse of Dante : —

“ Still young, he for his lady's love foreswore
His father ; for a bride whom none approves,
But rather, as on Death, would close the door.
In sight of all the heavenly court that moves
Around the Eternal Father, they were wed, —
And more from day to day increased their love.

“ And lest my hidden words the truth should veil,
Francis and Poverty these lovers were.
Of whom I weave at too great length my tale ;
Their concord, of dear love the minister ;
Their joyful air, their loving looks and kind,
Did holy thoughts in every spirit stir.”¹

It was in no poet's dream he wedded poverty. It was the hard reality. He would literally have nothing, and live from hand to mouth, as God should give. That such a person should have followers might seem improbable. But his first disciple was one of the rich men of the town. The second was a canon of the cathedral. There was a reality in the man and his religion which began to tell upon observers. The three went together to the Church, and, kneeling before the altar, the priest, at their request, opened the missal for them three times. The first text was : “ If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast and

¹ *Paradiso*, xi. 58-78.

give to the poor." The second: "Take nothing for your journey." The third: "He that would come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." The appeal to Scripture satisfied them, and Francis was no longer alone. Others came, and there was a brotherhood and the beginnings of an order. But there was no constitution, no rule, no bond, little beyond his personal influence. As companions came, as some idea of a vocation, of a possible work, of a better order of life, was rising in him, he felt the necessity of a rule, and perhaps discerned the beginning of an order which should long survive him. The story is told by Celano, that one morning, when he had stolen out before day for prayer, he was filled with great ecstasy; and returning, he called the little brotherhood round him, and told them to rejoice in God, and not be sad because they were few. God had revealed to him in vision the increase of his little family. He had seen a multitude of men coming to him from all quarters. The French, the Spaniards, the Germans, the English, were thronging the roads, each in his own language encouraging the rest. He exhorted them to go and preach. Drawing on the ground a figure of the cross, with its limbs towards the four points of the compass, and ranging his brethren on these lines, he dismissed them to their work with the words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Meanwhile he meditated the rule for his new order. The three monastic vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, established six hundred years before by Benedict, were adopted. But in a Benedictine abbey there was individual poverty, but corporate wealth. In a monastery, too, men shut themselves up, seeking their own salvation, and leaving the world outside to save itself as it could. With Francis, poverty and preaching were to be the great institutes. The poverty was to be absolute; no money in their purses, not even a purse to hold money; no provi-

sion to be made, but to eat what was given day by day; no vineyards, and flocks and herds, and conventual wealth, but beggary instead. The monasteries were retreats where learning was cherished and preserved; where men chastened their passions, and multiplied their prayers, and every day went through a desperate struggle to save their souls. But Francis almost forgot he had a soul. He felt that other men had, and he must do what he could to save them. Not to flee into seclusion, but to go after men, and lay hold of them; not to enjoy learned leisure in the cloister, but to preach the gospel to the poor,—this was the work for him and his brethren. And they were not fathers, but brothers, lesser brothers, *Frati Minori*, as the humblest of God's servants. There were now twelve of them; and this was the errand of Francis at Rome, to procure a sanction from the Pope for their association, which Benedict and other founders of religious orders had not sought.

Innocent was too sagacious not to see that a spirit so fervid, so resolute, so austere, even in its very dirt and beggary, could be made a great force for the Church or against it. Some of the cardinals said it was a rule beyond human power to keep. Others said it was the way of the gospel, and it would hardly do to deny these poor men on the ground of its difficulty, for that would be impugning the gospel itself. Even ordinary prescience might have seen in it a missionary power which would go far towards counteracting the influence of heretical sects, or absorbing the spirit out of which they were recruited. And so Innocent sent them away with an unwritten and provisional approval. He was willing the experiment should be tried, so he said, and, "if you succeed, when you come back I will do better by you." Rejoicing with his benediction, they went back to Assisi. The little Church of Portiuncula, which Francis had restored, belonged to the Benedictines of Subiaco, and they gave it with a little

plot of ground to this new order, who were to shed upon it a lustre equal to that which Benedict left upon the convent among the Sabine Hills. They did not stay here. They went abroad, and wherever they went men listened and followed. In 1215 a chapter of the order gathered at the Portiuncula, and ordained provincial masters in Spain, Ravenna, France, and Germany; and in 1219 a second chapter encamped on the plain about Assisi with five thousand brethren.

Another order, an order of nuns, founded on the same austere rule of poverty, sprung up under the influence of his example. Clara, the daughter of one of the noble houses of Assisi, longing to follow in the same paths, sought the counsel of Francis, and by his advice left her home, took refuge in his little chapel, and, renouncing the world, began a life of mortification and prayer. Others joined her, and thus began the Order of Poor Clares, practicing the same rule of voluntary poverty with the Minorites.

It is one evidence of the effect of the preaching of St. Francis and his brethren, that he found it necessary, in 1221, to found a third order. There are legendary stories of the whole population of some of the Umbrian villages desiring to enter his order. It was easy to have too large a following. The excited people were too ready to leave their families, and assume the vows of poverty. He therefore devised an intermediate plan, by which they could still live in the world, and yet come under vows to God. He formed an Order of Penitents, which was really a better Church within the Church, leading a stricter life, bound by a stricter rule. Frequent fasts, no amusements, no unnecessary oaths, no lawsuits, no bearing arms except for the Church or for the country, the discharge of all debts, restitution for unrighteous gains, and a vow to keep all God's commandments, were the requirements of the order. It was Puritanism. It was Method-

ism. It was Franciscanism carried to the people, and adapted to their condition. It was but a natural outgrowth of that revival of religion which had followed their preaching. It was a wide, even shrewd expansion of their institute, and accommodation of its rules for gathering a larger number of people under some stricter religious obligation, and thus perhaps furnishing new supporters and soldiers for the Pontifical throne.

It is said that Francis hesitated for a time between a life of solitary devotion and one of preaching. Not perhaps from any selfish regard, for that was not his spirit; but rather from a humble account of himself, as so little furnished by any education for so great a work. He felt that he had a greater gift of prayer than of preaching; that in prayer he discoursed with God; but in preaching he had to let himself down to men, and think and speak like men. But love triumphed over fear, and his courage was vindicated by his success. That his preaching was fervid, impassioned, mystical, is quite sure from his character. He once, while in Rome, to secure the confirmation of his rule in 1223, under the patronage of Cardinal Ugolino, undertook to recite a sermon which his anxious and politic patron had urged him to prepare, but fortunately broke down, and, giving himself up to such inspirations as came, made a good escape, and Honorius granted what Innocent had promised. With the establishment of his order, he had an ambition to confront the Infidel on his own field. He set off for Egypt, where the Crusaders were encamped before Damietta. He considered the situation, and resolved to cast himself on his faith, and march into the face of the enemy. It would be a short-hand way to win the Holy Sepulchre, and stop fighting, if he could only convert its keeper. He was taken by the Saracen scouts, and, though the price of a Christian's head was a golden bezant, was carried to the Sultan. He improved his opportunity, and preached to him the Trinity,

probably in a language as incomprehensible as the doctrine. He proposed to put the two religions to the test, by going with any of the priests of Islam into the fire ; to which they naturally objected, as not being themselves on trial. He proposed to go into the fire alone, if only the Sultan would embrace the Gospel, which probably did not seem to him quite fair exchange,—the creed of the Moslem for the ashes of a friar. With the Oriental reverence for insanity, or with compassion for something weaker, or possibly even out of the respect human nature has for sincerity and courage in opinion, he sent him back unharmed to the Christian camp. His enterprise was a failure. He started to win martyrdom for himself, and a convert to the Gospel. He had succeeded only in winning admiration for his simplicity, which was the last thing his simplicity thought of or wanted. He had been brought back safely to the Christian army, which was not the object of his solicitude, however much his spirit might have improved its character, or altered its fortunes. At all events, he predicted the defeat which soon befell them, and so showed himself more successful in prophesying on the one side than in preaching on the other.

Such a life could not last long ; and when he was forty-two years old, he began to feel in his worn frame the signs of an end not far off. The body which he treated with contempt began to show its resentment. And yet, according to the belief of his brethren, and of all the Franciscan generations since, it was before its dissolution stamped with miraculous marks of likeness to that divine form which hung on the cross for man's redemption. Among the Apennines on the borders of Tuscany, at no great distance from the more ancient monastic seats of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli, is La Vernia, the Franciscan sanctuary. This wild solitude of rocks and forests, the Monte del Alvernia, among the highest summits of the Apennines, was given to Francis and his companions

by one of the Tuscan nobles, for a retreat for penitence and prayer. It was good for little else, and there was little inconsistency in their accepting the gift. Into those deep solitudes and awful cells he retired, given up to ecstasies of devotion. Here, with three of his brethren, he kept the secondary Lent of St. Michael, in 1224. He consulted the Holy Oracles, and three times the Scriptures opened at the Passion of our Lord. This was interpreted as a sign that he was to be made like the Saviour by his sufferings. On the seventeenth of September, his ecstasy reached its height, and, as the story is told, while in prayer there appeared to him, in vision or reality, a radiant seraph, enfolding in his six flaming wings the form of one crucified. "He marvelled," says Bonaventura, "greatly at the sight of a vision so past finding out; knowing that the infirmity of the Passion could in no wise agree with the immortal nature of a seraphic being. At length from it he understood, by the revelation of the Lord, that he, not through martyrdom of the flesh but by kindling of the spirit, was to be altogether transformed into the likeness of Christ crucified." And so they believe, whether through the reactions of his own inflamed soul, or by rays shot from the flaming seraph of his vision, or by the invisible hands of the Master, to whom he was to be conformed, there came in his very flesh the five wounds which were signs and seals of his superhuman sanctity.

Of this stigmatization of St. Francis, there are three, or even four, what may be called contemporaneous accounts. The first is by Celano, writing three years after his death, who, relating the vision, adds, "And when he could find nothing by which it might be understood, and the novelty of the vision overwhelmed his heart, there begun to appear in his hands and feet signs of nails such as he had just seen in the Holy Crucified One who stood over him." The three companions who wrote his biog-

raphy twenty years after his death, two of them reported to have been at Monte Alverno with him, say, "When this vision disappeared, a wonderful ardor of love remained in his soul; and in his flesh still more marvellously appeared the stigmata of the Lord Jesus Christ, which the man of God carried concealed to his death, not wishing to publish the secret of God." Bonaventura writes thirty-seven years after, and uses nearly the same language: "Immediately on his hands and feet there began to appear the marks of nails, just as he had but a little before seen them in the form of the Crucified One." Besides these testimonies, there is the letter of Elias, the Vicar General of the order, which he wrote at once to the brethren in France, announcing the death of Francis, in which he says:—

I announce to you a great joy, and a great miracle; the world has never seen such a wonder, except in the person of the Son of God. A short time before his death, our brother and father appeared as one crucified, having in his body five wounds which are truly the *stigmata* of Christ; for his feet and hands had, as it were, the marks of nails fixed in the flesh, keeping the scars and showing the blackness of iron, while the side seemed pierced with a lance and bled frequently.

Here is a story told by four persons, living, all but one of them, at the time, and one of them relating it very soon after its alleged occurrence. Did they invent it? Was it imposed upon them? Did they have opportunity to verify it? Did they believe it? Was it a fact? If it was, did Elias fabricate the thing as well as the story, manufacturing a miracle for the glory of the saints and the promotion of the order? Hase, the German historian, thinks so, finding evidence of it in his letter, from which the whole story sprung. If it was a fact, could it have been simply the imaginative exaggeration of accidental scars produced by natural causes? If it was a fact, could Francis himself, so visionary, so realistic, with a religion

so sensuous and yet so mystical, from a desire to be made in his very person like Christ, in a passionate frenzy of devotion have inflicted upon himself wounds which came to light only after his death, but which made him in these last two years appear like a man bearing about in his body the death of the Lord Jesus, his life ebbing as from a secret wound, and overshadowed by a mystery which came down upon it there in the solitude of the Apennines? If it was a fact, was it one of the involuntary products of a peculiar mental and physical organization; of their reaction, which alone can account for trances and other physical anomalies of periods of high religious excitement? Or shall we overleap the Horatian maxim, *Nec Deus intersit, nisi vindice nodus inciderit*, and boldly say that it was the actual stamp of God upon his servant — a miracle? Before going so far it would be more reasonable to assay the story and sift the evidence on which it rests. The genius for manufacturing such tales of wonder was not wanting, and they grew very easily out of a very small germ of fact. It only needs one wonder-seeing eye to magnify appearance into reality; the rest are ready to believe it and to tell it. The Aberglaube makes up for evidence. That the story might not lack authority, however, Gregory IX. took it under his protection, and what was doubtful, according to the laws of evidence, was made certain by three bulls from the infallible head of the Church. Alexander IV. decreed excommunication against whoever denied it, and that absolution for the offense should be granted only by the Pope. Soon fanatical veneration for Francis carried the idea of conformity between him and Christ to almost blasphemous extremes. Says Dean Milman:¹ —

Up to a certain period, this studious conformity of the life of St. Francis with that of Christ, heightened, adorned, expanded,

¹ *Latin Christianity*, vi. 39, 40. Compare Robertson's *History of the Christian Church*, vi. 129.

till it received its perfect form in the work of Bartholomew of Pisa, and was promulgated by the emulous zeal of a host of disciples throughout the world. With the Franciscans, and all under the dominion of the Franciscans, the lower orders throughout Christendom, there was thus almost a second Gospel, a second Redeemer, who could not but throw back the one Saviour into more awful obscurity. The worship of St. Francis in prayer, in picture, vied with that of Christ; if it led perhaps a few up to Christ, it kept the multitude fixed upon itself.

At last the end came. His will was written. His blessing was put upon his first proselyte, Bernard de Quintavalle, and upon Elias, his successor as general minister of the order. By his direction they laid him, stripped of his habit, upon the bare ground, as if to complete his renunciation of the world. The sun was going down behind the hills in the calm beauty and peace of an autumn evening in Italy, as with waning breath and faltering voice he could be heard saying the words of the CXLII Psalm, *Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi*, — “With my voice I have cried unto the Lord.” In the still cell, his brethren could hear the last faint whisper, “Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name,” and his emancipation came. It was Saturday, October 4, 1226, and the day has been made sacred forever in the Roman calendar. In two years after he was canonized, and in May, 1230, his remains were deposited in the magnificent church at Assisi, which was built to receive them, and afterwards adorned with the frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto. And henceforth the little town on the hills of Umbria sends its name into all the earth, on the wings of the greater name of St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis was an enthusiast, a mystic, an ascetic. He was a seraphic simpleton, the one element or the other predominating, according as he was regarded with sympathy or with contempt. He believed what he believed with a most realistic faith; and the visions of his imagina-

tion became the facts of his life. While he indulged in melancholy as his chief luxury, he was kindled sometimes into the loftiest ecstasies. An anchorite, practicing the most rigid austerities, he yet loved nature ; not as a poet, but with such sympathy that he called not lambs and swallows only, but fire and water, the sun and moon, his brothers and sisters. He was a poet, too ; one of the first of the vernacular poets in that Italian tongue which, before long, Dante was to cast into an immortal mould. A reformer and a saint, he was gentle and meek ; not stern like Dominic, but tender, with human as well as divine love. He was more strict with himself than with others. He abased himself before God ; and it was revealed to one of the brethren that the throne of one of the angels who fell from pride was reserved for Francis on account of his humility. He seems to have been an enthusiast, without genius, without learning ; who, by making absolute poverty a religion, struck a want of his age, and by the force of religious fervor carried it captive.

There is a story, which has some air of subsequent invention, that Francis was in Rome in 1216, and there by accident met Dominic, the founder of the other order of mendicants. The Dominicans relate that their saint, while at prayer, saw in a vision our Lord rise from the right hand of the Father, armed with three lances, to destroy sinners who had provoked his wrath. Upon this the dreamer saw the Virgin Mother rise and plead for them, declaring that she had two faithful servants whom she should send out to preach to them ; one of whom was Dominic himself ; the other a poor man, in mean dress, whom he had never seen before, but whom the next morning he saw and recognized and embraced in church.

So much, at least, is true : that these two men, of different countries, and very unlike in temper and training, had simultaneously and without concert started movements very similar in purpose, and naturally came to the capital

of Christendom, each in the interest of his order. One was an Italian, mystical, fervid, genial even in his asceticism; a layman smitten with the love of Christ and an enthusiasm for poverty; a mediæval Methodist, who kindled a new devotion in the popular heart. The other was a Spaniard, a countryman of Cortez and Ignatius Loyola, a trained theologian, an ecclesiastic, with more intellect and less poetry; with an enthusiasm as profound, but less genial; with even more inflexible purpose, and keener sagacity. The one would burn heretics for the glory of God; the other would be burned himself for their salvation. Both were earnest; the one to fierceness, the other to ecstasy. Both were fanatics; but Francis was the fanatic of love, Dominic the fanatic of wrath. Both saw the defect of the old monastic life, and founded their orders in a poverty which was beggary; identifying religion, the highest spiritual perfection, with the basest outward condition, with utter mendicancy. Both saw, with more or less clearness, the necessities of the Church, and selected, as if by common instinct, the weapons by which its enemies were to be conquered.

Dominic was born in 1170 at Calaroga, a village in Old Castile, of the noble name, if not the noble family, of Guzman. His mother dreamed beforehand that she gave birth to a dog with a blazing torch in his mouth, which set the world on fire. When he was but a child he would creep out of his bed and sleep on the cold ground for penance. When he was older he flogged himself every night with an iron chain, once for his own sins, once for the sinners in this world, and once for those in purgatory. While a student at the university, he sold his books to relieve the distressed, and even offered to sell himself to redeem a man from slavery to the Moors. But to heretics he was unrelenting; as Dante says, "Kind to his own, and cruel to his foes."¹

¹ *Paradiso*, xii. 57.

After ten years in the university, he was made canon of the Cathedral by Diego, Bishop of Osma. The two men were of congenial spirit. A journey for the king took them into the south of France, the seat of the Albigensian heresy. They saw the dangers of the Church when the clergy were in contempt for their worldliness, and the heretics were the most energetic Christians. They went to Rome, and on their return encountered, at Montpellier, the Papal legates who were trying with small success to reduce heresy. "How expect to succeed in this secular style?" they said. "This is not the way the heretics win, riding on palfreys, with gay cavalcades and gorgeous apparel. You must go barefoot, and put on humility, and live austere, and preach and pray more and better than they, if you would beat them on their own ground." And they set the example, which for a time the legates followed, though with small effect. They soon called in the sword, and bloody they made it. They set up the Inquisition, and made that more cruel than war. How much part in this atrocious business Dominic had, is not clear. Sixtus V. thought to honor him by claiming for him the establishment of the Inquisition, and his earlier followers vaunted what his later eulogists have tried to soften or conceal. The atrocities which he did not stimulate he did not check. If he did not originate the Inquisition, or fight in the Crusade, his spirit was in both. His preaching sustained the one, and his brotherhood were the most merciless administrators of the other. He received the title of Persecutor of Heretics, which the Bollandists at least count his glory only in the fiercest sense. But his glories as a persecutor or a saint are the invention of a later age, when his order had become famous and persecuting, and its founder must be made worthy of it. His experience in Languedoc had given him the idea of a theological seminary, or society of preachers, who were to be trained and consecrated, not to the priesthood, or to

monastic life, but to the special work of confuting heretics, and converting men to the faith by preaching. He formed such a fraternity at Toulouse. With the Bishop of Toulouse he went to the Lateran Council in 1215 to seek the sanction of Innocent III. The Pope was at first disinclined, but was brought round by a convenient dream (or better advice), as in the case of Francis. Only he required Dominic to comply with the canon of the council against new orders, and the new fraternity of preachers was put under the rule of St. Augustine, made more stringent. Dominic was not content with suppressing heresy in Languedoc. He had a larger ambition. Perhaps he saw that preaching had less chance than the sword. In two years, at the beginning of a new pontificate, he went up to Rome. Honorius III. made him Master of the Sacred Palace, an office held ever since by a Dominican, to which was afterwards added the censorship of books. He gave him the Church of St. Sabina on the Aventine, which became the headquarters of his order. His preaching drew admirers and disciples among the pilgrims to Rome. Preachers multiplied, and from Cracow to Oxford their voices were heard in every language of Christendom. He had early, like Francis, instituted an order of nuns. He had also, like the Franciscans, a third order of lay coadjutors, not under vows, but devoted to the interests of his order, and imbued with its spirit. They were the militia of the Church, and he called them the soldiers of Jesus Christ. At the first general chapter of their order at Bologna, in 1220, it was found to be necessary, for prudence if not for principle, if they were to compete with the Franciscans, to adopt from them the rule of absolute poverty. St. Dominic has also been credited with the invention of the Rosary, — that very needful arithmetical device for keeping account of Pater Nosters and Ave Marias, when so much virtue lies in their frequent repetition. So that “by this simple expedient,”

Mrs. Jameson says, "he did more to excite the devotion of the lower orders, especially of the women, than by all his orthodoxy, learning, arguments, and eloquence."¹ If not his, it is a Dominican invention, though the method can be traced to a much earlier time, and even to other religions. After the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, Gregory XIII. instituted the Festival of the Rosary, to commemorate that victory over the Infidels; and Madonnas of the Rosary, or Dominic receiving the Rosary, became the great subject of art, at least in the Dominican churches. He had hardly passed fifty when he was seized with a fever at Venice, and being carried to Bologna, died there August 6, 1221. He was canonized very soon by Gregory IX. Among the attractions of Bologna is the splendid church where his remains are enshrined, with its wonderful tomb by Nicolas of Pisa, and its magnificent chapel dedicated to the Madonna del Rosario.

Suor Cecilia, one of his Roman disciples, has given us his portrait: —

In stature he was of moderate size; his features regular and handsome; his complexion fair, with a slight color in his cheek; his hair and beard inclining to red, and in general he kept his beard close-shaven; his eyes were blue, brilliant, and penetrating; his hands were long, and remarkable for their beauty; the tones of his voice sweet, and at the same time powerful and sonorous. He was always placid, and even cheerful, except when moved to compassion.²

In pictures he always wears the white tunic and scapulary, with the hooded long black cloak, the proper habit of his order. In one hand is a lily, in the other a book, and by his side the dog with a flaming torch in his mouth.

Says Robert Southey:³ —

¹ *Monastic Orders*, 402.

² *Legends of Monastic Orders*, 403.

³ *Common-Place Book*, ii. 397.

Domingo is the only saint in whom no solitary speck of goodness can be discovered. To impose privations and pain seems to have been the pleasure of his unnatural heart; and cruelty was in him an appetite and a passion. No other human being has ever been the occasion of so much human misery. . . . The few traits of his character which can be gleaned from the lying columns of his biographers are all of the darkest colors.

This is hard judgment. But what is to be expected? An ascetic from childhood, in whose nature every human affection has been suppressed, who, it is claimed, never looked a woman in the face, with no family, no country, nothing to love, with a will which nothing could bend, his very religion turned into spiritual arrogance, into revenge against different opinions, into hatred, and the fanaticism of an irritated and malignant intolerance, he may make a good executioner of the Church's vengeance, he may be an "angelical doctor," and the stern Dante may put him among the cherubim whose swords guard Paradise; but such men show what bitterness can be extracted from a mistaken faith, and that the sensualist and miscreant may be matched by the ascetic and the devotee.

These two great orders were now started on their career of growth and conflict. It was one of remarkable growth and of mighty influence. It was an absurd system of sanctified beggary, and yet it had power. It was nimble and itinerant. It was animated with ardor and energy. It spread rapidly. It dispensed with costly buildings. It roused men by preaching. It took hold of the rich and the poor alike. Through confession it held the one; through its order of Tertiaries it enlisted the other. The friars lived on alms, and came in contact with the lowest as well as the highest. They had privileges which exalted them above the regular clergy, and they appropriated their offices more and more to themselves. The spiritual destitution of great towns attracted them, and seemed to

give a place, as well as a reason, for the order. Says Mr. Green:¹—

To the towns especially, the coming of the friars was a religious revolution. They had been left for the most part to the worst and most ignorant of the clergy, the mass-priest, whose sole subsistence lay in his fees. Burgher and artisan were left to spell out what religious instruction they might from the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church's ritual, or the Scriptural pictures and sculptures which were graven on the walls of its minsters. We can hardly wonder at the burst of enthusiasm which welcomed the itinerant preacher, whose fervid appeal, coarse wit, and familiar story brought religion into the fair and the market-place. The Black friars of Dominic, the Gray friars of Francis, were received with the same delight.

In England the Franciscans sought the worst quarters of the towns, and as their Master cared for lepers, they counted no physical or moral defilement too gross for their self-denying ministry.² Both orders gained access to the rich and the dying, and were the universal legatees. They were united with the Papal court by reciprocal interests, and generally had the popes to sustain them in the quarrels which they were sure by their aggressiveness to provoke. The older orders were jealous of them, and the clergy and the universities resisted their encroachments. They soon degenerated themselves. Matthew Paris, an English Benedictine of the thirteenth century, bitterly arraigns them, and declares that in less than half a century the mendicants had degenerated more than the ancient monastic orders in three or even four hundred years.³ The Dominicans early adopted mendicancy. The Franciscans soon emulated the Dominicans in their ambition for learning, and had scholars, and fine churches, and bish-

¹ *Short History of English People*, 145.

² *Monumenta Franciscana*. The Preface, though highly eulogistic of the order, contains striking pictures of its early character in England.

³ *Matthew Paris's Chronicle*, i. 475 (Bohn's ed.).

ops, and both orders besieged the University of Paris, till in 1257 it was obliged to give the Doctor's degree to the Dominican Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan Bonaventura. But the university held a bold fight against them, and its champion, William of St. Amour, assailed the whole system of mendicancy with vigorous and most effective eloquence. They were soon at discord with each other, and differences in doctrines subsequently widened and perpetuated the breach. The Franciscans paid almost idolatrous veneration to their founder, while the Dominicans derided the story of his stigmatization. The Dominicans were nominalists, the Franciscans realists. The Dominicans, under the lead of their great light, Aquinas, were Augustinians; and the Franciscans, under Scotus, were semi-Pelagian. The doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, affirmed in our own day as a necessary article of the Roman faith, was advocated by the Franciscans, and as strenuously opposed by the Dominicans. But with all their differences the world was portioned between them. The universities succumbed. Scholasticism rested on their shoulders. The great schoolmen were mendicants. Before the century ends, the simple preaching of Francis and Dominic is followed by the metaphysics of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. The Black friars and the Gray friars monopolize the learning of Christendom. Stranger than this, a movement which aspired to identify Christianity with the meanest poverty, whose rule disowned all property, whose preachers went barefoot and subsisted on alms, is followed by and apparently stimulates the vernal season of Italian art. The highest luxuries of princes are in the houses of mendicants. The genius for painting, as well as for philosophy, is found under a friar's cowl. For three hundred years the great artists of Italy were employed in decorating the church at Assisi, where Francis wandered a self-denying pauper. The marvellous paint of Murillo was purchased

by the Franciscans of Seville, and for the Dominicans Titian painted the Peter Martyr, burned before our own eyes, and Leonardo his Last Supper, as surely, though more slowly, consuming out of human sight. Their convent of St. Mark, at Florence, is illustrated by the saintly pencils of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, no less than by the preaching and the martyrdom of Savonarola. The two great hymns of the Middle Age, if not of all ages, the *Dies Iræ* and the *Stabat Mater*, came from Franciscan cells.

Before St. Francis died, there were the beginnings of relaxation in his rule which were to issue in schism. Elias, who became Master of the order, mitigated its requirements on the ground that everybody was not expected to be a Francis. Knowing that with all the wonders told of him the saint was not likely to come back, he at once projected a church to cover him, every splendid stone of which would have been overturned had the soul still remained in the dead body underneath. In his will, written on his death-bed, Francis had enjoined that the brethren should demand no privilege of the court of Rome; and yet in four years Gregory IX. relaxed the rule, declaring that the founder could not bind his successors; and fifteen years later, Innocent IV. relaxed it yet further, under the ingenious pretense that the property of the order belonged to the Apostolic See, and they might have all they could get, so long as the fee was with him and they only had the use of it. But all the time a stricter party was insisting on utter poverty, and becoming alienated from the Papacy itself. It was an inevitable question, this of the possession of property. It was inevitable that it should be given to them, and, with human nature as it is, it was inevitable that a part of them should want to keep it. It was the old, the eternal battle in all churches, in all orders, of the liberal and the strict, of stiff adherence to primitive patterns, and of elastic ac-

commodation to new times. A part wanted learning, and art, and position, and power, and to have them reconciled somehow with the Franciscan creed. The spiritualists disdained such a compromise. They wanted no relaxation, and began to hate the Papacy because it was granted. And this made trouble. So long as it was civil war within the order itself, what matter? But the party of strict observance were the stuff of which the sectaries, the insurgents against the hierarchy, had always been made. They chafed under the looser interpretation of the rule of absolute poverty. They wanted to keep Franciscanism poor and democratic. They were enthusiasts for poverty as the height of Christian perfection. They were blind idolaters of St. Francis. And to such enthusiasts nothing could be more welcome than the everlasting Gospel and the prophetic dreams of the abbot Joachim, and John Peter Oliva. For, preceding the outbreak of the spirit which produced the mendicant orders, there had been an eruption of what might be called a prophetic spirit, which came to greater clearness in Joachim, abbot of Flora, whose ideas were readily appropriated by the stricter Minorites. For he seemed to them to have anticipated their order, and the new dispensation of religion, and the regeneration of the Church which they were to introduce. His idea of successive stages in religion, and of a new dispensation of the Holy Spirit, of an everlasting Gospel to supersede the transitory one, was appropriated by the Fraticelli and the rigid Franciscans, and by them pushed so far that they thought the new era of the Holy Ghost had come, or was near at hand. They saw, of course, in the corruptions of the Church, the omens of it, and these corruptions were measured by the Franciscan rule of absolute poverty as necessary to spiritual perfection. At the end of the century, Oliva continued these apocalyptic revelations of a new order of things, in which the corrupt hierarchy was to pass away, and faith in St. Francis and his rule was to be universal.

At last John XXII. rose upon them in his wrath. He denounced them in bulls. He handed them over to the Inquisition, which the Dominicans were not likely to soften for their sake. As he had begun, he thought he would finish. He pounced upon the dogmas, so dear to the Minorites, of the absolute poverty of Christ and the apostles. He exposed the legal fiction by which his predecessors had held the possessions of the order. He retracted all title to their property, and rejected the Franciscan dogma as heresy, so that the fee remained with the donors, and they enjoyed the usufruct. And so by necessity the observance of the rule of St. Francis was still further relaxed; and so by necessity the spirituals were still less reconciled to the order; though the Council of Constance at length appeased them by recognizing them as Brethren of the Regular Observance, and they gradually acquired privileges above the more lax Conventuals, as they were called. The more they relaxed the severe rule of St. Francis, so much the more they exaggerated his praises, as if to propitiate him; and so much the more extravagant and profane their comparisons of their saint with Christ. The Dominicans, with the Inquisition, and the care of souls among the higher ranks, were fast losing the marks of a mendicant order; while the Franciscans still sought influence among the people. With the University of Paris, and the secular clergy, the mendicants were in ceaseless struggle, while they were the faithful servants of the Popes, from whom their privileges were derived.

In England they sought to capture the universities, as in France; and there they provoked the satire of Piers Ploughman, the laughter of Chaucer, the indignation of Wycliffe. The Reformation came, and they even furnished their contingents for that. The purer spirits among them hailed it, and became its heralds. If the

Dominican, Tetzel, provoked it, the Augustinian, Luther, preached it. Says Mr. Hardwick :¹ —

Immediately after the promulgation of the Edict of Worms, we find a host of itinerant friars, Dominicans, Augustinians, and, most of all, perhaps, Franciscans, ardently declaiming in the cause of Luther ; the only effect of their expulsion from one town or village being to scatter seeds of Protestantism in many others, far and wide.

But the Reformation suppressed them in half of Europe ; and yet at the beginning of the eighteenth century the Franciscans had seven thousand convents, with one hundred and fifteen thousand friars. In 1862, they report three thousand six hundred houses, with fifty thousand members. Other causes have diminished the Dominicans in numbers and influence. By the Reformation they lost like the Franciscans. The Inquisition was a stain upon them. And after the Reformation they were replaced by the Jesuits. Thirty years ago, Lacordaire brought back for a time the old glory of Dominican preaching, and tried to revive the order in France ; and it is said to be increasing. In 1862 it reports three hundred and sixty houses, with four thousand members. But the doom of decline, which overtook these as well as other monastic institutions with the coming of an age so different from that in which they were born, is not likely to be reversed. They have already long survived their vocation and any good use. The manners no less than the religion, the political economy as well as the Gospel, the whole tone and tendency of our civilization are against beggary ; and no poetry can gild it, and no piety can sanctify it. If in our education, and our religion there are eleemosynary features which suggest mendicancy, they are more likely to be eliminated than continued.

And yet who can say that the reaction will not come,

¹ *Church History*, i. 79.

and that religion, falling under bondage to money, and interpreting the Gospel by Adam Smith rather than by St. Paul or St. Francis, will not, for its very salvation, again renounce all things for the sake of likeness to its Divine Leader, who had not where to lay his head? If it is to be a minister to human want and misery, it will have to adapt itself to the poor and the wretched. It is the lesson of hope we learn, as we go back into that thirteenth century into which our story has led, that religion has its reserves waiting for their hour; that the Church has in her bosom latent powers of self-restoration and new conquest; that in the time of danger God has his elect spirits, nobly touched to noble issues; and when the need is greatest, the hour and the man, the preacher and the hearer, the new truth and the waiting faith, the crying necessity and the reserved help, the rescue, the renewal, the reformation, the better method, the profounder thought, the medicine for a thousand evils, the drill into an artesian well, the Benedict, the Francis, the Luther, the Wesley, the Loyola come, and come unexpectedly, as if dropped out of heaven.

There is a lesson, too, of the power there is in preaching, if you will, no matter what you call it, in the word of man to man, of a poor, self-renouncing man, with the fire of God in his soul; in these spiritual democrats, who wanted no ritual, who went barefoot, and asked nothing but men's ears; who fell back on that original ordinance which precedes all others, the first of sacraments, the thing which Jesus did, which Paul did, which every orator does according to his occasions, the speech of man to man, the preaching of such truth as is given to such hearers as are given, and which helped make the friars the power they were. Printing will not displace it; civilization will not outgrow it. Religion will always need it, and always use it, and never in vain.

ROGER WILLIAMS AS AN AUTHOR.¹

SOME books have a natural longevity. They are not of a merely temporary or local use, but have a vitality and enduring power in them which carries them beyond the time in which they are born. They live and keep their hold in virtue of a truth in them over which change and time have no power. But most books are written for their day, and expire with it. They have their use for a season; but the world soon gets beyond them. Their office is finished, and they are left behind, dropped out of the living thoughts and present uses of men, and at length out of their memories. The dead literature of the world — not only the useless which is known to antiquaries, but that which is absolutely dead and vanished forever — it is almost fearful to contemplate. It contained the purest efficacy and extraction of living intellects; but not a trace of it is left. And that which has managed to survive has much of it only the dried, preserved life of the mummy, and is kept for antiquarian curiosity rather than for any real human service. And yet many of these books have an historical value beyond their intrinsic worth, so that they come to resurrection, and a new though limited use on this account. Such resurrections have become quite common of late years, with the multiplication of historical students and the increased vigor given to historical inquiry. A large number of works belonging to the initial periods of American history have been recovered from

¹ Published in the *Baptist Quarterly*, vol. vi.

Publications of the Narraganset Club, volumes I.-IV. Providence, R. I., 1866-1870.

oblivion. Some, like the manuscript of Bradford's "History of Plymouth," have been recovered after long disappearance.¹ Some, of excessive rarity, whose existence depended on the preservation of a single copy, have been reproduced in sufficient number to make them accessible to all historical students, and perhaps to insure them against any future extinction. The more important works, like Winthrop's "New England," Morton's "Memorial," and later Bradford's "Plymouth," with such documents as were gathered up in Rev. Alexander Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims and of Massachusetts Bay," and the Colonial Records of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, have been followed by the exact reprint of some of the rarest tracts and volumes, such as Mourt's "Relation," Lechford's "Plain Dealing," Wood's "New England's Prospect," and Johnson's "Wonder-working Providence." To these are to be added the "Publications of the Narraganset Club," of which four large and handsome volumes have already appeared. The club has undertaken to issue a literal reprint of the works of Roger Williams, reproducing the minutest errors of the press,

¹ "This inestimable book, after being lost for nearly ninety years, was found in 1855, in the Episcopal library at Fulham, and has since, through the kindness of the late Bishop of London, been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manuscript was known to have been used by Morton, Prince, and Hutchinson in the composition of their works. What was its fate after Hutchinson's publication of his second volume, in 1767, remained unknown. In 1849 Bishop Wilberforce, in his *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*, referred to a "manuscript history of the Plantation of Plymouth in the Fulham library." The identity of the quotations from it with language preserved by Morton and Prince led to the belief that it was Bradford's lost history, which on examination it proved to be. When Prince used it in 1736 it belonged to the library kept in the tower of the Old South Church, in Boston. In 1775 that church was occupied as a riding-school for the British cavalry; and then it was, probably, that the book was taken away and carried to England."—Palfrey, *History of New England*, i. 136.

the *ipsissima verba* of the original edition. All his extant works, except three, have already appeared, carefully edited, together with one of John Cotton's intimately connected with them.

(It is proposed to give some account of these works, and a review of Williams as an author. Writing books was not his profession, was rather the accident of a very busy life. His great work was the Providence Plantation. Having founded Rhode Island on a principle which, then first incorporated into a civil polity, has been ever since working its way into the law of all civilized states, he needs and could take little additional honor from any performances of his pen. By this he would be known to the last syllable of recorded time, though his books had sunk into Lethe and disappeared, as until quite recently seemed likely to be their fate. It is nearly two hundred years since his last work, written when he was beyond three-score and ten, was printed. It is not probable that any large number of copies of either was published. The first edition of one of them was burned by the public executioner. They were all, with a single exception, printed in England, where the interest in them could not long continue. But a few copies strayed across the sea; and so the doom of neglect, and then of destruction, which comes upon all printed matter which has not present and perpetual interest, soon overtook them. Of one no copy has so far been found. Two others are supposed not to have been printed, certainly have never been found. Another has been discovered only within a few years. And of any one of them probably there were not more than five copies on this side of the Atlantic. The one published latest, and in Boston, is quite as rare as any. Exposed to such risks of total loss, and inaccessible to general readers and even to scholars, their republication is a valuable service. And because even the republication is in few hands, being limited in the last volume to one hundred and seventy copies, some account of them may be of similar service.

We have very little, we might say the least possible, knowledge of the sources from which Williams drew his intellectual nurture. / We have his own word for his early religious training where he says, "From my childhood the Father of lights and mercies toucht my soul with a love to himself, to his only begotten, the true Lord Jesus, and to his Holy Scriptures."¹ In 1632, when he was about thirty-three years old, writing to Governor Winthrop from Plymouth, he speaks of himself as "but a child in everything, (though in Christ *called*, and persecuted even in and out of my father's house *these twenty years*.)"² The testimony of Mrs. Sadleir and the records of the Charter House School show that he was a scholar there under the patronage of Sir Edward Coke. The records of Pembroke College, Cambridge, indicate that he sought his education at Coke's own university, where so many of the Puritan divines who came to New England were graduated.³ He has also incidentally revealed his intercourse with Cotton and Hooker while the three were in England; that even then he was more separatist in opinion than they, while probably exercising his ministry in the same neighborhood;⁴ "that Bishop Laud pursued him out of the land" because his "conscience was persuaded against the national Church;"⁵ and, in a word, that he felt the full force of the intellectual and spiritual ferment going on around him.

It is an interesting question how far his works show Williams to have been of a liberal education. A score of years after leaving England, when on his second visit there, he says, "It pleased the Lord to call me for some time, and with some persons to practise the Hebrew, the

¹ *Fox Digged out of Burrowes*, Pref., p. 3.

² *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vi. 184.

³ Arnold, *History of Rhode Island*, i. 47.

⁴ *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*, 12; *P. N. C.*, iv. 65.

⁵ Letter to Mrs. Sadleir; Elton, *Life*, 89.

Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch.”¹ These even in our day may be counted a good linguistic furnishing. But his writings do not indicate that he was a learned man, as compared for instance with Cotton, or judged by the theological works of the time. Of course it is not to be forgotten that, instead of spending his days in a settled ministry at Salem, as Cotton did in Boston, or over thirty of his earlier years in learned pursuits in the mother country, as Cotton did, that at once, very early in his career, he was driven away from the facilities and opportunities of study into an active life, where books were few and unscholastic labors abundant. In 1652 he writes: “It is not unknown to many witnesses in Plymouth, Salem, and Providence, that the discussers time hath not been spent (though as much as any whosoever) altogether in spiritual labors, and publike exercise of the word, but day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the Plow, at the Oare, for bread.”² He also writes in the same year: “I have not been altogether a stranger to the learning of the Egyptians. I know what it is to study, to preach, to be an Elder, and yet also what it is to tug at the oar, to dig with the spade and plow, and to labor and travel day and night amongst English and Barbarians.”³ He rarely quotes an author by book and page; and although there are books extant which are claimed to have been his property, the presumption is that his library was slender. His letters contain occasional Latin phrases, and occasionally refer to books he is reading. In 1650 he writes to John Winthrop, Jr., his conjecture that *Ἐικὼν Βασιλική*, which was published the previous year, was written by Bishop Hall, — “the stile is pious and acute, very like his,” — indicating some acquaintance with this Seneca of divines, and that he, like everybody else in

¹ Letter to John Winthrop, Jr.; Knowles, *Memoir*, 264.

² *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*, 38; *P. N. C.*, iv. 103.

³ *Hireling Ministry*.

that age, was familiar with the famous work of Bishop Gauden. In 1649 he asks him for "Carpenters Geographie, or other discourse about the Earths diurnall motion," and afterwards for "a booke lately come over in Mr. Pynchon's name wherein is some derogation to the blood of Christ."¹ In 1675, when he was an old man, John Winthrop, Jr., thanks him for a little volume of poetry which Williams had sent him. His letters are generally about his business with the Indians and political affairs, with frequent allusions to theological questions; but the references to books and literary matters are infrequent. In the Preface to "The Bloody Tenet" he quotes from Bacon's "Essay on Unity in Religion;" but he was writing in London, where he would have the works of the great philosopher at hand. He quotes directly from the Commentaries of Calvin and Beza, but it is more probable that he found them in London than in Providence. Twice in the "Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody" he refers to Bishop Hall and specific passages in his works. He had read Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," referring to it in the Appendix to the "Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody," and in the same year recommending it to the attention of Mrs. Sadleir.² In the "Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody" he refers to the "Creed of Piers Ploughman," by mistake ascribing the poem to Chaucer. He quotes from John Speed's "Historie of Great Britaine" (1632) his translation out of Eusebius of the rescript of the Emperor Antoninus, of which Williams makes much, but which, as Dean Milman says, "is now generally given up as spurious."³ Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," popularly known as "The Book of Martyrs," seems to have been the book he drew upon chiefly for history. Of quotations from the classics we are acquainted with but three which are directly made. Once he quotes

¹ 4 *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vi. 258, 277, 282, 306.

² Elton, *Life*, 97.

³ *History of Christianity*, ii. 158.

from the Georgics of Virgil in the margin of "The Bloody Tenet,"¹ where it seems to have been taken from a dictionary rather than from the original. In the "Bloody Tenet" he quotes a line from the ninth epigram of Martial, and in the Preface to the "Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody" again from the thirteenth book, this last time apparently from memory, at least not with entire accuracy. The latter quotation had done previous service in "The Key to the Indian Language."² In a letter to John Winthrop, Jr., in 1675, is a broken allusion to the *parcene subjectis, debellare superbos* of Virgil; twice he likens the union of church and state to "Hippocrates twinnes, they are borne together, grow up together, laugh together, weep together, sicken and die together,"³ a piece of curious allusion picked up, probably, outside of the works of the learned physician. While, then, his works give some signs of the liberal education he had received, they do not disclose critical scholarship, or any considerable acquaintance with books. His education was sufficient for his place. His knowledge of the Scriptures was sufficient for purposes of theological controversy, and seems to have gone beyond the English, in the New Testament at least, and probably in the Old.

The earliest literary venture of Williams was one which required learning of a peculiar kind, which he alone of all scholars in the world possessed. From his first coming, "even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem," he says, he sought a knowledge of the Indian tongue. In 1632, while living at Plymouth, he writes: "I am no Elder in any church, nor ever shall be, if the Lord please to grant my desires that I may intend what I long after, the natives soules."⁴ He says further that he had this in

¹ *Publications of the Narraganset Club*, iii. 102.

² *Ibid.*, i. 190.

³ *Bloody Tenet*, 189; *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*, 84; *P. N. C.*, iii. 333; iv. 170.

⁴ *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vi. 184.

view in coming to Rhode Island. "My soul's desire was, to do the natives good, and to that end learn their language, and therefore desired not to be troubled with English company."¹ As early as 1634 Wood, in his "New England's Prospect," refers "to one of the English preachers," who can be no other than Williams, and who "in a speciall good intent of doing good to their soules hath spent much time in attaining to their language, wherein he is so good a proficient, that he can speake to their understanding, and they to his." In 1643 he writes himself: "Of later times (out of desire to attaine their language) I have run through varieties of intercourses with them day and night, summer and winter, by land and sea."² He also attempted religious discourse with them. "Many solemne discourses I have had with all sorts of Nations of them," he writes again in 1648, "which from my lips many hundreds of times, great numbers of them have heard with great delight, and great convictions."³ Callender, in his "Historical Discourse," says that in this effort "he was much discouraged especially by (as he thought) the insuperable difficulty of preaching Christianity to them in their own language, with any propriety, without inspiration."⁴ Mr. Knowles apparently bases this assertion, where Callender himself may have based it, upon a passage in the "Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody," and accepts it as true, as Mr. Trumbull, the accomplished editor of the "Key," also seemed to do. The passage does not seem to us to bear this construction, and we know no sufficient ground for the assertion that Williams believed that inspiration, or the miraculous gift of tongues, was needful in order to preach the gospel to the Indians. Williams is simply speaking of the *difficulty* of preaching to the Indians, and of their conversion, and says:—

¹ Arnold, *History of Rhode Island*, i. 97.

² *Key*, Introduction, p. 25.

³ *Publications of the Narraganset Club*, i. 85.

⁴ *Rhode Island Historical Collections*, i. 84.

I believe that none of the Ministers of New England, nor any person in the whole Countrey is able to open the Mysteries of Christ Jesus in any proprietie [property, possession] of their speech or Language, without which proprietie [property] it cannot be imagined that Christ Jesus sent forth his first Apostles or Messengers, and without which no people in the World are long willing to heare of difficult and heavenly matters.

"That none is so fitted," he proves first by the testimony of the natives, and then by his own experience, and then adds, "I see not how without constant use, or a *Miracle*, any man is able to attaine to any proprietie of speech amongst them, *even in common things*."¹ Throughout he alleges his own acquaintance with their tongue, and the ignorance of the other ministers. That he believed in any miraculous or inspired gift for this purpose, is an entire misapprehension. He regarded it as the simple alternative for knowledge and "constant use."

Having thus for a dozen years not only been familiar with the Indians, their language and their life, but having made a special study of them, so as "to attaine a proprietie of their language in common things," in the spring of 1643 he sailed from New Amsterdam for England. His busy mind occupied the weary hours of a sea voyage in reducing these accumulations of knowledge to shape. He says, "I drew the Materialls in a rude lump at sea, as a private helpe to my owne memory." On landing he must have put his book at once to press, as it was printed before September 7.² It was entitled "A Key into the Language of America," and contained two hundred and twenty-four pages. "It is framed chiefly after the Narraganset Dialect," and besides the copious vocabulary of Indian terms, it gives much general information about the religion, manners, and life of the natives. He considers with a careful

¹ *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*; P. N. C., iv. 372; *Fox Digged out of Burrowes*, Appendix, 43, 45.

² *3 Massachusetts Historical Collections*, viii. 295.

reserve the question of their origin, finding some affinity with the Jews, and yet concluding that he "dare not conjecture in these uncertainties." One is struck with the kindly words he continually interposes in their favor, and the pleasant impression they have made upon him. He cannot forget their kindness in contrast with the harshness of his English friends. The book is unique not only in its knowledge of the Indian tongue, but as it presents Williams in the singular and not altogether successful *rôle* of a poet. Each one of the thirty-two chapters closes with some moral observation and two or three stanzas, usually contrasting the Indians and the English in the particular of which the chapter treats. For instance, the first chapter is "Of Salutation." It closes:—

From these courteous Salutations Observe in generall: There is a savour of civility and courtesie even amongst these wild Americans, both amongst themselves and towards strangers. More particular:

1 The courteous Pagan shall condemne
Uncourteous Englishmen,
Who live like Foxes, Beares and Wolves,
Or Lyon in his Den.

2 Let none sing blessings to their soules,
For that they courteous are:
The wild Barbarians with no more
Than Nature, goe so farre:

3 If Natures sons both wild and tame,
Humane and Courteous be;
How ill becomes it Sonnes of God
To want Humanity?

The second chapter is "Of Eating and Entertainment." It closes:—

It is a strange truth that a man shall generally finde more free entertainment and refreshing amongst these Barbarians, than amongst thousands that call themselves Christians.

More particular:

- 1 Course bread and water's most their fare ;
O Englands diet fine,
Thy cup runs ore with plenteous store
Of wholesome beare and wine.
- 2 Sometimes God gives them Fish or Flesh,
Yet they're content without ;
And what comes in, they part to friends
And strangers round about.
- 3 Gods providence is rich to his,
Let none distressfull be ;
In wilderness, in great distresse,
There Ravens have fed me.

These are fair specimens of their style and tone, and do more honor to Williams's kind heart than to his poetical genius. The water diet of the Indians, which he contrasts with the more stimulating drinks of Europe, to his kindly disposition seems a sufficient excuse for their use of tobacco, even to some excess. He says :—

They take their Nuttammauog (that is a weake Tobacco) very frequently ; yet I never see any take so excessively, as I have seen men in Europe ; and yet excesse were more tolerable in them, because they want the refreshing of Beare and Wine, which God hath vouchsafed Europe.¹

From which we infer that teetotalism had not yet arrived in the Providence Plantations.

The value of these observations on the habits of the American Indians is vouched for by Mr. Trumbull, the editor of the "Key" in this edition, and the *facile princeps* among the students of their tongues. He says :—

They have been so often and so largely drawn upon by later writers, that our obligations to their author are almost lost sight of, and they are held, as if by prescription, the common property of historians. No account of the aborigines of America, no history of New England or of any of its colonies, would remain tolerably complete if Roger Williams's contributions were withdrawn from its pages.²

¹ Key, 45 ; P. N. C., i. 73.

² Publications of the Narraganset Club, i. 69.

Indeed, their value was recognized at once in England. A number of noblemen and members of Parliament wrote soon after to the authorities of Massachusetts, speaking of "his great industry and travail in his printed Indian labours (the like whereof we have not seen extant from any part of America)." ¹ To this little book they ascribe his success in obtaining the charter, and they make it the reason for a request that he should receive more friendly treatment from Massachusetts. Their interest in his labors was not simply philological. All ears were open for reports from this strange and heathen people, and especially for any signs of their being accessible to Christian teaching. Williams had testimony to give:—

Because this is the great Inquiry of all men, What Indians have been converted? What have the English done in those parts? What hopes of the Indians receiving the knowledge of Christ? I have further treated of these natives of New England and that great point of their Conversion in a little additional Discourse.²

This work remains undiscovered. Robert Baillie, the hard-headed Scotch member of the Westminster Assembly, had seen it. He was bitter against the Independents, and charged that in New England they were "noted as most neglectful of the work of conversion," "only Master Williams," he adds, "in the time of his banishment from among them, did essay what could be done with those desolate souls." He supports his assertion by two extracts from Williams's lost discourse.³

The controversy between Williams and John Cotton, which supplied so large a part of the matter of his other books, began early, and closed only with the death of the eminent minister of Boston, in the end of 1652. It turned in the first instance on the question of separation,

¹ Knowles, 200.

² *Key*, Preface, 27.

³ *Dissuasive*, etc., pp. 10, 11.

a question which was involved more or less in Williams's difficulties with the authorities of Massachusetts, and which therefore brought into discussion incidentally the causes of his banishment. It is impossible to date its actual commencement. Mr. Cotton's letter, with which it appears to begin, and which was written not long after Williams's "sorrowful winter's flight," is really a criticism of some previous letter of Williams's, in which he had justified himself in refusing fellowship with the churches of Massachusetts Bay.¹ This letter was written as "a private admonition," and sent to Williams; but six or seven years later, in 1643, it was printed in London without the author's knowledge. Williams "finding this letter publike, by whose procurement," he says, "I know not," published, in 1644, his "formerly intended answer," in a book of forty-seven pages, entitled "Mr. Cotton's Letter Lately Printed Examined and Answered." To this Cotton replied, in a work printed in London, in 1647, of one hundred and forty-four pages, called "A Reply to Mr. Williams his Examination," and bound in the same volume with "The Bloody Tenet Washed." Williams did not succeed in having the last word. In the Preface to "The Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody," in 1652, he says, page 40:—

The Examination of this Reply I desired, and intended should have been presented; But the streights of time (being constantly drunk up by necessary Labours for bread for many depending on me, the discharge of Engagements, and wanting helps of transcribing) I say the streights of time were such, that the Examination of that Reply could not together with this, be fitted for Publick view, though with the Lord's assistance will not delay to follow.

¹ "I haue bene long requested to write my grounds against the English preaching, &c., and especially my answers to some reasons of Mr. Robinson's for hearing. In the midst of a multitude of barbarous distractions I have fitted some thing to that purpose."—Roger Williams to John Winthrop, July, 1637: 4 *Mass. Hist. Col.*, vi. 206.

The question in issue was that of church-fellowship, and practically how far it should go, and when it should cease. It was the question between the Puritan and the separatist. Cotton was the conservative, Williams the radical. Williams refused all fellowship, even so far as to hear the ministers of the English Church. Cotton affirmed "that those ought to be received into the Church who are Godly though they doe not see, nor expressley bewail all the pollutions in Church-fellowship, Ministry, Worship, Government." Williams denied, and urged an entire renunciation of fellowship with the Church of England. While he was yet in England he had held discussion with Cotton and Hooker, and "presented his argument from Scripture, why he durst not joyn with them in their use of Common Prayer."¹ In a recently discovered letter to John Cotton, of Plymouth, under date of Providence, 25 March, 1671, he says:—

Being unanimously chosen teacher at Boston (before your dear father came divers years), I conscientiously refused, and withdrew to Plymouth, because I durst not officiate to an unseparated people, as upon examination and conference I found them to be.²

Winthrop states that on his first arrival a warning was sent to Salem against him, because "he had refused to join with the congregation at Boston because they would not make public declaration of repentance for having communion with the churches of England while they lived there."³

He appears to have come to New England a full-blown separatist. He considered this the logical conclusion of Puritanism.

I believe [he says] that there hardly hath ever been a conscientious Separatist, who was not first a Puritan; for (as Mr. Carr

¹ *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*, 12; *P. N. C.*, iv. 65.

² Palfrey, *History of New England*, i. 406.

³ Winthrop, i. 53.

hath unanswerably proved) the grounds and principles of the Puritans against Bishops and Ceremonies, and prophanes of people professing Christ, and the necessitie of Christ's flock and discipline, must necessarily, if truly followed, lead on to, and enforce separation from such wayes, worships, and Worshippers, to seek out the true way of God's worship according to Christ Jesus.¹

Cotton retorted upon him that he had run his principle out to its furthest extreme, realizing the fear which Brewster expressed at Plymouth, that he would "run the same course of rigid separation and anabaptistry which Mr. John Smith, the rebaptist at Amsterdam, had done."²

When the Churches of New-England tooke just offence at sundry of his proceedings, he first renounced communion with them all: and because the Church of Salem refused to joyne with him in such a groundless censure, he then renounced communion with Salem also. And then fell off from his Ministry, and then from all Church-fellowship, and then from his Baptisme, (and was himselfe baptized againe) and then from the Lord's Supper, and from all Ordinances of Christ dispensed in any Church-way, till God shall stirre up himselfe, or some other new Apostles to recover and restore all the Ordinances, and Churches of Christ out of the ruines of Antichristian Apostasie.³

His separatist opinions made him a discordant element among the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and, with the views of toleration there prevalent, provoked his exclusion. No one can read attentively those discussions without discovering that his views of the church were repugnant to those held by the leaders of religious opinion in that formative era, and also that they must have had an important bearing on the feeling towards him. As soon as he landed in Boston he found his opinions unwelcome. In

¹ *Reply to Cotton*; *P. N. C.*, iv. 97.

² Morton, *Memorial*, 151.

³ *Cotton's Answer*; *P. N. C.*, ii. 11.

Salem they made trouble. Even in Plymouth they disturbed Brewster, who in Holland had imbibed similar sentiments towards the church which had driven him out.

A subordinate question was also at issue between Williams and Cotton, and involved itself in the controversy, namely, whether the pronounced separatism of Williams was one of the reasons for his banishment. Williams affirmed. He stated four charges made by one of the magistrates at his trial, one of which was that he held "that it is not lawfull to heare any of the Ministers of the Parish Assemblies in England."¹ Cotton traverses by alleging that many were known to hold this opinion, and yet were "tolerated to live not only in the commonwealth, but also in the fellowship of the Churches," which by no means proves that Williams, holding it, together with other and more offensive opinions, did not suffer on account of it. Their exemption did not prove his. In deed, Cotton admits that his renouncing communion with the churches led the magistrates to think that he could not be dealt with "by any Church-way," "and this was the occasion which hastened the Sentence of his Banishment upon the former grounds."²

Cotton took occasion in his "Answer" to vent some sharp criticisms upon the spirit of Williams, and to charge upon him an immoderate ambition, which tempted him especially "to rise up against the choisest Ornaments of two populous Nations, England and Scotland, the reverend Assembly of Divines, together with the reverend brethren of the Apology; and above them all to addresse himselfe (according to his high thoughts) to propound Quæries of high concernment (as he calleth them) to the High and Honorable Court of Parliament."³ This refers to a tract of thirteen pages, printed by Williams, without the au-

¹ *Publications of the Narraganset Club*, i. 41.

² *Ibid.*, i. 50, 51.

³ *Ibid.*, i. 10.

thor's name, in February, 1644. It is entitled "Queries of Highest Consideration, propounded to the five Holland Ministers, and the Scotch Commissioners," of whom he says, "that they appear in the front and present their Moulds and Patterns of Church Government from Holland, from Scotland, to our inquiring England." These were the five leading Independents, as well as the Presbyterians from Scotland, who had published "Apologies for themselves and their Churches." The queries are twelve, and pertain to the spirituality and liberty of the church of Christ; to a national covenant and a national Church, and its dangerous consequences; to the promotion and reformation of religion by the use of the sword; to the evidences of a true church; and finally to its right to persecute "differing consciences."

This little tract is in his usual style, repeating thoughts elsewhere expressed. It certainly puts some suggestive questions to the leaders of both religious parties in a very fearless way. It is closely related to the other subject which was in controversy between Williams and Cotton, and which called out the two most elaborate works of the Providence refugee. The controversy about church-fellowship — including the incidental one of the causes of his banishment — was indirectly and yet really related to another, of nearly as ancient date, in regard to liberty of conscience. This second debate linked itself with various discussions of the same question in the mother country. However singular and advanced in his views Williams may have been among the Puritans of Massachusetts, he was a follower and perhaps a pupil of men who preceded him, especially among the Baptists, in England. As early as 1611 they issued a Confession, which says "that the Magistrate is not to meddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor to compel men to this or that form of religion: because Christ is the King and Lawgiver of the Church and Conscience."¹ In 1614 appeared a tract en-

¹ Crosby, *History of English Baptists*, i., Appendix 7, etc.

titled "Religious Peace: or a Plea for Liberty of Conscience, by Leonard Burton, Citizen of London." It was followed the next year by "Persecution for Religion Judg'd and Condemn'd," etc. In 1620 a work was published in London with the following title: "A most humble supplication of the King's Majesty's Loyal Subjects, ready to testify all civil obedience, by the Path of Allegiance, or otherwise, and that of Conscience; who are persecuted (only for differing in Religion) contrary to Divine and Human Testimonies: As followeth." It is signed by "your Majesty's loyal subjects unjustly called Anabaptists." According to Williams, "the Authour of these Arguments being committed by some then in power, close prisoner to Newgate, for the witnessse of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of Pen and Inke, wrote these Arguments in Milke, in sheets of Paper, brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the Stopples of his Milk bottles."¹ About the year 1635² four chapters of this work were sent to Cotton, as he alleged, by Williams, but, as Williams himself declared, by a certain "Master Hall of Roxbury," with a request for his "judgment of it." This he gave in a letter,³ whose arguments Williams controverted in "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution," a book of two hundred and forty-seven pages, printed, without the author's or publisher's name, in 1644.

Williams found double occasion for this work. He drew his call to this discussion not only from his adversary's answer to the prisoner's arguments, but from a treatise which he supposed he had good reason for ascribing, in part at least, to Cotton. This was "The Model of Church and Civil Power," a tract which, so far as we know, was never printed, except by extracts in "The

¹ *Bloody Tenet*; *P. N. C.*, iii. 61.

² "About a dozen years agoe" [1647], *Bloody Tenet Washed*, p. 1.

³ Published in London, 1649.

Bloody Tenet." He devoted the last fifty-six chapters of his book to its examination. It deserves attention as one of the earliest formal attempts made in New England to define and balance the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, as well as an illustration of the church-polity of that early period. If, as the editor infers, it is an attempt to meet the call made by the General Court, in 1634, for "one uniforme order of discipline in the churches," and also to consider "*howe farr the Magistrates are bound to interpose for the preservation of that uniformity*," it was just the provocation Williams needed to expound his own advanced and liberal views of the entire divorce of civil and ecclesiastical power. Cotton himself refers to it as complementing what he had written against the error of toleration, by "adding reasons to justifie the Truth."

In this controversy Cotton held to toleration for "consciences rightly informed." Williams took the broad ground of no civil protection for truth, and for perfect freedom even for such as are in error. Cotton is willing to grant liberty of conscience to those who will not "persist in Heresie or turbulent Schisms, when they are convinced in conscience of the sinfulness thereof." But such an one is not to be tolerated "after once or twice admonition," "either in the Church without Excommunication, or in the Common-wealth without such punishment as may prevent others from dangerous and damnable infection."¹ Williams denounced all employment of the power of the magistrate, in the suppression of error or the enforcement of truth, as a crime against the soul and against Christ. "It is the will and command of God that a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or Antichristian consciences and worships, bee granted to all men in all Nations and Countries."

This work is cast into a dialogue between Truth and Peace. It was written under great disadvantages, while

¹ *Bloody Tenet*, 14 ; *P. N. C.*, ii. 53.

he was in England, "in change of rooms and corners, yea, sometimes in variety of strange houses, sometimes in the fields, in the midst of travel: where he hath been forced to gather and scatter his loose thoughts and papers." The reader is impressed by the free play of imagination, the ardent love of freedom, and indignation against persecutors, the fine touches of fancy, and sometimes fine turns of style. He is not so practiced a writer as Cotton; but both write after the manner of theological discussion in their time. Both indulge in personal dispute, which is not altogether seemly. With whatever faults of temper or style, Williams has grasped a great principle, which he firmly believes, and for which he is ready to contend to the last. The book was burned. And yet it was of service. Eight years after he writes: —

Some persons of no contemptible note nor intelligence, have by letters from England, informed the discussor, that these Images of clouts it hath pleased God to make use of to stop no small leakes of persecution, that lately began to flow in upon dissenting consciences.¹

Cotton followed up the controversy by the replication published in London in 1647, entitled "The Bloody Tenet Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb, being discussed and discharged of Bloodguiltiness by just Defence." To this Williams rejoins, in 1652, by the publication of a book of three hundred and twenty pages, besides the three prefaces, which were probably written in England, and perhaps while the work was going through the press. "This Rejoynder was sent to England long since, and hoped to have been published," probably before the arrest and trial of Obadiah Holmes, in July, 1651. The author himself sailed for England in November, 1651; and in the following spring he had it in press, having prepared it, unlike his other work, at home. He entitled it "The Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody: by Mr. Cottons endeavour to wash it white in the Blood of the

¹ *Bloody Tenet yet More Bloody*, 38; *P. N. C.*, iv. 104.

Lamb," etc. He added to it a letter, which he had written to Governor Endicott, as the editor infers, during the previous summer, in reference to the case of John Clarke and Obadiah Holmes. Clarke had gone to England with him, in part to make known their case, which he did in his "Ill Newes from England: or a Narrative of New Englands Persecution," which was issued the 13th of May, 1652. As the body of his work was prepared, Williams can only make use of this striking case by reference to it in the margin. The work is in the same form of dialogue, in similar style, going over very much the same ground as the previous one, examining Cotton's work, chapter by chapter. One wonders if Cotton ever saw it, as scarcely half a year can have elapsed between its publication and his death.

Williams took with him to England ¹ two smaller works, which he put at once to press, both of them, according to the title-page, "printed in the second moneth, 1652." The first was a small quarto of thirty-six pages, called "The Hireling Ministry none of Christs; or A Discourse touching the Propagating of the Gospel of Christ Jesus." It properly goes with the works on religious liberty, as putting into compact form some of the principal ideas which they contain. It has little or no reference to New England, and is obviously designed for influence in the mother country. Far off on the Narraganset, and crossing the wintry Atlantic, his soul, absorbed in the great idea of spiritual freedom, courts both sides of the sea alike, and longs for a pure and free religion here and there. Amidst the debates of the time, he comes forward with a doctrine altogether nearer to the true interests of Christianity than any then before the English mind, and, after his own favorite conception of the ministry, "prophesies."

¹ "For the substance and most of this, I suddenly drew it up. But being importuned for more copies than I was able to transcribe and bring, therefore," etc. — *Hireling Ministry*, p. 2.

The book is really a treatise on the disestablishment of religion, pleading that Christianity may stand or fall by nothing but the voluntary support it can win. It pleads for perfect liberty of conscience, and voluntarism in church and ministry. It is a discussion of the defects of the ministry, in which are mingled interpretations of the prophetic Scriptures, on which some of his views in regard to the ministry and the propagation of the Gospel are based. Williams believed in a ministry of witnesses, or prophets, during what he calls the reign of Antichrist ; that " the begetting ministry of the apostles or messengers to the churches, or the feeding and nourishing ministry of pastors and teachers, according to the first institution of the Lord Jesus, are not yet restored and extant." His mind seems to have reacted against the whole system of organized Christianity, as insufficient for the world's conversion ; and therefore he said that for going out to the world as unconverted : —

Untill the downefall of the Papacy, Revel. 18, and so the mounting of the Lord Jesus, and his white Troopers againe, Revel. 19, &c. ; For the going out of any to preach upon hire, for the going out to convert sinners, and yet to hold communion with them as saints in prayer : For the going out without such a powerfull Call from Christ, as the twelve and the seventy had ; or without such suitable gifts as the first Ministry was furnished with, and this especially without a due Knowledge of the Period of the Prophecies to be fulfilled ; I have no faith to act not in the Actings and Ministerings of others. (Pp. 21. 22.)

He held an opinion, which Cotton and the other New England divines seem to have adopted, founded on their interpretation of Revelation xv., " that untill the vials be poured forth upon Antichrist, the smoak so filleth the Temple, that no man, that is (Jew of the Jewes or Gentiles) shall by conversion enter in."¹ (Page 12.)

¹ Cf. Winthrop, ii. 36 ; Lechford's *Plain Dealing*, 21 ; *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody* ; *P. N. C.*, iv. 371.

He believed, however, that "the free permitting of the consciences and meetings of the conscionable and faithful people throughout the Nation, and the free permission of the Nation to frequent such assemblies, will be one of the principal Meanes and Expedients (as the present state of Christianity stands) for the propagating of the Gospel of the Son of God." (Page 1.) That he held off from the church in no factious and fanatical spirit appears from the advice he gives in a work published at the same time, that "if it be possible (with true satisfaction to our consciences and doubts in God's presence) let us never rest from being planted in to the holy society of God's children, gathered into the order of Christ Jesus, according to his most holy will and Testament."¹

In the same month of April appeared the work just spoken of, called "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and their Preservatives." This is a small tract, but little longer than "The Hireling Ministry." In the lapse of more than two centuries it has quite disappeared. No copy of it was known to his two American biographers, or to American collectors; and Dr. Elton, in England, stated that after diligent inquiry he was not aware that more than one copy was in existence. In 1862 it was discovered, bound with other matter in a volume belonging to the Philadelphia Library, and, although not yet reprinted by the Narraganset Club, pains were taken by one of Williams's descendants for its preservation by a private reprint. It is not controversial, but, as its title indicates, experimental, — "a breath of a still and gentle voice" he calls it.

The most of it was penn'd and writ (so as seldom or never such discourses were) in the thickest of the naked Indians of America, in their very wild houses, and by their barbarous fires.

It was sent to his wife, probably in the winter of 1650,²

¹ *Experiments of Spiritual Life*, p. 46.

² "When the Lord was pleased *this last year* (more than ordinarily) to dispose of my abode and travels among them." — *Preface*, iv.

"upon her recovery from a dangerous sickness," "an handfull of flowers made up in a little Posey (though in Winter) for thy dear selfe and our dear children to look and smell on, when I as the grasse of the field shall be gone and withered." "Being greatly obliged to Sir Henry Vane, junior and his lady, I was persuaded to publish it in her name."¹ It treats of ten signs or "trialles" of the spiritual life, even in cases when it is weak and sickly. These being discovered, there follow thirty "arguments" or signs of spiritual health and cheerfulness, and then six restoratives or preservatives of it. It is a treatise on practical religion, after the manner of Baxter and many of the Puritan divines, in which the author, taking vacation from his usual disputes, and dropping his controversial tone and weapons, enters into his own soul for the study of its spiritual experiences, and to learn the laws of spiritual health. Having fought hard in the battle of great principles, he now turns aside to comfort a distressed spirit, and, as he says, to sow "a little hand full of spiritual seed." From Cawcawmsquissick, in the heart of the Narraganset country, where he had retired, it may be from the strife of tongues, he sends "a breath of a still and gentle voice," as he calls it, to edify rather than to destroy. It is very searching in its diagnosis of religious character, and, notwithstanding its quaint and antiquated style, would still be useful as a treatise in practical divinity. It is, perhaps, the best specimen of the natural play of Williams's genius as a writer. And in it he compares well, not perhaps with Milton and Jeremy Taylor, but with the common religious writers of his time. Williams appeared in print for the last time when he was an old man, after a silence of a score of years. Cotton died, and the old controversy terminated, giving Williams the last word, as time gave at last the victory to his side of the question. His readiness for debate, however, did not

¹ Letter to Mrs. Sadleir ; Elton, *Life*, 89.

decline with years. In 1670 he wrote to Major Mason, in reference to this very controversy of liberty of conscience: "I do now offer to dispute these points and other points of difference, if you please, at Hartford, Boston, and Plymouth. For the manner of the dispute and the discussion, if you think fit, one whole day each month in summer, at each place, by course, I am ready, if the Lord permit, and, as I humbly hope, assist me."¹ Two years later, in the summer of 1672, George Fox, the great light of the Quakers, appeared in Rhode Island, and furnished Williams an opportunity, which no doubt he coveted, to challenge him and his sect to a public dispute. He could not raise an issue with them on the old question of toleration. Indeed, he was rather tempted to the discussion that he might show that he could tolerate the Quakers, while he hated their principles. "I had in mine eye," he says, "the vindicating this colony for receiving such persons whome others would not, that I might give a publick testimony against their opinions." (Page 26.) Accordingly he offered to maintain fourteen propositions adverse to the Quakers and their doctrines, seven at Newport and seven at Providence, at such time as Fox and his friends might select. The debate began at Newport, August 9th, having been delayed till Fox had left town for England, and he says, "God graciously assisted me in rowing all day with my old boones so that I got to Newport toward the Midnight before the morning appointed." (Page 24.) The discussion between Williams and three of Fox's adherents, "his journeymen and chaplains," Williams called them, lasted three days, and the next week was renewed for one day at Providence. His account of this debate is given in a book of three hundred and twenty-seven pages, called "George Fox Diggd out of his Burrowes." It was printed in Boston, by John Foster, in 1676. As if rowing himself to Newport from Providence in a day, when

¹ Knowles, *Memoir*, 400.

over seventy years old, were not enough, he wrote to Samuel Hubbard at Newport: —

As for thoughts for England, I humbly hope the Lord hath heaved me to write a large narrative of all those four days agitation between the quakers and myself: if it please God I cannot get it printed in New England, I have great thoughts and purposes for old. Mine age, lameness and many other weaknesses, and the dreadful hand of God at sea calls for deep consideration. What God may please to bring forth in the spring his holy wisdom knows. If he please to bring to an absolute purpose I will send you word.¹

The book is a thorn-hedge, bristling with sharp thrusts and bitter invectives. Two of his opponents he seems to have held in some respect.

I had heard that John Stubs was learned in the Hebrew and the Greek (and I found him so). As for John Burnet I found him to be a moderate spirit and a very able speaker. The third, W. Edmundson, was newly come (as was said) from Virginia, was very ignorant in the Scripture or any other learning, a stout, portly man of a great voice, and fit to make a Bragadocia (as he did), and a constant exercise merely of my patience.

Through two hundred and eight pages he gives the course of the debate on his fourteen propositions, and in an Appendix of one hundred and nineteen pages additional proof of his thirteen propositions, viz., "That the Quakers writings are Poor, Lame and Naked."

It is quite impossible to give any account of the argument. It is a tedious dispute, often over dark questions, which the inner light of the Quakers made no clearer through their clumsy and obscure phraseology. It may gratify curiosity to see how he would meet the personal retort which the Quakers would be sure to make when he charged them, as he did, with denying the visible church of Christ and its ordinances: —

Some of them (especially John Stubs) demanded of me why

¹ Backus, i. 510.

I thus charged them, and was myself so guilty, not living in Church Ordinances myself. I answered, that it was one thing to be in arms against the King of Kings and his visible Kingdom and administration of it, and to turn off all to notions and fancies of an invisible kingdom, and invisible Officers and Worshipers as the Quakers did: Another thing among so many pretenders to be the true Christian Army and Officers of Christ Jesus to be in doubt unto which to associate and to list ourselves. After all my search and examinations and considerations, I said, I do profess to believe, that some come nearer to the first primitive Churches, and the Institution and Appointments of Christ Jesus than others, as in many respects so in that gallant and heavenly and fundamental principle of the true matter of a Christian Congregation, Flock or Society, viz: Actual Believers, True Disciples and Converts, Living Stones, such as can give some account how the Grace of God hath appeared unto them, and wrought that Heavenly Change in them: I professed that if my soul could find rest in joining unto any of the Churches professing Christ Jesus now extant, I would readily and gladly do it, yea unto themselves whom I now opposed. (Pp. 65, 66.)

This corresponds with what he wrote more than a score of years before, and illustrates his eccentric position and view in regard to the church. Under date of December 9, 1649, we find him writing to the younger Winthrop:¹—

At Secunck a great many have lately concurred with Mr. Jo: Clarke and our Providence men about the point of a new Baptisme, and the manner by dipping: and Mr. Jo: Clarke hath bene there lately (and Mr. Lucar) and hath dipped them. I believe their practice comes neerer the first practice of our great Founder Christ then other practices of religion doe, and yet I have not satisfaction neither in the authoritie by which it is done, nor in the manner: nor in the prophecies concerning the rising of Christ's Kingdome after the desolations by Rome, etc.

The fact is, Williams was a High-churchman. He believed in apostolic succession. But the line was broken. "The apostolical commission and ministry is long since

¹ *Massachusetts Historical Collection*, vi. 274.

interrupted and discontinued.”¹ The authority to organize the visible church and administer the sacraments was extinct, or at least was lost, waiting for restoration. The sun had gone into eclipse. In the mean time there is no regular and authorized ministry. “I commend the pious endeavors of any (professing Ministry or not) to doe good to the soules of all men as We have opportunitie. But that any of the ministers spoken of are furnished with true Apostolicall Communion (Matthew xxviii.) I see not.”² But with all this he was a Baptist, holding to the spiritual nature of the church, and the perpetuation of its worship and sacraments, “according to the Institution and Appointment of the last will and Testament of Christ Jesus.”

If this book was bitterly contemptuous, Fox and Bunyeat surpassed it in their reply, “A New England Firebrand Quenched.” Williams had a rare talent in this line. But the Quakers in general, and the writers of this book in particular, showed that he had met more than his match.

These are the printed works of Williams, as far as known. Less than a year before his death, May 6, 1682, he wrote to Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts : —

By my fireside I have recollected the discourses which (by many tedious journeys) I have had with the scattered English at Narraganset, before the war and since. I have reduced them unto these twenty-two heads (enclosed), which is near thirty sheets of my writings. I would send them to the Narraganset's and others: there is no controversy in them, only an endeavor of a particular match of each poor sinner to his Maker. (For printing I am forced to write to my friends, etc., that he that hath a shilling and a heart to countenance and promote such a soul-work, may trust the great Paymaster (who is beforehand with us already) for an hundredth for one in this life.³

¹ *Hireling Ministry*, 4.

² *Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody*, 219; *P. N. C.*, iv. 371.

³ *Massachusetts Historical Collection*, viii. 196.

He asks for aid in printing them. But no trace of them has ever been found. One would like to see a volume of sermons by such a veteran. That they would be pointed, we may well believe. That they would aim at "a particular match of each poor sinner to his Maker," we might infer, when we recollect his description of his last interview with the dying "Pequot Capttaine Wequash." He says: "Amongst other discourse concerning his Sicknesse and Death, *I closed with him concerning his soule.*"¹ That was the style of his mind. He loved the close hug and wrestle which called out his own power, and gave him victory.

Many of the letters of Williams are preserved, and it is proposed to include a collection of them, properly edited, in the Publications of the Narraganset Club. Many of them are already published in the Rhode Island Colonial Records and in Knowles's "Memoir." In 1863 the Massachusetts Historical Society printed the "Winthrop Papers," containing, among others, sixty-seven letters from Williams to the two Winthrops, senior and junior, covering a period from 1632 to 1675. In a review of this volume, Mr. J. R. Lowell remarks: "Let us premise that there are two men for whom our respect is heightened by these letters,—the elder John Winthrop and Roger Williams."² (The respect for Williams will grow as he is known, and as his letters make him known. From the time when Cotton Mather lampooned him, as carrying a windmill in his head, to our own day, when John Quincy Adams, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, characterized him as "conscientiously contentious," he has been set aside as one of the otherwise-minded people, very unsuitable to sort with such respectable Puritans as settled Massachusetts Bay. But though not a great man after some standards, perhaps not always

¹ *Key*; *P. N. C.*, i. 86.

² *North American Review*, October, 1867, p. 594.

wise, as so radical reformers are not apt to be, he combined in singular union an eager spirit and a tenacious grasp of advanced truth, with great kindness, tolerance, and charity. His mind was active, penetrating, strong. His writings have many fine touches of fancy, and even flights of imagination. And yet his judgment is sober, and his mind is never carried off its feet by any imagination. He was thought, after the Scotch figure, to have "a bee in his bonnet." But time has shown that it was only an idea which found quicker and larger hospitality with him than with his associates. And it never crazed or befooled him. He was able to hold it in patient faith, and at last the world has overtaken him, and will do justice not only to his opinions, but to his character and his genius.

(The works of Williams, judged by their literary quality or their present influence, may have no striking importance. Their circulation was narrow. One of them, at least, was burnt. They have not been preserved by any intrinsic vitality of eminent genius. But they take interest from his personality and life. He is greater than they, and they are to be read, to be preserved at any rate, for the light they shed on him, his work, and his time. They are a part of the history of human opinion, and of the conflict ideal truth has had to wage in the world. It is the fortune of the soldiers of truth. The victory is won; the weapons are left behind on the field, forgotten. The controversy is antiquated, for we have reached a point where the doctrine of liberty is accepted without question, and where it seems as if it had never been in question; unless, indeed, the attempts to enforce a semi-religious education in schools sustained by all sects, and to force into the Constitution of the United States a profession of religious belief, and to call on the State to support sectarian charities, are indications that one need to revert to the old hero of the "Bloody Tenet," and learn of him what be the first principles of spiritual liberty.

THE NEWTON LECTURES.

NEWTON LECTURES.

I. THEOLOGY AND EDUCATION.

WE are to consider *The Relations of Theology and Education* for the present hour, and in doing it, it will be necessary at the first step to lay out the Idea of Education. For as a science and an art it has a principle at the centre which will enable us to understand it better, and by which it connects itself with Theology, and the truth with which Theology deals. Religion, Government, History, Science, Reform, Preaching, Architecture, everything in life, has its idea ; not simply the notion which this or that person has of it, but, back of that, the form, the pattern, the type, the essential spirit and law of it, which makes it what it is, and nothing else. So it is with Education. It proceeds from a fundamental conception of man similar to that held by Theology, which perhaps is carried out further by Theology into remoter consequences, and larger ranges of thought and life, but to which all philosophical schemes of education must conform.

For what is the human being in the beginning but a bundle of potential capacities? He is an unformed, undeveloped power, capable of indefinite growth, and whose growth is to be regulated, to be limited, not simply by his capacity, but by his opportunity, his environment, his facilities and helps and teachers, — in a word, by his education. It is a capacity to be and to know, and growth is its law. Every human being has the power to know more

than he does, to become more than he is. And his increase of knowledge and power depends upon his training. He begins with nothing, unless it be an hereditary stock of capacities and tendencies. He begins a germ, an egg, a little and helpless creature, who is to get possession of himself, of his faculties, of a place larger or smaller in the world, of his life such as it is to be, as he goes on from knowledge to knowledge, from one degree of development to another. It is this potency, the possibility in him of enlargement, even of immortal growth and life, which makes him worth anything, worth as much as Theology shows him to be, and fit for the divine redemption of which it treats.

Now his growth may be purely natural. His acquisitions may be made, his faculties may be unfolded, he may go on from infancy to maturity, with such education as he gets from his surroundings. Nature may educate his senses, making sight and hearing and touch keener, as they are exercised upon the world with which he contends for his existence. His wits are sharpened by contact with other people, with affairs, with the demands of life. His affections, his will, his power to adapt means to ends, meditation, thought, language, get such exercise as his occasions, his dispositions furnish. Without books, without teachers, with nothing but the world he lives in, with his spontaneous impulses, or under such compulsion as life brings, he acquires an education, such as it is. And after books and teachers and schools come, there is still this great element in the education of the human being, which is unconscious, involuntary, which Nature and Life supply. All things become our tutors. Day and night instruct us. Winter's cold and summer's heat put their compulsion on us. We are toughened by labor; we are softened by sorrow. We learn by experience, as difficulty comes to try our courage and patience, as trouble comes to try our faith, as we are perplexed by the awful mystery

of death. We are educated, both in what we learn and in what we become, by whatever is, and by whatever happens, by what we do and what we receive, by the efforts we make and the influences which pass upon us. The complete education of a human being for this world, and for a life beyond life, includes a great sum of things, physical, mental, moral, human, divine, in his condition, in himself. In any large and sufficient sense, education reaches all the possibilities of a human being, and makes out of ignorant, helpless, blank infancy the best manhood that under the circumstances can be made. It may even be made to compass all such a being is to be, and all that can make him the best he can be, and so would include morals, religion, and even redemption itself. Education is the making of a man, drawing out all power in him, developing him from a feeble beginning into his full possibility. Such an idea must lie at the foundation of all education, however limited its range. The first and the last thing to be done with a man is to make him a man, to train him in all the essentials of manhood, to unfold him in his completeness, and fit him for his place, his duty in the world. And Milton approached the idea, and gave as comprehensive a definition of it as is often given, when he said, "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

But in its modern sense it narrows itself into the education of the school, the training mainly of the intellect; the training which goes with knowledge, and comes from books and teachers. It is primarily education by instruction. It is the development of intelligence, of that first, and at the lead. Lord Bacon introduced a new era by proclaiming the power of knowledge, and a new method of attaining it. But the progress made in educational methods has been not only in providing for the increase

of knowledge, but that with it there shall be an increase of discipline. Knowledge is not to be put into the mind as corn into a sack, or as silver dollars are piled in the treasury. The mind is not only to receive, but to act, and to acquire the power of acting independently, vigorously, and for a result. It is not only to know, but to make use of knowledge; to acquire such knowledge as not only is useful and necessary, but as quickens, and strengthens, and disciplines the faculties, so that the mind can originate as well as receive, and lead rather than follow. Man is not all memory, that he should sit down and let the stream of knowledge run in. Reason, understanding, imagination, will, the manifold capacities for turning knowledge to use, for turning truth into power, for thinking as well as for learning, for doing as well as for knowing how to do, are embraced in a true and sufficient education. So that, if education were limited to intellectual training, as it cannot be, it is not a superficial loading of the mind with information; it is the evolution of its primal forces, the development of its deep, real, substantial powers. It is the calling out, the leading out, the full unfolding of the intellect, as the source of thought as well as the receptacle of knowledge, as the master of life. And so, as a discipline of power, it has a place for Theology, as we shall see by and by. This cannot be too much insisted upon in Pedagogics, that knowledge is secondary, or rather that it is to be acquired for discipline as well as for knowledge; that the student learns, not for the sake of being learned, but in order that, knowing more, he may have better and larger control of his powers, and be capable of using them to acquire more readily, and perform more efficiently. The distinction between acquisitive and disciplinary studies is never to be lost out of sight. That education is for the sake not only of what a person may know, but of what he may be and become, is not to be forgotten.

But Education is not for the individual only; it is a

social as well as a personal interest. It is a great social benefit, because it makes so much more of the persons who compose society. And the education of individuals is not for their sake only, but for the good of the whole. And this is very much more so as society advances, as a democratic spirit grows, as Christianity magnifies the importance of the individual, and creates a sure hope of the coming of the kingdom of God among men. Then it begins to be seen that the good of one is the good of all; that the more persons are educated the more society gains the advantage; in fact, that society receives all the good which accrues to the individual. In ancient society the State was all, and the individual of minor consequence. But Christianity, lengthening the life of the individual into an immortal future, making him the object of divine compassion and of a special redemption, and bringing him into fellowship with the Infinite Father, makes him personally of greater consequence, and that not for loss but for gain to the commonwealth. The fuller, stronger, better man he is, the more he contributes to the common life. The less ignorance the more security, and the greater advantage of all kinds.

Society, organized society, has a life of its own, quite beyond that of its individual members, and lasting much longer. In it both evil and good ripen more slowly. In it evil and good get more widely diffused, more firmly incorporated. And as every person participates in the common life, as his character and destiny are influenced by his environment, the more education there is, the higher the general level of intelligence and character is lifted by it. The individual and society profit together. So education becomes the need, the interest, the work of society. The State undertakes it for its own protection, for its own preservation. How far it shall go, how many and much it shall educate, is a vexed question. If it is to go only to the extent of self-preservation, there is no hard-and-fast

line to be drawn even there. And rich, intelligent communities want to go further than that. Education is a part not only of the common defense, but of the prosperity, the elevation, the honor of the State. Its intelligence is its glory beyond royal splendors, or great armies and navies, or even immense wealth. If it is a luxury, it is a luxury which great nations can afford. That the government may do too much, and the individual too little, is clear enough; and it is a mischief. Governments have always been trying to do all they can, and leave as little as possible to other agencies. Too much dependence on the State, or on social organizations, discourages the very spirit of self-help which good education is designed to create. And yet, while all education is within a certain limit self-education, and in some cases quite exclusively so, the education of the people must be undertaken by the community or the State, and be paid for out of the common fund. Society must educate, because it will not be done without. In free nations, society must educate, not only that freedom may continue, but because the free spirit seeks the common benefit, and seeks it through the general intelligence. Such is the tendency in monarchical Germany, in democratic America. The Church may undertake it, private charity may undertake it, but the people's education more and more comes to be by the people themselves. This is the American idea, beginning early in our history, and destined to go from nation to nation, as privilege declines and democracy advances. This, at least, is the American faith, that education is a great public necessity, and must be had somehow, cost what it may. Whatever the nation has or has not, it must have schools, and they must be had at the public expense. The new generations must be educated to be made ready for their great heritage, and that the republic suffer no damage.

There is one thing more involved in the Idea of Educa-

tion, both individual and social. It is not all of one grade. It is higher and lower. It is primary and liberal. It may be carried on into higher and broader regions of knowledge and discipline; the higher it goes the smaller the number who secure it. If there is a point where it must stop as a tax on the community, by some means it must be carried beyond that, for the sake of the individual, and for the sake of society. For liberal education also is a public necessity. In its way it is as essential and useful as the common. The lower depends on the higher to make it better, even to make it good. There cannot be education for the people unless there is an educated class from whom their teachers are drafted. And by teachers I do not mean schoolmasters, any more than by education I mean instruction in elementary studies. I do not mean simply that the system of public schools depends upon higher and academic education, and would be feeble and narrow and mechanical without it. Beyond that, not only are advanced education and higher institutions necessary to recruit all the liberal and learned professions; they are not only necessary for the existence of an educated or learned class in society, but they are like banks in business. They accumulate intellectual capital, and keep it for discount. They store up knowledge, and advance its frontiers. They make it available for all uses. Literature, art, invention, all science, all religion, draw upon their funds, and find in them their students and promoters. There is no high interest of human life which is not dependent upon them. Their discipline is felt in the men who lead public opinion; in whatever creates thought, and makes it ruler in society. All the best things flourish better for the atmosphere they create. They relieve civilization of the coarseness which comes from wealth without culture. They protect society against the mischiefs of superficial and half knowledge. They stand for learning, for order, for progress, against raw haste and useless

to physics. And it is just as narrow and intolerant to talk about ruling out Theology as an obsolete, sterile, at best visionary and speculative system, which advanced science cannot recognize, which has nothing to do with real knowledge, the things in this world men need to know. Theology is knowledge. And no department of human knowledge is broader or higher. It deals with great things, the greatest things, the greatest subjects of thought, the greatest facts in history, the greatest Being. It deals with religion as a fact of human nature and life; with revelation as a fact in human history, in God's rule of the world; with man in his disease and sin, in his redemption and renewal, in his past and his future; with the life invisible and immortal. It includes the study of the Scriptures, a literature in itself. It includes the study of the history of the Church, of the development of Christian doctrine, of the application of it to man's spiritual life, of the influence of it in human civilization. It is a study in literature, in history, in philosophy. And so, added to the studies of a liberal education, it takes its place with them, and is of their kind. In its simplicities it touches the earliest education of every child. But in its profoundest researches and broadest conclusions it not only touches all other liberal studies, but covers a vast field of its own. It is a study for specialists. But everybody who reads the Bible knows something of it, and no liberally educated person can afford to remain in ignorance of its facts and principles. It is a liberal education in itself. It requires a knowledge of at least two ancient languages, one Semitic and one Aryan. It involves knowledge of the fundamental principles of philosophy. It demands a training in logic, in literature, in ethics, and, for its application, in rhetoric. And the history of its development, ancient and modern, the works of its great writers, its connection with history, with morals, with literature, with civilization, its problems with which the

thoughts of men still struggle, the discussion of them in French, Dutch, German, as well as English, all spread a great arena for cultivated minds. It is the enthusiastic study of one of the largest professions, and in the universities, and in its own special schools, shows that it is no antiquarian, obsolete study, which some people, who think themselves far in the advance of the army of thought, seem to suppose. Its special schools have subtracted the small portion of it which the college curriculum used to include. It cannot be taught in the lower schools, supported as they are by the community, no longer homogeneous as it was in the beginning of New England, but divided into many sects. But wherever it finds its place, by whomsoever taught, by whomsoever studied, Theology finds its relation to Education, in its very nature, as a large, diversified, profound subject of human knowledge and thought, a comprehensive and liberal study.

It is not only a knowledge, but a discipline. It is related to the cardinal idea of Education as a development of the human being in his best and strongest capacities. It accepts the educational idea of man, and in its largest sense. Whatever ruin sin has wrought, the faculties of a human being remain, and man is capable of growth, of improvement, of increase of power. Theology makes him of unspeakable worth as an object of divine love, and as heir of everlasting life. He is worth education, for he is capable of it; and though he is not redeemed by it, he is thereby made more of a man, and fulfills more completely the idea of his Creator. His education falls into line with all the higher purposes of God concerning him which are unfolded in Theology. And on the other hand Theology supplies ideas which are great educational forces. For it is not knowledge, but the thing known, which has value and power. It is not faith, but the thing believed. Principles are greater than facts, and there are principles of vast reach and vital force in Theology, "the

truths which wake to perish never," the spiritual verities which surpass all the teachings of natural science. It is a science of principles, of the eternal laws of the spiritual universe, of the kingdom of God in this world. It is not necessary to disparage any science, any literature, any knowledge. But the knowledge of God is greater than that of any creatures. The laws of matter are certainly no greater than the laws of mind. Vastness of space, the astronomic grandeurs of the universe, are not grander than the government of moral beings, the unfolding of God's invisible kingdom, and the spiritual destinies of mankind. The knowledge of Nature, which in the recent years has so prodigiously extended, is of inestimable advantage. And Theology has gained a part of it. But the truth about pigeons and earthworms, about a planetary transit or the chemistry of the sun, when the least is said, is no more precious, no more practical, no more inspiring, than the truth about the soul, about the life to come, about the life and doctrine and mission of Jesus Christ. There is no truth so searching, so uplifting, with such power over the spiritual nature, its hopes and fears and longings. In a word, there is no truth so disciplinary for the intellect, for the conscience, for the whole soul. It is a knowledge which gives discipline, the profound and vigorous discipline which is an education of the whole man.

This it does in at least two ways. Theological truth performs at least two offices in the thorough discipline of mind and character. It is of such a nature that it exercises the mind with what is great and serious and solid, and this is what man needs. The mind taken up with trifles, with superficialities, with the fancies of literature, with the curiosities of science, with the mere facts of history and not its solemn lessons, with what pleases rather than instructs, with knowledge that is only knowledge and takes no hold of conviction and the deep powers of life, misses an element of strengthening discipline which

it greatly needs, and which Theology supplies. Hard study, study of exact science, of a strongly knit language like the Greek, study of subjects which require searching analysis and the exercise of discrimination and judgment, study which obliges the student to think, is a vigorous gymnastic for the mind. But Theology is more than a study for information. It brings up the mind against truth,—truth with which the soul must struggle, truth which is profound rather than curious, not transient, but divine and everlasting. It is truth which often, in the crisis of a soul's experience, shakes it like an earthquake; truth which enters into a man to make him a new creature, his mental as well as spiritual life quickened, and set on a new track by the shock. Conversion has been often the beginning of a new intellectual era. Faith coming with knowledge, theological truth becoming religious conviction, doctrine turning into spiritual reality, a course of education begins which takes hold of what is deepest, and calls out hidden power. There have been such periods in national life, — for instance, in the national life of England, — when great and vital questions of the time went down to the roots of religious doctrine and faith, and the minds of men have been sobered into earnestness, and invigorated for great action, and the formalists, and the pedants, and the play-actors, and the charlatans have been swept away like chaff in the wind. This is the education which makes a people virile and puissant; not churning questions of political expediency; not listening every morning for what the newspapers will say; not giving their whole mental force to arithmetic, and counting the great end of education to secure six per cent. interest; not educating their youth into intelligence and accomplishment, without one serious conviction they would not sell, with everything gracious but a religious faith; not afraid to put its foot on any iniquity, and assert the law of Christ in the face of king or mob; but which gives its Sundays

to God and not the Devil, to teaching religious truth rather than to play; whose colleges and churches and clergy uphold and proclaim the doctrine which is according to godliness; in a word, which has a theology, and believes it, and feels its truth like iron in its blood; like the air of the mountains or the salt sea in its lungs, like the ring of health and power in its voice as it speaks for righteousness, for liberty, for honor, for truth against party, for justice against the clamors of the violent, or the monopolies of the powerful.

There is another thing the mind needs quite as much, and that is repose, satisfaction, anchorage, something not only to lift it up and strengthen it, but something to hold on to, something to settle and compose it. For we live in a world of appearances, and life goes on amidst instabilities and uncertainties, the winds and tides going in many directions. The mind is puzzled by the shifting scene. And it does not get education on the wing, while flying from perch to perch. It becomes flighty, unbalanced, restless. Whatever subjects it deals with, it must come at last to reality, and stand on some solid ground. It must go back of appearances to the eternal truth of things, to find that. And so Theology, with the knowledge of the Eternal God, with the truth of a Divine Revelation, with a remedy for all moral disease, with an outlook into infinite regions, and with faith going where knowledge cannot reach, brings some sure foundation for belief, for mental repose, for spiritual certitude and satisfaction, amidst the fluctuations of opinion, and where secular knowledge fails. The truth in it is of such a nature as to tax the mind which seriously takes hold of it, and rouse it to inquiry, and as well to subdue and steady it. There are some kinds of education which only inflate the mind with names instead of ideas, with a show of knowledge without depth, supplying it with a large stock of ready-made and cheap opinions, which turns out bankrupt when hard times

come. What the mind needs, whether it knows much or little, is to be grounded in truth, and in the truth which is moral and unchangeable. If it has laid hold of the objects and the doctrines of a religious faith, of those realities which lie at the basis of all Theology, it has something under its feet to stand on, and by its side to take hold of. Whatever of knowledge slips away, these never fail.

And now, if we ask what Education is for, and what is its ultimate issue, the theological answer alone seems sufficient. The child thinks it goes to school that it may learn to read and write. And what does it learn to read and write for? Not simply for that, but for something further. And so we go on, education leading into further education, and this life leading into another. There is no sufficient end for all this great effort and expenditure in Education itself, even the highest. That is for an end beyond. And we learn what Education is for, only as we learn what life is for, why God made man, why he redeems him. Life and all that is in it, and all that makes it greater and better and more beneficent, finds its end and issue in the plan of God, which Theology alone makes clear. Education takes on a very large meaning when from being some learning of letters and figures, even of sciences and philosophies, it becomes the unfolding and discipline of a human being in all his possibilities, till by faith as well as knowledge, and by the unsearchable and inexhaustible grace of God, he is changed into the image of the divine Christ, even from glory to glory. His education, beginning in little things here, such as in childhood he is capable of, has its terminus in the immortal completeness prepared for him in Christ.

Theology once had much more actual contact with Education than it has now. The historical fact is, that the two have in late times been drawing away from each other. The schools of Christendom were once very much under clerical and ecclesiastical control. Education was

priestly, by and for the regular and secular clergy. They were the learned class. In the Middle Age, the learning was not in science, which had not begun its career; and not in literature, which was not yet unburied. Such universities as Paris and Oxford were full of theological students. The acutest intellects turned to theology, and Erigena, and Aquinas, and Abelard, and Duns Scotus gave their masterly power to that alone. In fact, till the Renaissance, till the Reformation ushered a new era, the Church was potent beyond any other influence in society. But an emancipating process has been steadily going on. Religion still lives. Theology still lives. Their power remains. Their influence penetrates life through other channels and in other ways. They have been obliged to retire from their former, and immediate, and undivided control, from causes presently to be mentioned. The colleges, most of them, in this country, hold some more or less close connection with one or another Christian communion, and have a more or less religious if not theological character. The early colleges sprang out of the interest of their denominational supporters in the training of their ministry, and in gaining the power of academic education. The majority of them are still avowedly and in spirit Christian. But many States have established and endowed their own universities, and they can have no more religion than the State has. And common education is, from the necessity of the case, entirely divorced from religion. Religious instruction is left to other agencies. With no established Church, with all churches equal before the law, with a people of all kinds of religion and no religion, and all having equal rights, and all taxed for the support of schools, it is impracticable to have any but a limited and secular public education. If religious, theological instruction is wanted, it must be given in other places and ways than the public school. The Presbyterian, and the Catholic, has his parish school, supports it himself,

and can have his own theology taught in it, because he, and not the community, pays for it. That the State does not teach theology is no evil; it is a great good. It would be a great mischief if it did. The world has seen enough of State religion. If the State educates, let it keep within its proper bounds, and leave religion to itself, to its believers and churches, to its own power to sustain and propagate itself. If we have a free religion, and prefer it, we have nothing to do but accept its logical consequences. We have the advantage; religion can afford to suffer any disadvantage, for it gains in other ways.

For this is one of the first causes of this emancipation — if the word may be allowed — of Education from theological control. The doctrine of religious liberty, even of toleration, is rather a recent product of Christianity. It took centuries for it to come to the idea. It depended so long on foreign help that it forgot its own power. It discovered at last that it could stand alone, and that it needed none but voluntary adherents. It discovered that men were not to be forced in their opinions and beliefs; that Theodosius was little better than Galerius; that persecution for opinion's sake is no better in a Christian than in an infidel; that men are not made Christians by law, but by their own faith. At all events, men discovered that they had equal rights, and that, whether a citizen was a believer or an unbeliever, he had equal standing with all the rest before the law; that toleration is an insult and misnomer when the dissenter has the same right to his opinion that the churchman has to his; that, if there is to be freedom anywhere, it must begin in religious belief, where a man is responsible to God, and not to society. As men have departed from an autocratic, infallible Church, as in consequence they have divided into sects, as they cannot agree in their theology, and as at last they have acquired the right to differ, such freedom has had its natural consequence. Theology retires into its own

domain, and rejoices in the freedom won for it. For that it is free is one of its greatest victories, and auspicates better victories to come.

And then since the Middle Age there has been an increasing accession of the secular spirit, or of secularizing influences. The crusades, the enlargement of the world by discovery and improved navigation, the political progress, the industrial activity, the intellectual changes induced by the growth of science, the reduction of ecclesiastical ascendancy, the growth of democracy, have brought a new era, and theology has more competitors, with less factitious authority. Christianity is still at work effectively in the life and thought of mankind. It is less in the monastery, and more in the busy world. It is not less in Theology, but is more in missions and reforms. And its Theology depends less upon authority and more upon truth. It has less to do with politics and government, and more with thought and individual life. It has less to do with Education, because there is so much more, and besides, to learn than there was seven or five or even three centuries ago.

For, again, there is the tendency to division, specialization, the distribution of study over a wide and various field. The educational curriculum gets reorganized as new studies crowd in. The natural sciences take up room once given to literature and philosophy and theology. And many students of physical science have taken up a special jealousy of Theology. An antipathy has been provoked between the two. The feud is very unfortunate. Physical science has a great field, and we cannot know too much of Nature. So long as it is confined to the study of Nature as a fact it does great service, and Theology rejoices in the enlarging knowledge. But if it also undertakes to have a theology, and set it up as a substitute for the Christian; if it relegates God into an abyss of uncertainty and nescience; if it resolves spirit into a

finer property of matter, and sets the human will in bonds of fate ; if it abrogates prayer, and Eternal Providence, and supernatural revelation, — then it overpasses its proper bounds, and Theology has its word to say in objection, and very justly. And yet in the end Theology will not suffer or retreat from its own field. The questions of which it treats are vital and perpetual. They reach far beyond the transmutations of matter and the realm of physical force. They reach to the Infinite Source of all being, and to the deep secrets of the spiritual life. Banished, they always return. Physical science cannot answer them, whatever errors it clears away, whatever illumination it sends into the dark corners of the universe. At the end of the telescope, at the end of the microscope, far as they search, there is still matter, and not God, or the remedy for sin, or the secret of spiritual peace and everlasting life. So long as men think and aspire, so long as the Spirit of God remains among them, so long as Christ Jesus draws them to their highest ideal and opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers, so long as the soul knocks at the door of the invisible world and hears voices out of it which science fails to interpret, so long as the Bible tells what nature never has told, and with all our solicitation never will tell, so long Theology will not adjourn, and will find its place somewhere in the education of mankind.

It remains to see what relation in its turn Education has to Theology, whether of help or hindrance. That Theology, or anything good and high, should flourish in an atmosphere of ignorance, is not to be expected. When it was in the hands of a hierarchy, and wrapped up in a vast and oppressive ecclesiasticism, there was great darkness, though in fact it was the source of whatever intellectual light, the quickener of whatever intellectual power, there was. But the truth it deals with came out from the Eternal Light, and never finds the darkness

congenial. It is not afraid of the light, wherever it comes from. It does not turn back to the "ages of faith," as they have been called, as if it needed credulity rather than the clear light of knowledge to grow in. The true Theology sets its face towards the sunrise, and welcomes the angels of intelligence as they come leading in the day. It may have new questions to answer, new adjustments to make with the new knowledge. It may have to hold its ground against such scepticism, even such heady opposition, as new knowledge, or the conceit of it, brings. But in the long run it will gain nothing by keeping in the rear, and sulking over the progress of intelligence. It must keep up with it, and make use of it, and even direct it, if it can. Education is here, and it will stay, and do its work. And part of its work is to help Theology.

The affinity of Theology with higher education has already been mentioned. It ranks with the liberal studies. And liberal education supplies it with a suitable instrument. It requires that, for its best achievement, whether in research or in application. There is an experimental theology which comes by the tuition of the Holy Spirit, from the study of the Scriptures, and the knowledge of Christ in spiritual experience. Such training and such acquisitions have been of great value sometimes. Such practical education apprehends the spiritual truth in Theology, and uses it with great force in handling the souls of men. It has stood its ground when a more learned theology has slipped its anchors and gone adrift. But it lacks, of course, the power of accurate criticism, of searching analysis, of logical construction, and, when the pinch comes, of apologetic defense. It is not learned in the history of Theology, and contributes little to its development. It does not unfold the ample fullness of Christ, the length and breadth and depth and height of the Divine revelation. A disciplined and instructed intellect, as well as a pure heart and a simple faith, are necessary for

the great work Theology has to do. This its masters have had. This it requires, if any science does. This it deserves, if any truth does. It is belittled and enfeebled when it falls into untrained hands. And if the universities and the colleges, and all liberal education, were surrendered to unbelief, or simply to secular knowledge, while Theology, relying on the virtues of faith and the superiority of its truths, or the enthusiasm rather than the knowledge of its students, should relinquish their alliance or help, it would soon fall into decline and impotence, and lose its place in the world's thought and life. What is the highest education for, if not to promote the knowledge and diffusion of the highest truth? Or, is Theology so simple, so self-evident, so divinely assisted, that it is sufficient for itself, and can take no help from educated mind? If so, it is an exception to everything else of the same nature in the world. No, it is a kind of knowledge which, beyond the spiritual help of faith, requires the best powers, and the best training, that Theology may be worthy of its contents and its office. A liberal education is not more fitly employed than in its study, its fuller development, its firmer establishment in the thought of the time. It will be a dark day when the spirit of academic culture is secularized and alienated from the profound truths which lie at the foundation of Theology. And it will be quite as unfortunate when, from any choice or any compulsion, Theology loses the best training and the richest learning the schools can give. It cannot afford for its own health and power and progress to let liberal education go into the service of all truth but that which binds men to the throne of God and the Cross of Christ. It has too sacred a cause to defend, too precious a treasure to guard, too much in the future at stake, to part with any advantage or any help it can take from the highest education.

That Theology should have its own schools, and its

special courses of study, and an education imbued with its own spirit and directed to its proper ends, it seems like an impertinence to argue in this place, where it has been proved by the experience of two thirds of a century. The theological school separated from the college is a recent institution. Its advantage is, that it specializes the study and concentrates its resources, while it distributes it into its different departments, and so economizes the forces of our Theology. It starts from the point where the college leaves Education, and carries on the advanced knowledge and discipline into a new and select and fertile field. It takes the resources supplied by liberal education, and so multiplies the power of Theology, both for investigation and for use. If it is founded and sustained for a practical purpose, to train a ministry for the Church, it cannot fulfill this purpose well except by the scientific study of Christian truth. For a strong clergy needs to be instructed in something more than the practical details of religion. It must be grounded in the principles of its science first, or it will be a weak clergy. Law, medicine, and theology are practical professions, but before that, they are sciences, whose fundamental principles must be known. Theology must be understood as a science before it can be taught; and it covers too much ground for a novice to give his opinion about its questions off-hand. He must study. He must learn. He must go from facts to principles. And it requires thorough training to know them both, to know them all, to bring them into coherency and system, to know them so as to teach them, even in their practical application. And theological education, like liberal education, is not for practical use only. It has a body of teachers and students who are working over theological material, who are accumulating stores of knowledge, who are shaping the theological thought and belief of their time. They create its funds, its capital, the power behind preaching and literature. Education does

for Theology what it does for all knowledge and all students. It increases knowledge. It increases discipline. It makes theologians. It makes Theology intelligible, consistent, scientific. It makes the difference between crudeness and clearness, between undeveloped and developed thought, between the ore and the metal, bullion and coin. It is a necessity of Theology ; a necessity of the Church and its ministry. It is a necessity of an age when education is common and diffused ; when it leaves nothing out of its reach, not even Theology ; when nothing passes unquestioned ; when faith must give its reasons for faith, as much as knowledge for knowledge. Without it Theology is a pond, not a running stream. It keeps thought alive, and inquiry moving, and Theology improving and influential. It enables Theology to profit by all new knowledge, to meet new exigencies, and time as it comes. Theology cannot do without Education, and an Education of its own.

And then, finally, there is the influence of Education in general on the course of theological as well as other thought. For Education sets in motion all human activities, and does not allow the mind of the time to sink into uninquisitive torpor. Unless it is mechanical and pedantic, exercising only the memory, it awakens the spirit of inquiry ; it pushes men on to know more, and especially to think about whatever is disputed ; it puts them in a questioning attitude, even towards what is ancient and established. It may beget conceit, and the feeling that, because they know a little about a good many things, they know all about the deep things of God. In such an altered condition as Education produces, Theology has to live, and do its work. Such an atmosphere, quick and electric, is better than one dark and lifeless. An age of freedom, of inquiry, of general intelligence, is more favorable to truth, and to a living faith, than one when men do not think and do not care. Theology is the last science

to ask for silence and unquestioning submission. Blind faith is no virtue, and has no spiritual power. The strength of Christianity is in the joyful enthusiasm with which believers accept it, as answering their questions, and satisfying their wants, and not as imposed upon them without reason, and against their will. I know that intellectual activity alone will not unlock the kingdom of heaven. I know it is the pure in heart who are to see God. I know that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. I know that faith enters where knowledge halts, and finds the secret of God which is hid from the prudent and the ingenious. But so, also, it is intelligence and not ignorance, it is inquiry and not credulity, it is education stimulating the mind to progress, which creates one of the conditions favorable to the knowledge of God and his holy revelation; favorable to theological inquiry, and so to theological truth.

And what Education does for inquiry, it does still more for the intelligent reception of truth. There must be moral and spiritual receptiveness, or there is no faith, and Christ remains unknown. But there is much in Theology which requires the exertion of the intellect, as well as the meekness of the heart. Its questions require knowledge and vigor to wrestle with them. Its doctrines are not so simple or superficial that they can be understood without clearness of head, or be bound together into harmony without reach of thought. It may be that Education in some communities, that culture in some persons, runs into sentimentalism and a thin theology. It may lead them to think they know more than Christ and his Apostles, and to invent an improved theology of their own, whose virtue is in its negations, and which exhausts its requirements in good behavior. Even more, Education may set some minds flying in the vagrant winds of free thought, or inflate them with notions which leave no room for the great doctrines of the Christian faith. And yet, with all perils

to spiritual sanity, there must be intelligence, and consequently there must be Education, for the growth and power of a religion which has doctrine in it as well as feeling, and which is an exercise of thought as well as of emotion. Christian Theology is not an esoteric doctrine for its students and experts. It is to go out from the schools into the thought and life of the people. And unless it is reduced to thinness and pap, it must find there some intelligence corresponding to its high argument. To keep up its own tone and vigor, to perform its grand work in the souls of men, it must be met, not by dullness and mental indolence, but by thoughtfulness, by clear understanding, by the grip of an interested and intelligent mind. And Education prepares that.

And then, while theological science is cultivated by its schools, by its elect and consecrated students, we cannot in this place forget how much it is indebted to intelligent and educated laymen, who, unable to prosecute it themselves, appreciate its relation to religious life and work, and to the brighter and mightier coming of the kingdom of God. They participate in the enlightened spirit which in our day and neighborhood devotes so much wealth to the cultivation of all other sciences, and to liberal education ; and they will not allow this to be neglected. The munificent foundations at Andover and Princeton, at Upland and Hamilton, at New Haven and New York, at Rochester and Newton, the libraries, the professorships, the lectureships, show that Theology does not depend upon theologians or the clergy only. With intelligence and education for the management of productive business, they have sympathy with an occupation so remote from their own, with studies they cannot pursue. If unlearned in Theology, they have learned its value and its use. They have learned that the aqueduct depends on the reservoir, and that the city's water comes from the springs in the hills far back. They have learned that their

money can be transmuted into what is better, — if not into Theology, into the libraries and schools and apparatus by which it is investigated and taught. This lectureship — long may it continue! — speaks to us to-night of this most intelligent kind of beneficence. And it is a sign that Theology and Education alike find appreciation and friendship in our churches ; that the men who laid foundations on this beautiful hill so many years ago have and will have their successors ; that, while on this sacred height professors and students keep burning the lamp whose beams shine far away, there are laymen who will see that its oil never fails, that its light shall never go out.

II. THEOLOGY AND LITERATURE.

I AM to speak to you on *The Relations of Theology and Literature*.

It is part of that inter-relation of all truth, all knowledge, all thought, which the student discovers before he has gone far afield. His special province he soon finds touches other provinces, contiguous and cognate. The sciences overlap and interlace each other. The spiritual borders on the physical, and similar laws, if not the same, run through both of them. The philosophy of ideas goes with the philosophy of facts. The universe cannot be severed from its Eternal Cause, and no part of it is entirely independent of any other part. The same human mind works in every department of thought and knowledge, in the nearest and the remotest, in all science, in all literature, in the realm of principles and in the realm of events, among effects or among causes. And it is the Unity of God, and the unity of thought, and the unity of law, which bring together into some sort of relation, more or less apparent, things which lie far apart. Knowledge, which begins with single facts, goes on to group and classify, to colligate and organize, till in its consummation it not only brings together all knowable facts, but brings them into order, relation, and whatever community they have. Towards this the advancing knowledge of the race tends. Remote and near are brought into union. Hidden connections, correspondences, analogies, become clear. And though man in the present state may never hold in his little hand truth in its entirety, he grasps more and more of it, and discovers relations once unsuspected. Knowledge, inquiry, advances to the comparative stage.

Comparison becomes a science, and is applied to all things, from the structures of life to the structures of language and thought. All literatures are interconnected, and Theology has its relations to letters, philosophy, history, education, law,—to whatever man has thought, and whatever he has done.

Theology is the knowledge of God. But it has its narrow and its larger meaning. It is not religion. It is not Christianity. It is not life, the Christian life. It is thought, penetrated it may be by moral purposes and spiritual affections, but the thought, the collective thought of Christendom about God and his kingdom. It divides itself into theologies, and they are many. It reduces itself to systems, and they are many. It includes the many processes through which knowledge and the conclusions of Christian thought are reached. It becomes scientific, even technical. It is science, as all sciences are, by organizing its facts into order, system, under the methods and laws of knowledge and reasoning. As science, it embodies the results of criticism and of speculation, of spiritual insight as well as critical inquiry and logical induction. It is not simply science, for there is much Christian thinking which takes no scientific form. There is theology which is not of the schools, which does not put itself into dogmatic statement, which mixes itself with other forms of thought, which is untechnical and unprofessional. There is *theologia pectoris*, the truth of a spiritual experience, worth as much as any product of the understanding. But it is all contained in that larger sum which comprises all the human mind, after long study and struggle, has been able to know about God. It is the use which the human mind has made of divine revelation, inquiring into its methods, formulating its doctrines, vindicating its authority, setting it into relations with all other truth. It is the science, not of matter, not of mind, but of God, and

only of matter and mind as related to Him. It is the science of the universe in one sense, because it is the science of God, without whom there is no universe. It is spiritual truth drawn from its eternal sources, put into order, into dogma even,—the translation of divine things into the language and thought of men. It is therefore a great and noble and serious science. It is, as Lord Bacon has called it, “that learning which both former times were not so blessed as to know, sacred and inspired Divinity, the sabbath and port of man’s labors and peregrinations.” As Coleridge has said, “There is one department of knowledge which like an ample palace contains within itself mansions for every other knowledge; which deepens and extends the interest of every other, gives it new charm and additional purpose; the study of which, rightly and liberally pursued, is beyond any other entertaining, beyond all others tends at once to tranquillize and enliven, to keep the mind elevated and steadfast, the heart humble and tender: it is biblical theology,—the philosophy of religion, the religion of philosophy.”

And Literature, too, has its broader and its more special meaning. There may be brought into it all writing, all forms of thought, so that it shall include even science itself, and so Theology. But for our purpose it is the product of the human mind when it is exercised with reference to the form as well as the substance; when it produces poetry, philosophy, history, and whatever is cognate with these. It is whatever has cast itself into literary form, whether real or ideal. As distinguished from science, it deals with thoughts rather than things, with subjective ideas rather than objective facts, with personal impressions rather than with exact truth. In it fact and imagination join, and it is in its highest form the product of the idealizing faculty which works all material, from whatever source, into words of beauty and power. Literature is language clothing facts and thoughts, the dream

of the poet, the speculation of the philosopher, the lesson of the moralist, the truth of all things, in its own various dress. It is ancient and modern, of different nations and centuries and types, transient or permanent, stamped with the genius of an individual or of a country or of an age, the medium of intercourse between gifted minds and all minds, the preserver of thought, one of the strong pillars of human civilization. It is a great product and a great power, as Theology is. It is larger and more various. It touches the human mind at all points, its light and sober moods, its deepest convictions, its infinite imaginations, for instruction and for delight. Books do not contain all that man has accomplished, but a large and perhaps the best part. Into art, into government, into industry and trade, into great buildings and great cities, into life, he has put his genius, his power. But ideas go into literature to live and be perpetuated, and that it is which best represents man, and is one of his great educators. Literature belongs to high civilization, and is its consummate flower. It has its sins and diseases, as it has its virtues. It is no better than the men who produce it. It cannot do all things, for it cannot take the place of any other good thing in the social order, or in the spiritual life. But it has functions and uses which belong to nothing else. For it is a power of mind upon mind. It is an intellectual, a spiritual force, in a world too much ruled by the senses. It has power to charm and to refine, to teach and to enlarge. According to its subject and according to its quality, is it a power for good or for evil. Out of it come sweetness and bitterness, solace for the weary and sad, entertainment for our dull hours, for our mirth and our tears, inspirations for study, and truth for the curious and the hungry soul. It is a permanent fund for the supply of man's intellectual wants. Into it come the accumulations of a hundred generations, the streams which run down from the mountain-peaks which spring out of the

deep heart of the world. The folly in it perishes ; but that which is wise and true and vital endures, and reproduces itself, and becomes seed for new harvests. Literature intermingles with literature, the ancient with the modern, of one country with another, and the good of one becomes the common possession of all. Its great spirits shed their beams beyond the land of their birth, and by translation their works pass into the language and cultivation of universal man. Its great works are the meters of human progress, as well as its impelling powers. When it declines, life runs low, and its spirit and beauty wane. It revives with the revival of moral power and spiritual earnestness, while out of the revival of learning come the reformation of religion and a new age of the world.

Theology and literature stand side by side, are made to stand together now for an hour to be compared, to have their relations adjusted, to have their reciprocal influences measured, to touch their points of union or of oppugnance, that they may be seen in their double relation.

I. And first, we remember that Theology begins with a literature, and has to handle it, to draw material from it. There is a Theology of Nature, which draws its knowledge of God from the natural world, from the elder Scripture in matter and in the mind of man. But the supernatural Theology drawn from Revelation finds its material in a written word, in the Scriptures of faith. The revelation of God is greatest and central in a person, in the unveiling of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, in an Incarnation rather than a doctrine. But it is a revelation also in a Book. The Bible is a literature as well as a theology ; is a theology in a literature. And a very various literature it is, from primeval history in Genesis to pictorial prophecy in the Apocalypse. It is narrative and lyric, biographical and historical, didactic and poetic, in all the varieties of literary form known to the Hebrews, and covers a period of fifteen hundred years. It begins

in a Semitic tongue, though it ends in one of the Aryan languages. It rises in the deserts of the East, and ends in the great cities of the Roman Empire. It touches on the one side the grand and gloomy civilization of Egypt, on the other the gay and vigorous civilization of the Greek and the Roman. From the simplicities of Abraham's life, when God appeared to him among the hills of Canaan, to the logic and the passion of the letters of Paul, flying from city to city, is a long step. But the God of the patriarch is the God of the apostle, and He reveals himself in many ways. And it is the revelation of God in the history and the literature of Israel which is the endless study of the theologian. It is the revelation of God in this literature which has kept it alive, and, instead of perishing in the small land of its birth, it has scattered itself like coals of fire among most unlike and remote nations. It is this literature, as literature not equal to its contemporaries, which has kept alive the knowledge of God, not in Judea only, but among the strongest nations of the world.

A revelation as exact as a statute or a mathematical equation, handed down in a body, and put into a box for preservation, might make short and easy work for Theology. It might be given at once, or through one person, even through the incarnate Son of God, and in life, in act and suffering, as much as in word. But here it is in the most various writings, products of many authors and separated times. Here it is in writings which were for their own time, but which really are for all time. Here it is in prose and poetry, in simple narrative, in impassioned prophecy, in psalms for the Temple, and letters for Christian congregations, in such a dreary confession as Ecclesiastes, in such a "high and stately tragedy" as the Apocalypse. And the first office of the theologian is to extract it, to interpret it, to discriminate between the truth and the dress, the letter and the spirit, and so to reduce it from literary to scientific and dogmatic form.

He has to determine how much of it is literature and how much theology, and how far they interpenetrate each other. He may not be able to put his knife into the exact joint where the divine ends and the human begins, but he starts with the fact that the Word of the Eternal does not come in any supernatural language, but in the very style and words, through the very hearts and convictions and lips of men. It is such revelation of God and the invisible world as can be made in human language, and through a literature set apart for this purpose.

That in this interpretative office there must be an understanding of the laws of literature, and in some sense a literary training, is clear enough to be seen. There must be much more, but there needs to be that. The fifty-first Psalm contains a profound theology. But it is written according to the laws of the Hebrew tongue, the laws of grammar, the laws of rhetoric, as well as the laws of spiritual experience and the truth of God, and is to be interpreted accordingly. Spiritual insight, or theological belief, cannot take the place of critical analysis. If it is poetry it must be interpreted as poetry, though its source be deeper than the very heart of David in the inspiration of the Almighty. Literary taste, literary criticism alone, would fall far short of its sufficient interpretation. The mere *littérateur* has slender equipment for a theologian, and undertaking to discriminate literature and dogma makes much of one and little of the other. And so many a theologian, interpreting by his system rather than by the laws of language, making no difference between prose and poetry, cutting up the vital tissue of Scripture into severed proof-texts, applying logic to emotion, with no literary, perhaps no spiritual, sensibility, misses the real meaning of Scripture, and mistakes local or personal, or temporary or merely historical, peculiarity for everlasting truth. Out of the most unsystematic of books he has to draw such a system as he can. Out of

the flora of Palestine, growing free and wild, various and full of life, he is to extract the essence, and bottle it for use. It is very difficult to do it, though it may seem necessary that it should be done. A theology true to its office, so far as it goes to the Bible for truth, must learn first of all to interpret, to find the true meaning of the book, and all parts of it, and understand the vehicle as well as the truth it carries. It cannot understand one without understanding the other.

And then in what may be called practical theology, in lodging theological truth in the lay mind, in the use of it for spiritual edification and culture, it is of great advantage that Divine Revelation comes in a literary rather than a scientific or theological form. The variety, the beauty, the style of the Scriptures, their intellectual interest and stimulus, that spiritual truth is put into the language of the imagination, the biographical, historical, human element in the Bible, — in a word, that its theology is so literary, — all this adds greatly to its force. It may add to the difficulty of interpreting, of understanding it. But it stimulates interest, inquiry, sympathy. It takes hold of men as no general, abstract statement can. Four fifths of the Bible is historical and biographical. Truth is put into example, character, life. And without any conscious art it is often put with dramatic effect. It is often steeped in pathos. Much of it is in parable, and symbol, and figure. It reaches men through other avenues than the logical understanding, and so reaches them with tenfold power. Little of it is abstract truth. Nearly all of it is practical and close to life. It comes out of life, even the inmost life, and goes as far as it comes. And so it has become the reading of a hundred generations. "Our little systems have their day." Theologies come and go. Creeds even "are minished and brought low." They fail to satisfy the spiritual thirst of the Church. But the Bible, because it is a literature, because it is a revelation in a most human

and natural form, because spiritual truth speaks in the language of life rather than of the schools, because in it the divinest truths married themselves to biography and history, to song and letter, to human experience, to such literature as sprang out of the race and the times to which God spoke, has been the fresh, the continuous, the satisfying teacher of the Church.

II. As Theology springs out of a literature, so in its turn it also produces one. It makes its own literature. And theological literature has great bulk, and constitutes a very considerable fraction of the literature of the world. It is not simply Theology, systematic and scientific. There is a great body of that. From John of Damascus to Abelard, from Anselm to Grotius, from Calvin to Schleiermacher, from Turretin to Dorner, from the patristic theology to the scholastic, from the Augustinian to the Lutheran, from the Tridentine to the Rationalistic, the Church has been gathering a great store of organized theological thought. It is very various in quality and value. Some of it is dead. Some of it ought to be. Some of it belonged to its time, and is past. Some of it continues its influence under other names and forms. Some of it is subjective, and embodies individual and even singular opinion. Some of it is solid with eternal truth, and vital with Christ's spirit and power. All of it is a part of the history of human thought on the supreme questions of life. Through it runs continuity, and a certain genetic development, even through its conflicts and reactions. Put it all together, gather all the books in which it is written, and it makes an immense body of divinity, and a great body of literature as well.

But it is not all doctrinal or systematic. Into Theological Encyclopædia come, besides, exegetical, historical, apologetic, practical, and even comparative theology, and the apparatus for each and for the whole is immense. In every department the number of works is enormous. And

it increases rather than diminishes. No book, hardly any literature, gets so much study and comment as the Bible. Its interpretation, after all the centuries, does not come to an end, for its meaning is not exhausted. It is making new history. It is raising new questions. It has to settle accounts with every new philosophy. It comes into comparison with Koran and Veda; the theology of Christendom with that of all the other religions. The Greek and the Latin theologies, the Alexandrian and Augustinian, the Arian and the Athanasian, the Catholic and the Protestant, the earlier and the later, all have to be compared in their affinities and their differences. It defends itself against the new unbeliefs of every age. It employs an army of preachers to expound and apply it in all its relations to conduct, and the inner and immortal life of the soul. And so there is no end, hardly a bound, to its literature.

It is not easy to draw a line between the literature which is theological and that which is religious. The religious literature has in it more feeling, experience, life. It is less technical and more practical, less scientific and more personal. It is the flesh rather than the bones. It is mixed with other material. It parts with system and science. It is spiritual rather than logical. It has no dogmatic purpose. But, after all, theology lies back of it. It is theology applied, gone to flower and fruit. It is more religious than theological, and yet belongs to the literature of theology. It has theological truth for its basis, though mixed with personal conviction, and clothed in the language of life. And of such literature, the offspring of theology, there is a great variety and a great abundance. It takes many forms, in biography, in history, in poetry and fiction, in treatise and discourse. Into two streams has it specially run. The sermons and the hymns of the Church have been the exponents of its theology.

The sermon belongs both to theology and to literature. In its substance it must be theological, or it amounts to

little for its purpose. Whatever its structure, it must have a spine of truth, and to be effective it must be cast into a form quite unlike that of science and dogma. It must be argumentative, persuasive, impassioned theology. It must be theology passed through quite another process, and made over into a distinctively literary instrument. It must be, not the idea of the student, the theory of the philosopher, the doctrine of the theologian, but the speech of man to man. It may be the product of all other departments of theology, but it must be first of all homiletic, both in spirit and in style. In fact it must have style, address, that something which is added to bare truth to make it influential over the minds of men who hear. And this is personal, of the spirit, the faith, the passion of the speaker. This is literary, as belonging to the form as well as the matter, to the words as well as the thought. This is the product of literary as well as theological training. The oratory of the pulpit is a special department of eloquence, and a very considerable one it is. It has its own rules and methods, peculiar to its subject and purpose, and yet it belongs to that great body of public discourse which has added so much to literature. It is eloquence, only in another form and for another end. The pulpit of Christendom has had its great orators, and left its great works. It has added very much to theology, for many systems have been put into sermons. Some of its great preachers have been great theologians. And all its great preachers have added to the literature of Christendom. There is the eloquence of sermons unreported and unpreserved; the words of innumerable preachers through innumerable Sundays, written in no book, preserved only in their influence in human souls, and as powerful perhaps as those whose memory has been kept in books. And there is the long record of illustrious preachers, and the great volume of sacred eloquence, from Chrysostom and Gregory Nazianzen to Adolph Monod and Frederick

Robertson. They have lifted the sermon into a place in literature as high as that of the masterpieces of secular eloquence. It is through the sermon more than any one agency, than any literary agency, that Christianity has held its way in the world. Protestantism turns from what is done to what is said in the Church, from the altar to the pulpit, from the priest to the preacher, and its power is in the sermon. And the sermon must be as strong one way as it is the other; strong not only in what it says, but in its way of saying it. And then it becomes a contribution to theology and literature alike. The two join hands, and Christianity gains by the union. The truth takes form and life, and forges itself into words that go to their mark. The student becomes a preacher, and the sermon becomes more than his theology. It becomes a message from soul to soul. It puts on language, pathos, passion, ornament, whatever will transform speculation into conviction and truth into power. It takes the gun out of the armory and loads it. It arms doctrine, and sets it in the field to conquer. It is theology dressed, equipped, beautified, made persuasive, convincing, eloquent.

The relations of Theology and Hymnology are apparent enough. They may seem to be remote. And yet, if the Christian hymns are the product of religion and of religious feeling, it is the truth in religion which inspires the feeling, and finds expression in verse. A merely literary or sentimental hymn answers no good use of worship or of edification. It is as bad one way as a didactic or doctrinal hymn is the other. Versified theology is intolerable. And so is versified sentimentalism. The hymns which live and take hold of the spiritual life have both truth and poetry in them. Hymns are to sing, not to teach; for worship rather than instruction. And yet, as the Psalter rests on an underlying bed of truth, so our psalms and hymns must have their theology as well, if not as much, as the sermon. And it is in hymnology that the

theological belief as well as the spiritual life of the Church lodges itself. It is a vital part of Christian literature. In it theology and literature come together. It is the doctrine of God, the doctrine of Christ, the doctrine of immortality, which has been the inspiration of this literature. As literature, it has not often taken the highest or a very high form, account for it as we may. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, argues in his positive way that poetry and devotion are incompatible, and that we cannot expect much from the religious poets; that hymns must, from their nature, be poor. But with the multitude of poor hymns there are some good ones, and though the good hymns would not make a very large volume, they represent a great deal of Christian belief and Christian life. Christian genius began early to compose hymns for private devotion, and for the worship of the Church; and in every age, from Clement of Alexandria, even we may say from the time of Pliny, when Christians met "to sing hymns to Christ as God," the Christian theology has been singing itself in new hymns. Many have perished. Many will not pass critical judgment, though they still live. Many pass from one communion to another, and become the heritage of all the churches, and the sign of their common faith. In sublime antiphony the singers answer to each other, and no one of them singly satisfies the Church, or any division of it. The Catholic and the Moravian, the mystic and the ritualist, Ambrose the bishop and Watts the dissenter, Wesley the Methodist and Keble the Churchman, hymns ancient and modern, meet together in our hymn-books, and "one communion make." And if the shorter lyrics represent the private or the general Christian consciousness, there are the great hymns, the *Te Deum Laudamus*, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, the *Dies Irae*, the *De Contemptu Mundi*, which represent the theology of the Church and of their time. And all together the hymns of the

Church represent its true feeling and spiritual life better than its creeds. And they minister to it still more, perhaps. Formal and abstract theological statements have little power compared with the lyric and emotional doctrine contained in the hymnody of the Church. Without music, without singing, without hymns, its worship would be dry and powerless. They give wings to prayer and praise, and often edge and fire to the preaching. They make an atmosphere for the preacher's word. There are confessions, aspirations, hopes, even beliefs, which want poetry and music for their expression. And there is much of our theology which is sung into the hearts of the people. And they believe it, because they can sing it, and because they have heard it sung all their days.

III. But Theology not only produces a literature, it passes its own bounds, passes over into Literature, as a productive or at least an alterative power. And when we speak of Theology in Literature, I do not wish to confound Theology and Religion. And yet I know how hard it is to separate them. We can sever them in our thought, and yet not in their influence. We may ascribe to one what belongs to the other; to scholars and thinkers, to the philosophy of religion, what belongs to believers, to the beliefs and powers of spiritual life, to religion itself. And yet there is no religion without its philosophy. Wherever there is faith, there is something believed. The creed, the dogmatic statement, may not be an exact and adequate representation of the real belief which lies back of the spiritual life. Religion and the intellectual affirmation of it in doctrine may not correspond. And so, also, they may, and Religion and Theology may be mated as structure and organism, as body and life, as the rose and its fragrance. And whichever is prior,—whether the doctrine or the life, the truth or the faith, be the cause and antecedent,—they are united, and cannot in real religious experience be severed. It is absurd to speak of Chris-

tianity as a life, if by that is meant that it is not also a truth, a doctrine, a fact believed. It is the one because it is the other. And it has power in the world : it has gone into all things, into law, literature, ethics, civilization, with leavening power, because it has something in it, something real, true, divine ; because it is a fact, and has a philosophy like all other facts. It is a religion because it is a theology ; it is a theology because it is a religion. And it is evident that, whether in its intellectual form as thought, or in its religious form as life, or both together, religion, both as religious truth and religious faith, may enter into literature, as into anything else which it touches, with power and with effect. Scientific thought, philosophic thought, even social fashion and tendency, affect literature, and so quite as much does theological thought. It is a force, with other forces, to mould, direct, color, to elevate or depress, to enlarge or contract the literature of the world. And it does this according to its own nature.

Ideas are the potent forces in literature, as in most human things. It may take its form from other influences. It may have a certain beauty, and even power, while it is shallow, and pervaded with an entirely secular or merely literary spirit. Grace may go with flippancy ; elegance of language with superficial or false thought. Even in English literature, most of which is so sober, so opulent, so noble, there is some which is brilliant as it is worthless. Scepticism, passion, worldliness are in it, and even with such charm of style as belongs to the best things. But its fertile and splendid periods have been those of ferment and spiritual struggle, when great ideas were moving through society, and new life as well as finer culture made itself felt in literature. And ideas, grand and beautiful thoughts, make themselves felt in style ; not always in rhetorical grace and ornament, but in elevation, solidity, force. In Bacon and Milton and Burke there is something beyond the reach of art, a power back

of the style, which makes that powerful even with its faults. They speak *for* something, for something besides themselves or for effect. Ideas, great and far-reaching ideas, do not so much shape form and expression, but they give longer perspective, "the light that never was on sea or land," the shadow which falls from beyond the world, the tone, the spirit, the strength, the depth, which are not uttered in words, but which mark literature with a certain stamp of greatness. Ideas are not so much formative as productive, vital, impregnative. And they fill literature with power, a power of their own.

And this is what Theology does. It supplies Literature with vital, productive forces, not so much in the form of dogmas as in alterative, regulative, efficient truths, which often work underground, which raise the temperature, which start and quicken new inspirations, which lift its level and broaden its outlook. For it is the office of Theology to bring into the field of human thought an element which in itself and in its bearings is of first magnitude, and cannot be inefficient. It brings the whole realm of the supernatural to bear on men's conceptions of Nature and Life. God, Man, Nature, these make up the sum of being. These three make the staple of all inquiry, all thinking, all knowledge. We partition them to Theology, Literature, and Science, inexact and intercrossing as the division is. They refuse to stay apart, though for certain purposes of thought they may be considered separately. And it makes a great difference, in human thought about Man and Nature, whether God is omitted or included. They may be known and understood by themselves as facts; but when they are brought into relation with an Eternal Origin and Cause and Ruler, they take on a new complexion. We connect the universe with an Infinite Intelligence, and that great light behind it, and shining through it, transfigures it. That belief makes it another thing, though to the scientific intellect it is just the same.

Indeed, science itself has made the universe new, a larger world of profounder secrets, and when Theology introduces its ideas and beliefs it does the same. Knowledge of Nature reveals it in its reality and glory, and knowledge of God sheds into it a similar, perhaps greater, revealing light.

Literature deals with Nature chiefly in poetry, but it would draw us too far aside to inquire into the modifying influence which Christianity has had upon the poetry of the modern world, and especially the poetry of Nature. It has had a great influence, and one often unintended and unacknowledged. Literature, however, deals chiefly with man, and finds its great field in human life. It is made out of human thought and experience, out of man's thought about himself and his condition and doings. It is man's story, his autobiography, his interpretation of his own nature and experience.

*"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus,"*

as Juvenal said of his book, is the mixture in all books. He puts himself into literature, what is trifling, what is profound in him; his thought, his life; his life as much as his thought. And so, whatever goes into either, whatever touches the deep springs of each, whatever gives him larger or profounder thought, whatever makes life more serious, more noble, finer and richer, shows itself in what he writes. And here it is that Theology comes to touch Literature with a power which is not in itself, with the powers of the world above and to come. For it comes not only to reveal God, but to reveal man to himself as a spiritual creature, and not a dusty meteor; the child of God, and not of mollusks; heir to an endless life, with a personal immortality, and not involved only in a mighty cycle of cosmic changes. It comes to disclose the deep and awful mystery of life as moral, as subject to moral laws, as subject to moral evil, original and hereditary, as

moved upon by powers of divine redemption, and taken up into a new life in God. It comes, above all, loaded with the grand mystery of Divine Incarnation, of human life as shared and glorified by the suffering Son of God, and so in its purpose, its dignity, its destiny highly exalted by the divine partnership. It declares the kingdom of God, that it is coming, not up out of the heart of the race, but down out of heaven; that it is coming, not in hope and dream and prophetic vision, but in fact, in mighty power, in divine beauty, in universal dominion. It sets every man into brotherhood with his race, and identifies humanity with Christ, the Supreme Man, the Eternal Son of God. It unfolds into intelligible order, into grandeur as a fact, into clearness and harmony as a system, the spiritual revelation of God, the holy redemption of Christ, the truth not only as it is in Nature or in Life, but as it reaches beyond them, and connects them with an invisible world and an Eternal God. And so the truth of Theology, that which it through ages has been trying to explain, is not gathered from common observation, the result simply of a human experience, or of scientific discovery.

"Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old ;"

and, deeper yet, out of the depths of the Infinite Spirit revealing himself to the world. They have power corresponding to their source and their significance; to their remote reach beyond earthly things, and their universal and perpetual verity. They have power, therefore, to penetrate the secret sources of literature, and feed it with such ideas and inspirations as contribute to its strength and its elevation, to its reverence and humaneness, to its sobriety and earnestness, to its sanity and beneficence, to its truth as well as its power, to all the noblest qualities in it.

In two ways, at least, Literature feels the influence of theological truth. The first has been already intimated.

It is a generative, productive force, for it supplies ideas, material, the stuff out of which literature is made; not always in theological or any definite form, but as background and support, as the understood and implied basis of other thought. There are truths, conceptions of the universe, of life, which underlie it, and are felt in it, as the stability and gravity of the globe are felt by everything upon it. They exert their influence often when they are disavowed, and many a poet is more Christian than he is willing to confess. Is there no echo of the Book of Job in Goethe's Faust? Could Byron, or Shelley, or Victor Hugo escape the power of doctrines they did not consciously believe? Must not Tennyson's "In Memoriam" have centuries of Christian theology back of it? The Greek drama in its three great writers is strong and solemn with the Greek theology, — the theology of Nemesis following hard after guilt; the theology of conscience discovering retribution without a revelation. The theology of the Middle Age is not more in the writings of Thomas Aquinas than in

"The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme."

Milton "drank deep from Siloa's brook," and found material as well as inspiration in the Bible, and in Puritan theology. What made Lycidas and the Paradise Lost possible, if not these? The unique, I might almost say the transcendent, book in English literature is "The Pilgrim's Progress." Its place in letters is something like its place in spiritual experience. Imagination has clothed the doctrines of evangelical theology in a form so homely, yet dramatic, in a speech so racy, and yet so intelligible, in a story so simple, so realistic, so thoroughly English, so thoroughly human, that a plain dissenting minister takes the primacy of the great divines, and almost of the great poets, of his country. And whether it owes most to the genius of Bunyan, or the theology of Bunyan, may be difficult to say.

I hardly know whether it is an instance of the influence of Theology on Literature, or of the independent testimony of Literature to theological truth, that the great element in human experience which it is left to Theology to emphasize, namely, the fact of sin, should have been delineated by great writers in a most untheological manner, and even by those who are most averse from a strong Christian theology. Fiction, dealing with human nature, and uncovering its secret places, has encountered this dread fact in life, and has to describe the struggles of the human soul with conscious guilt. It cannot avoid it, whether it be treated seriously or satirically. And the masters have probed far enough to find how deep and obstinate it is, and that Theology has not exaggerated the disease, whatever they may think of its remedy. Hawthorne and George Eliot and Victor Hugo are far enough from John Bunyan in their theology. But in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun," in "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch," and in "Les Misérables," there are pictures of sin and its secret working, and its sure retribution, which bring the orthodox allegorist and the unorthodox novelists into company. Whether Theology creates such experiences, or Literature finds them in the soul and in life and reports them, the two come together here on common ground, and respond to each other.

And so it is spirit as well as truth, inspiration more than doctrine, tendency rather than belief, which Literature takes from Theology. It may take ideas more or less bodily. But like everything human it is quite as susceptible to the subtle powers, the spiritual movements, the currents in the atmosphere, which come into it for evil or for good. And the mightiest and most penetrative of these are born of religion. It is not always that the controlling forces in Literature are those of charity, of righteousness, of faith, which Christianity supplies. But it has felt them, and when it has, when a spiritual life has

breathed its wholesome and reviving breath into it, it has risen into an instrument of power. Its great periods are those when it ceases from the play of fancy, and the part of mere polite literature, as it used to be called, and by its sincerity, its earnestness, its depth, shows that a stronger life, drawn from invisible sources, is struggling in its veins. Christianity has made a great change in the world's thinking. But it has also set afloat in the air of the world a new spirit, a temper, a tone of feeling as well as of thinking, something softer and yet harder, a more stringent virtue, and yet a more tender humanity, a breath out of higher regions, tempering the human atmosphere in which we live ; and that has been felt in modern literature, and left there a distinct sign of a new element in it.

Theology acts also as a conservative force in literature, and that it greatly needs. It has no power of its own to protect itself against the diseases and vices to which it is liable, and which vary according to the spirit of its time. No vigor of genius, no beauty of style, no stretched wing of imagination, no "intellectual power, which through words and things goes sounding on a dim and perilous way," no contact with real life, no infusion of practical wisdom, is sufficient to keep it pure, salutary, undecaying. It needs the moral power, the spiritual health, which come out of faith, and faith in such doctrines as Theology teaches. It needs in it and behind it the profound and controlling spiritual beliefs, which, whether they take theological form or not, exercise a restraining, purifying, invigorating power. Often it needs the curative and medicinal virtues of religion, always its vital and virile force.

Literature, in the first place, is very liable to become utilitarian, and even in its ethics to follow prudence rather than right. The utilitarian spirit infects literature as readily as it does life, and with worse effect. For it is

there we look for the power of the ideal. There, if anywhere, the expedient must yield to a higher law. There truth and virtue are to find their fortress. There society finds leadership and the best inspirations. And when it falls under the dominion of worldliness, when it goes to the market for its law, when writers write for gain or a living, and not as prophets of ideas and teachers of their time, when it inquires for benefit rather than for truth, then Literature needs salvation, and can have it only from a diviner doctrine, which puts God on the throne, and an eternal moral law on the conscience, and confronts men with the wrong rather than the consequences of their evil deeds. Theology itself and the pulpit have been invaded by this doctrine which persuades men to be good that they may be happy, and tries to frighten them out of sin by its penalty. And when literature, ethics, and religion come down to this low ground, and utility is the test of all things, then the nobleness has gone out of life, and heroism out of human action, and the glory has passed from the heavens themselves,—

“The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.”

It is for a spiritual philosophy, a Christian theology, to bring men back to the eternal ground on which life is built; to restore to Literature its lost health and virtue. The Paleys and the Mills may charm by the transparency of their style, but a literature pervaded by their philosophy cannot long hold the hearts of men. It is set to too low a key. Its poetry may be as metrical and musical as Pope's or Gray's, but it lacks soul, and the infinite pathos of that which has an eternal background, and recognizes the majesty of duty, and the mystery of human life. The “literature of power” strikes another string, and echoes to a profounder and more heroic faith. It thinks of man and life after a higher style than the utilitarian philosophy. It goes back where Christian philos-

ophy goes, and from its great ideas and beliefs takes vitality and soundness, and an antidote against every debasing tendency.

Literature goes a step lower when in a materialistic age it catches its spirit, and loses spiritual clearness and elevation. Literature and Art become the ministers, not only of utilitarian principles, but of unlawful passions, and, instead of arresting gross and sensual tendencies, surrender to them, unless the power of a true and high theology comes in to counteract. It is no evil that man subjects nature to his uses, and improves his outward life by making it more commodious. This is an evidence of his power, and of his superiority. But when the master of the material world makes it minister to his luxury or self-indulgence, when at its table he stimulates appetite, when by its conveniences he takes all strenuousness and self-denial out of life, when "wealth accumulates and men decay," then degradation befalls civilization, and literature with it. And it is the spiritual which must triumph over the material. It is the revelation of an invisible world and of the spiritual side of life, it is the doctrine which maintains the supremacy of spiritual interests and the authority of God, that the soul alone is great and its redemption is in a Christ risen from the dead, and that materialism is only atheism in disguise, which turns the tide, and pours into literature a sanative element. This only can substitute for the disgusting realism which smells foul to heaven a pure and purifying ideal. This only can purge the grossness of sensualism out of novels and poems. This must redeem philosophy from its bondage to sense, from theories which make genius and virtue, and faith even, the product of an evolution from the lowest forms of life, and even of matter itself. This is the mission of Theology in our day, one of its highest calls, to establish the origin of man, and the substance of human life, on a spiritual basis; to assert the primacy of intelligence and

will over all hereditary instincts ; to prove that mind goes before matter, and is its master ; and to advance the arms of a spiritual Christianity against all the passions and philosophies of materialism. It is a dread and mighty enemy, invading and subsidizing Literature, and so spreading and perpetuating its poison. But Christianity, if it has a philosophy, if it has a theology, and they have in them truth and power, is able to meet and conquer it.

And with these evils, and after them as their sequel, Literature suffers from scepticism. And this is not so much a doubt about special points and peculiarities of theological dogma, as an unbelief which hides God and a spiritual world, and obscures or obliterates the fundamental verities of religion itself. It goes deeper than any particular theology over which believers may differ. The existence and government of God, his incarnation in Christ Jesus, his revelation in the Scriptures, the power and work of his Spirit among men, the coming of his kingdom, and the immortal life, are truths at the foundation of Theology, and when they wane and perish out of the minds of men, they deprive Literature of blood and nourishment. Unbelief shuts it up in a narrowed world, under a firmament of brass impenetrable to prayer, under an eclipse which hides the infinite heavens, and contracts the horizon of life to our mortal years and our earthly interests. And the Literature which has no wider outlook than that, which gives to trifles the dignity which belongs to everlasting things, which treats earthly things as if there were nothing above them, which only doubts where it does not scoff, which, without denying eternal truth, only insinuates its uncertainty, or makes light of its importance, lacks the weight and the force which give it permanence, lacks the inspiration which lifts it into the broad fields of air, and sets it flying on sustained and sublime wing. There may be genius, as for instance like George

Eliot's, which in spite of agnosticism has dramatic power and subtle insight; but it becomes heavy and sad with its pessimistic doubts, with a despair which belongs wherever faith has been dismissed. It does not minister to the best part of our nature, to our hopes and our infinite longings, to our imaginations and our faiths, whatever it may bring for the gratification of sentiment or intellectual culture. There is a great deal of Literature sparkling with wit, beautiful with poetic grace, hard with good sense, copious with information, but without profound conviction, or a serious facing of life and its questions, empty of moral earnestness or spiritual aspiration. It is intellectually brilliant, but not what mankind wants. Its negations discourage, and do not help to a better knowledge of the truth, or a dearer love of it. It destroys, while knowledge and faith and charity and righteousness wait to be created, and society suffers by the loss. Doubt may have its office and its benefit in an age of superstition and credulity. But it is not constructive. It produces nothing. And often it tramples on and withers the tender and sweet life of goodness which would come to maturity in the soil of faith. It cannot in an enlightened age penetrate literature without mischief. Its tendency is to disintegrate and undermine, to blight fine feeling, to beget satire and cynicism rather than sincerity and courage. It takes the moral strenuousness out of Literature, and so lowers its tone as an intellectual production. Broad views, great thoughts, profound convictions, even catholic sympathies, grow out of faith. And so it is belief, it is a sound and reasonable Theology, it is the truth which Theology handles, and belief in it, which is the restorative, conservative, vitalizing element in Literature. It is the corrective of doubt, as a sceptical spirit, as unspiritual philosophy, as unbelieving thought, are the weakness and distemper of Literature.

IV. And now, in its turn, what has been the reaction of Literature upon Theology? For theological thought

is open to all the influences afloat, and takes direction, takes color at least, from other causes than those within its own bosom. It is not different from other kinds of knowledge and thought, because it deals with eternal truth, and has a divine revelation to start from. There is no rigid, fixed, unchangeable system, or, if there is one which is made so by the will rather than the reason of its creators and supporters, time, and the agencies which with time make change in all human things, leaves it behind, or sets it crumbling.¹ We are on a river, and the point of view alters as we go on. It never continues in one stay. The hills are now on this side, and now on that, and sometimes turn out to be clouds. What seemed a mountain in front of us sinks into a plain as we leave it behind. It is with Theology as it is with all science. Nature, too, like truth, is a fixed quantity, her facts indubitable, her laws unalterable. But the science of nature is in constant flux. What seemed to be a fact in the last century is not one in this. The knowledge, the interpretation alters, while nature remains the same, the ancient heavens, the stable earth, the old order, the fixed law. It is so with Theology.

In some ages, and under certain ecclesiastical conditions, it seems possible to keep Theology fixed, in its symbols at least, though then, if there is any intellectual activity, the fixity is only outward and in seeming. But when thought is emancipated, and freedom in religion is absolute ; when philosophy, political economy, physical science, a democratic spirit, diffused education, social reform, missionary propagandism come in to change the intellectual conditions under which thought goes on ; when Theology itself feels its conscious relationship with all other knowledge as never before, — it cannot escape whatever influence Literature can exert upon its substance and its form. There are no fences to protect it from whatever wind may blow.

¹ Fronde, *Life of Bunyan*, chap. ix.

It feels the spirit of the age, whatever it is. Either in yielding or in oppugnance, it confronts whatever influences affect human opinion, and makes terms of alliance or resistance with the thought of its time.

In the beginning it started out in the face of the great and finished literatures of the ancient world. How much influence they had on the development of Christian thought, on the formation of the Christian creeds, is one of the problems of historical theology. The Apologists, trained as most of them had been under their influence, had to set themselves in antagonism to them, for they embodied in splendid form a mythology, a religious conception, from which they had revolted. Some of the early writers, especially of the Alexandrian school, were ready to acknowledge any signs of truth, any foreshadows of Christianity, in the Pagan literature. But the break of the new religion from the old, from the whole spirit of the ancient world and its literature, was too decided for any willing debt to the heathen writers. Justinian closed the schools of Athens in the interests of the orthodox faith, as Julian before had interdicted Christians from giving instruction in the learning of the time, in the interests of revived Paganism. But early and late, earlier Plato, and later Aristotle, had a power in moulding the thought of Christendom beyond that of any Christian philosopher. It was the logic of Aristotle which dominated the scholastic theology. The feud between Nominalism and Realism was inherited from the antagonism between the two great systems of ancient philosophy, and the quarrel became theological. And the Renaissance was but the restoration of the old literatures to their lost influence. The Humanists brought them back, and made them contribute to the intellectual movement which was stirring Christendom when the Protestant Reformation appeared. The rise of the universities, the invention of printing, the capture of Constantinople and the scattering

of its scholars, the new learning in Italy, and such pupils and teachers of it as Erasmus and Colet and Reuchlin, joined with the spiritual forces of the Reformation to liberate and re-fashion Theology. And as a sequel to that came a great and rich German literature, fruitful in many ways, and most intimately connected with a wonderful theological productiveness. Products of the same intellectual quickening, they could not be independent. Philosophy, with a genius and a vigor worthy of the best days of Greece, attacked every problem of existence and thought, and so could not help crossing the field of dogmatic theology at every point. Criticism, searching as any chemical agent, spent itself on every language and every literature, and carried its methods and its spirit into exegetical and historical theology. The great writers, like Lessing and Herder, Schiller and Goethe, Novalis and Richter, Niebuhr and Schlegel, and the rest, created an atmosphere in which Theology took a wonderfully diversified character. And if in some of its developments it was liberal beyond all bounds, and rationalistic beyond all reason, and speculative even to dizziness, the very spirit and freedom and boldness which literature infused into it has carried theological knowledge forward to a line never reached before.

And this suggests the fact that Literature may be a hindrance or a help to Theology. It has been both. It may weaken, and it may strengthen. I do not undertake to square the account between the two. Often, I imagine, Theology has shut itself up in its closet, as if jealous, or afraid, or even exclusive. But in this free age of the world it must meet all comers. Because it has such sure and sacred truth to hold and preserve and transmit, it can stand out on the open field and ask no favors. It ought to answer all questions without fear, as without doubt. With such truth in its hands, it must be careful and reverent. But it must not be timid or arrogant. It

must give the liberty it asks. Literature may doubt its conclusions, may ridicule its claims, may pervert its teachings, may even put itself in its place, and undertake to answer its questions, without preparation and out of hand. But what then? Let us see how the case stands.

Literature may be a competitor, a rival, in influence. And herein it may have advantage. In poetry, in fiction, in history, even in philosophy, it may be more attractive. From the nature of Theology, from something in human nature itself, Literature is likely to find more readers. To be sure, Theology has no reason to complain. It has Sunday, a seventh of life. It has the pulpit. It has the Church. It has a good share of Literature itself. But as against depth and seriousness and authority, Literature has more variety. It is lighter. It draws into itself more human feeling, the passions, the pathos, the humor, it may be the grace and *esprit*, which Theology in most of its forms lacks. And so it may take from a great many people the interest, the hospitality, the sympathetic faith, which belongs to a higher order of truth. And so it may stand in the way, and be an impediment to the influence, if not to the cultivation, of Theology. In the student, in the preacher, in the course of liberal study, in the number of minds it enlists, in the place it holds in human thought, Literature may have a power disproportioned to its relative importance.

And so it may weaken Theology, not only by subtracting from its influence, but by dilution, by diminishing theological enthusiasm, by substituting a literary for a theological point of view, by producing in its student a critical and æsthetic rather than a scientific and evangelical spirit. The strength of Theology is in its truth. But as, according to St. Paul, the truth may be held in unrighteousness, so it may be held in feebleness, in misunderstanding, in inconsistency, in the letter and not in the spirit, professionally, by tradition, by education, as a literary acquisi-

tion rather than a spiritual conviction. Not that theological truth is weakened by wearing the best literary dress. Far otherwise. Not that it is not weakened in force by a harsh, crabbed, conventional, awkward, or feeble style, by want of logic and by want of proportion. For it is. But Theology is a science by itself, and deals with a truth of its own. And a mixture of other elements, certainly of superficial, foreign, or false elements, emasculates it. It may be too literary to be sound, to be vigorous, even to be true.

Another influence of Literature may be to liberalize Theology, which may weaken or may strengthen it. That depends on the Theology, and whether it needs liberalizing or not. The dogmatizing tendency may go to an extreme, or all stiffness or solidity of doctrine may have fallen out, and left a Theology without a bone or even a muscle in it. In nineteen hundred years Christian Theology has taken many forms, and the student of its history finds that truth is a great deal larger than opinion, and that no theologian, no system, no church has its exclusive patent. It is a progressive science, as all sciences are. And when somebody in his infallibility sits down and says, "There is no more to be known; it is no use to go any further, Theology at last is finished, and here it is as I hold it," he is not even fit for the Roman Church, which possibly may allow a little difference of opinion. Theology is out in the world, and amidst the currents which wear upon the firmest things. Its foundations are not to be moved. But it has through all its ages felt the touch of time and change. And its ardent, believing students hold themselves open to the light, from whatever quarter it comes. And if Literature, if Philosophy, History, Poetry, Fiction, loosen excessive dogmatism, and extend the frontiers of theological thought, and replace pedantry by scholarship, and so join with the spirit of Christ to imbue theologians with patience, with charity, with faith in truth rather than party,

with love and trust as well as with courage and fidelity, Theology will not suffer, but in the end will grow to its full stature and strength. There is a liberalism which doubts if there is any truth, any certitude, any settled and ultimate Theology; and it never finds any rest for its weary feet. It never helps any soul except into endless speculation and bottomless scepticism. It denies much and believes little, and often is more liberal for unbelief than it is for faith. And when Literature becomes a lodge and a conduit for such liberality, it only weakens itself.

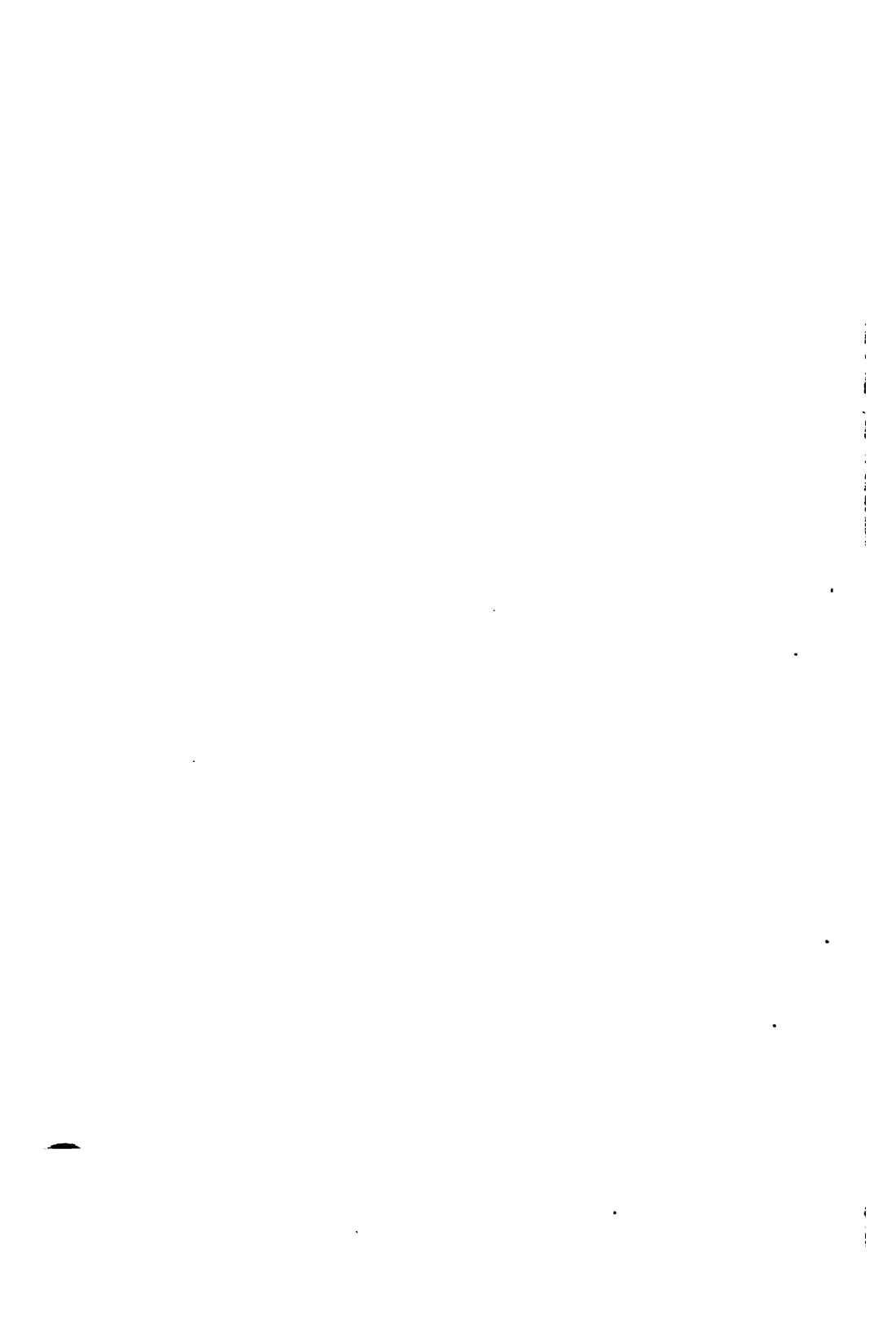
And so, also, Literature may be a mediator and avenue of communication for Theology. We have already seen how much it owes to Theology, and it pays the debt as it receives into itself theological truths and influences, and becomes their treasurer and distributor. It takes toll on all it carries, for it thus becomes stronger, richer, more true itself. And so it serves a science which needs to have its conclusions put into such form as goes nearest home to men's thoughts and hearts. So it may turn grain into bread for man's daily consumption. So it may turn the truth of Christ into essay and discourse and poem, into the books which people read, and deposit in the language of the nations the mighty doctrines which have redeemed Christendom out of heathendom, and changed the civilization of the world. So it may become religious without being theological, and spiritual without being scientific. So it may become the instrument of the highest thought and the evangelist of God. So it may take into itself the forces of divine revelation, and live by their vitality, and last when the literatures of sin and doubt and superstition perish.

We are here in a school devoted altogether to the study of Theology, and where it holds the first place. All other knowledge, all other culture, is tributary to it. It is a noble, an exacting, a rewarding study, and happy are they who pursue it in the spirit belonging to it. To be well-

learned and well-grounded in it, not in some special and narrow part of it, but in the whole science, critical, doctrinal, historical, practical, is the object of an education here. This institution keeps a high standard of theological learning, as understanding its relations to a strong ministry, to the growth and power of the Church, to sound theology and practical godliness. Well has it fulfilled its noble trust.

From the course of thought we have been following for the hour, I think it will be seen that Theology does not stand alone. Supreme as it is in the studies of this place, and as it is to be in your future studies, there are also literary studies, which substituted for it would be for mischief, but which joined with it as ancillary may add to its value. Theology and Literature may be friends and allies; they need not be hostile. The reconciling, mediating office belongs especially to all ministers of the Word who study Theology in order to preach it, and who will preach it most effectively as they are able to mix the truth it gives them with a spiritual experience of its power, and the literary culture by which they give it large and worthy and acceptable utterance. This, Christian brethren, is your privilege, and a part of your high calling, to possess yourselves of a sound, an intelligent, a thorough Theology, and to join with it whatever will make it useful, practical, effectual, faithful to your Master, Christ Jesus, and an instrument of salvation and of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment to all who hear it.

ADDRESSES AND SERMONS.



ADDRESSES AND SERMONS.

LITERATURE IN ACCOUNT WITH LIFE.¹

PRESIDENT ANGELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

THE day which calls together the sons of a college to celebrate the privilege of their calling as scholars is bright beyond most other days in the calendar. It is sacred to thought, to reason, to inquiry, to good learning, to liberal culture, to one of the first interests of life. It is the birthday of a new generation of students, who fill the vacancies which the years leave. It calls back the students of other days, many of them perhaps remembering studies which more exacting pursuits long ago brought to an end, but while mourning the disappointment of their young dream, feeling for a day at least that they were once scholars, and have a name and a place in the goodly fellowship. It brings here the guardians, the authorities, the graduates, the students, the friends of this great university, to exchange congratulations, to auspicate the future, to praise the scholar's calling and work.

Eis Athenas was the choral strain of the Thracian maids. Up to Athens we come, to find under these oaks of Michigan a philosophy as genuine and as high as under the olives of the Academy ; to drink again the old inspiration ; to renew the sweet communion which belongs to every spot where study and learning find a home. And if many come who have served other gods than the classic

¹ An address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the University of Michigan, June 25, 1885.

ones to which they made their young vows; who have found less room than they expected for the liberal culture which was their early aspiration; who to-day confess that they know more of life than of letters, that affairs have displaced studies, that they have denied to scholarship what has been given to more tempting or more urgent pursuits, — surely they belong here by birthright as by sympathy, and come up to Athens to pay, at least, the tribute which every good citizen owes to academic institutions and culture. Life has taken some flavor and charm from early studies, even where it has limited or closed them. Life has been making use of academic training in the midst of demands hostile to its continuance. And every student who has been drawn into the most practical and unclassic pursuits has at least his memory of earlier and dearer things, and in his departure may take shelter, at all events, under the authority of Lord Bacon. "That," he says, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined and united together than they have been,— a conjunction like unto that of the highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil liberty and action."

So, at least, life and literature seem to come together here and face each other to-day; and called as I am by the partiality of an old friendship to be the voice of this literary festival, and obliged by an unwritten law of the occasion to speak of some interest of literature, what more natural than to examine the account between the two, and especially to calculate how much, after all, literature owes to life! The other course appears to be more natural, perhaps suitable. One who has the ear of such an assembly seems to owe it to his calling and the occasion to plead the claim of letters as against all comers. In a University, and on its great holiday, it may seem an offense against the genius of the place and the hour to do anything but

declare the glory of letters. In a time and a country where industrial and political interests carry captive even our scholars, with so many to mourn that literature has not had its chance, and that even the universities are surrendering the humanities to scientific and utilitarian studies, it may seem disloyal to the mistress of our vows not to urge the interests of literature, and establish the great debt which life, which society, which civilization owes to it and whatever promotes it. But whichever side of the shield we face, be it silver or golden, we shall find that it has a reverse, and that the two are really debtors to each other. In fact, it may prove before we get through that it is for the sake, and in the very interest of literature, that life pushes its claim, and comes forward into the midst of this literary festival, and before this learned court, to prove it. We may find that the scholar, the writer, even the poet and the dreamer, is indebted to the very life which in so many high ways is indebted to him.

It has been the fortune of educated men in this country — perhaps, to those who to-day revive recollections of years given wholly to study, it seems rather a misfortune and hardship — to be obliged, even on account of their education, to mix actively with life and bear a responsible part in its burdens. They are the ones who have been drafted for the great exigencies of our civilization. They lead a strenuous intellectual life, but it is professional, rather than literary or scholastic. They spend enough mental power to produce a literature, but in works of quite another order. The intellectual energies which have gone into American civilization are neither small nor feeble. They have been mighty and productive. But they have run to something besides literature, whether better or worse. The national mind has not yet reached the late, ripe stage when it blooms most naturally into these finer products. It has been drawn into other fields, with fruit

as substantial and necessary, if not as brilliant. It has been compelled to adjourn literature till it could build a better house to live in. Here was a continent to explore and possess. Here were states to be founded. Here was a national order to settle, even to fight for. Here was a bright, free, multiplying people to educate and evangelize. Here were great enterprises in commerce, in industry, in charity. Here were great experiments in education, in government, in religion, in social order, in which literature could have little weight. Thought, knowledge, genius, have been put into works of construction, rather than of culture; into cities, roads, ships, the school, the church, the state. This immense, eager life, hot with irrepressible energies, fighting with the wilderness and pushing it westward, breaking out into sudden cities, into states which are empires almost as soon as they are born, tasked with the necessities of a new order of society, stimulated by the passions of a free democracy, excited by unusual opportunities, running a race with the best things under the sun, charged with destinies as great as any which have ever come out of the world's greatest ages, it has drawn out all our funds for our immediate use, and left little for art and letters. The brain of the nation, which is not dull, has been taxed, perhaps extremely, by all this great demand. Had the mind of the country been suppressed into the small civic and economic opportunities of some European state, it might have been as fruitful in purely intellectual production. The water which might have supplied a few aspiring and sparkling fountains has been kept on the common level, and carried in more humble and useful courses from house to house. Our experiment would have come to a miserable conclusion long ago if the genius of the country had been busy in literature, breeding scholars instead of men. Literature has been compelled to wait, not by lack of intellectual force, not by defect of inspiration, but by a necessity profound

as the providential purpose which is creating a new history on this side of the planet. In an ideal commonwealth, the scholar might have come first. In a small one, with a short course to run, literature might have ripened early. But here, by profound laws of sociology, this was not possible. By the very laws which made the continent so wide, and the race of people so energetic, and the problems to be solved so complex, and life here so eager, so new, so practical, literary productiveness has been delayed. Either literature or life must give way, and the stronger has taken possession.

And then, moreover, literature has been deferred by our having one already on hand. That immense intellectual property to which we are heirs compensated for all the loss we have suffered by the drafts of practical life. We entered upon our career with a literary estate on the other side of the sea large enough to supply our needs, while engaged in more exigent business. While the active thought of the nation has been depositing itself in inventions, industries, institutions, which carry forward civilization and give hope to mankind, its intellectual life has been fed from the accumulated supplies of other lands and times, and above all from the stores which English thought has gathered in five centuries as much for the benefit of America as of England. It has been worth a thousand years of history to begin with so much behind us; that we could start with a literature, living and accumulating, which released the genius of this new world for other service. The literature of England is ours by every title, except that of being born here. It was the creation of our spiritual ancestry. It comes to us in the language in which we were born. It is hardly foreign or imported by simply crossing seas. That even gives it the unique flavor which native fruit might lack. And a great inheritance it is. The ages have furnished no better. Into it are expressed the juices of the modern world; the blood of the

good races, the thought of the most virile and free ones; the softness of the Norman and the mettle of the Saxon; the renascent learning and the reformed faith into which the spirit of classic life and the finest forces of divine religion descended; the love of nature which belongs to the Englishman, with the love of truth which belongs to the loftiest souls. It traverses the whole width of human life, almost of the human mind. Rooted in the real, standing on the solid earth, it touches the ideal and infinite on every side. Mounting into the highest heaven of invention, it is never lost in the clouds. Tender and gracious it is with pathos and an infinite humor; pure and sanative with moral wisdom and spiritual faith; so sincere, so catholic, so vigorous; so opulent in matter, so various in style, so humane in temper. And then it uses, and enriches by using, a language spoken by more tongues than any civilized speech; a language so pliant to all thought; as stiff as steel and as elastic; limber to love; sonorous as a bugle to liberty or to war; now homely and now stately; clear with the lucidity of truth, and yet bright with the beams of poetry; strong enough for any passion, and versatile enough for the lightest trifles or the most solemn discourse. The literature of England, product of so many struggles, of ages so different in their events and their temper, of a national life never monotonous, never stagnant, and even when insular, intense and vigorous, let it come alone, it would greatly enrich us. There is very little of it inapt or foreign. Later affluents, from France a century ago, from Germany in the last fifty years, have run into the main stream of American intellect; but it is England which has given us most, and so much as to become a very controlling and vital fact in our history. For it has released the mind of the country for other work. In the midst of this work it has saved us from intellectual decline. In the beginning, when our fathers were cast upon bare nature, in the periods of tran-

sition, when the backward tendencies which belong to life in a new country in its rude, exhausting conflicts with the wilderness were strong, and all through the perils of our history, this possession has been a part of our salvation. It has helped arrest tendencies toward barbarism, materialism, coarseness. It has kept open the doors into the ideal world. It has imparted to a new people the virtues and inheritances of age. It has kept us from breaking from that past in which the wealth of nations often lies.

I know another opinion has prevailed. This has been mourned as an enfeebling and servile dependence on another country. It has seemed to forestall original production, and postpone an American literature. But is it not a spurious Americanism which is willing to refuse what is truly ours, and alienate it because it was not born in our woods? Is it an un-American economy to buy in other markets what we cannot produce at home? or to borrow where capital is abundant and interest is low? Should we have gained anything by a protective tariff, not on English books, — that is bad enough, — but by excluding English literature in order to have one of our own? That would be the last way to produce one. We need not be so jealous of Englishmen. Shakespeare was of the same race, and the same class in society, which colonized the shores of Massachusetts. Had he been a score of years younger, he might have come here himself, leaving a copyright of his plays in England, where for a time they would certainly have been better relished. Milton and Roger Williams learned languages together, and, what is better, were of the same faith in regard to civil and spiritual liberty; and the poet, like the philosopher Berkeley in the next century, might have sought a home on the shores of the Narragansett. But this would not have made *Lycidas* or *Comus* any better poetry, or any more truly ours. There is no Atlantic in that ideal world which the poets make.

English letters belong to all English readers, whether by the Thames or the Hudson, whether in the ranches of Colorado or the sheep-walks of Australia, wherever a newer England has transported itself, as well as in the old home of the race. And the debt we owe to England we are fast cancelling, and may one day wipe out. For, with all else we have been producing, in due time a literature will come. M. De Tocqueville, one of the most philosophical critics of American life, said fifty years ago: "If the Americans, retaining the same laws and social condition, had had a different origin, and had been transported into another country, I do not question they would have had a literature. Even as they now are, I am convinced that they will ultimately have one." There has been power enough for it, original, creative, plastic, but it has cast itself into other than literary forms. Secure against intellectual impoverishment, the quick mind of the country has applied itself to that which was nearest, most necessary, and for the time better. It has borrowed poets and made our history a poem. It imported literature, while it was translating the highest political philosophy into a state. It printed its works not in books, but in schools taught at the public expense, in the constitutions of forty republics, in the biography of a nation which in two hundred and fifty years has done the work of ages. Invention has not gone into *Iliads* or *Infernos*; it has not done the work of Cervantes or Molière; but it has saved America from the doom of Spain, and the American Revolution from being an anticipation of the French; it has been finding out, instead of paths in the ideal, the short roads to commodious life, and universal knowledge, and regulated liberty; giving to unborn millions an inheritance such as the country of Dante has waited for a thousand years.

Students, jealous for other interests, may lament, with not unnatural regrets, that so much power has not been put to finer uses. It seems as if a nation, which grows at

the rate of fifty millions in a century, might at least produce some great genius, and a literature as great. But literature at the expense of life ; an excellent poet or two, and no Declaration of Independence ; great ideas in books, and no ideas of justice or liberty wrought into power and a commonwealth ; fine arts and a wretched populace ; a Vatican with Raphael in one wing and a Pope in the other ; a nation with more mouths than bread, servile and shiftless and decaying, with elegant writers to tell its story and sing its poetry, — is not the destiny we started for, or for which our scholars need vent their unavailing sighs. With literature enough, old and new, to satisfy the most eager demand ; with as much scholarship as we could make use of ; with every faculty of human nature roused, and rushing to fill the unusual opportunity ; with more mind let loose and set to school than in any nation on earth ; with inventive brains multiplying so rapidly, not content to repeat the past, and ready to explore new realms of thought as they find those of life occupied, — it is hardly necessary to be mortified yet at the failure of Iliads. The glory of action, the triumphs of liberty, the successes of life, are not the defeat and cessation of letters, but may become their inspiration. Indeed, between life and literature there are secret understandings and communications, there are preparations and nourishments, which will one day appear and justify the delay. That has been first which comes first, and that will follow which is all the greater when it follows than when it leads. Life, great, original, rich life, will produce literature, because they are at last products of the same power, and because literature is a product and exponent of life itself.

It is a notion, rather narrow and pedantic, that a book is the only intellectual work ; that literature and art absorb all the genius of the world. There is a great deal of hard study which is not done in colleges. The cotton-gin and the telephone cost study as much as Mill's "Logic,"

or Darwin's "Origin of Species." There is a great deal of thought which is not put into libraries. Twenty-five years ago we put ideas into guns, which types were too slow or too feeble to utter. When the great hours of liberty come, it is the bayonets which think. Franklin had genius enough for a new system of philosophy, or a new departure in literature, if he had not given it to the independence and constitution of his country. The orations of Henry and Burke are great and splendid, but so was the sword of Washington. Why should eloquence be greater than generalship? It was the battle of Gettysburg which made Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg the most eloquent utterance of our time. It was the inspiration of Harvard College, not with her sons dreaming in the still air of delightful studies, but prompt in the sharp sacrifices of war for the country, which made Mr. Lowell in his Commemoration Ode touch the high-water mark in American poetry. Ideas do not express themselves more in the forms of language than in mechanisms, manners, industries, in emigrations, revolutions, institutions, worships. Civilization is greater than literature, for it not only contains and uses it, but it involves an immense expenditure of the same mental force which creates it. Civilization is the poetry, philosophy, knowledge, invention, thought, the genius and the faith of a people or an epoch, translated, not into words only, but into all possible forms. Taste, inventiveness, knowledge, ideas, and whatever mental qualities enter into many forms of literature, are also called into action in all civilized and cultivated life. The forces which stir and direct the life of our time will at last lodge themselves in literature; but they have their birth and action outside of it, and will use literature by and by as their expression, as they now use more utilitarian vehicles.

Literature, indeed, may be the best part, and one of the highest forms, of civilization. It is one of its creative and conservative forces. Its office is most needful

and precious. It fixes the fluid forces of thought, and "preserves as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction" of the best minds. It is, as Milton has said, "the seasoned life of man." It keeps the continuity of the world's thinking, and stores food for new generations. It is the ministry of great souls to the multitude of men, the motor of thought, the nourishment and the solace of souls who cannot create it for themselves. It is a great social factor, contributing to the progress of the race. To-day is our tribute to it. This University is the acknowledgment of its value. Our civilization would be very coarse, and indeed very poor, without it. And yet the intellectual and spiritual energies which put on the robe of life, and go forth to answer the calls of civilization, are from the same source, and serve a want as true, perhaps for a time as sacred, as learning or poetry. They may even run ahead of literature, and lay a path for it into the ages to come.

But the peculiarity of literature is, that it employs language as its single instrument. Into that poetry, philosophy, history, put themselves for preservation and for power. And language is the child of life, as well as of thought, and must be recruited from other than literary sources, or it falls into decay. Writers like Dante, and Chaucer, and Luther, turn their native tongue into literary form, and so fix and purify it. Italy, England, Germany, owe their language to their writers. But it was first born of the life of the people before the authors used and finished it. They found every word almost in common circulation. They took up the dialect of the people as it formed itself in their common ways and doings. It was the use of living words, with the blood still in them, — words which came out of the passions, the conflicts, the necessities, the uses of every-day life, — which gave power to their works. Otherwise they would have been remote from men's interests and sympathies, and

would have perished early. Ideas, however high or remote, find their clothing in the common market of life, where the people buy and sell. Thought must go to life for its words, its figures, its communications. Literature is indebted to life for the instrument it uses, and by which it is preserved; and every language must have running into it a stream of fresh life from the world, rather than from books, or it becomes sterile. "Literary dialects," says Professor Max Müller, "or what are commonly called classical languages, pay for their temporary greatness by inevitable decay."¹ To adopt his figure, the literary language freezes, as a river does, smooth, brilliant, stiff, till, in warmer weather, new life breaks loose, cracking the crystal surface; and popular language, like a spring flood, revitalizes the old dialect, and gives it freshness and new force. Language becomes reflective; "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," it becomes artificial and obsolete, when it is withdrawn from the living world and is no more the speech of the people.

We need not think that somehow literature has succeeded in adding something to life which is not already in it, and that it is something other and finer and stronger in making more out of life than it actually contains. Indeed, life contains and reveals what does not go into writing, and is itself only a sublimer literature. No history is equal to the facts back of it. The life of persons and of nations is full of unwritten histories and poetries. There is a poetry in life before it is in words, though they be its most cunning and touching revelation. If poetry idealizes life, life realizes poetry. The true may surpass the invented. I am ready to think a drama of Racine hardly equal to the tragic story of Joan of Arc, and that the mimic Shylock or Lear may not surpass the real one. It is, indeed, the high office of poetry to extract and condense the finer spirit of beauty in the common and homely world about us, —

¹ *Science of Language*, First Series, p. 69.

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

But as nature precedes art, as a sunset of Claude or Turner is no finer than every one of us has seen inflaming the west, so genius only discovers with finer insight the beauty and sacredness already in life, and invests it with ideal glory. It may be the ideal which charms us, but the glory and the mystery are there in life, revealed or unrevealed. This life of man in a single soul, its appetites, its aspirations, its joys, its glooms, its beliefs, its sins, the stamps of heaven, of hell upon it, the possibilities, the eternities which are in it; the complex, multitudinous life, beating everywhere in coöperative or contending energies; the wild, the beautiful, the useful, royal with a glory from above the stars, tamed to the touch of Christ's cross, gloomy with wrath or with misery, grand in its efforts or achievements; in the huts of the poor, in the crowd of the streets, flying across seas, bursting into wildernesses; hungry and fierce and sour, how much of it unspeakably great and touching even in its wretchedness and its ruin, — this marvelous life of man, what study so grand or instructive, what literature contains so much, can equal or express it? Says the historian Menzel: "Literature mirrors life, not only more comprehensively but more clearly than any other monument, because no other representation furnishes the compass and depth of speech. Yet speech has its limits, and life only has none. The abyss of life no book has yet closed up. It is only single chords that are struck in you when you read a book; the infinite harmony which slumbers in your life, as in the life of all, no book has entirely caught."¹

It is life which furnishes staple for literature, as nature does for science. The two may overlap, and pass and re-pass into each other's realm. For science has undertaken, or theorists in the interest of science have under-

¹ *History of German Literature*, i. 15.

taken, to subject, not the physical universe only, but the works of human will and genius, and the moral world as well, to its inquiries and its laws. M. Taine attempts in literature and art, and Mr. Buckle attempts in history, to carry out a theory which brings nature and the mind, the genius of Chaucer or Rubens, the civilization of Spain or India, into the same realm of law. Comte and Mill see no reason why the spontaneousness of human genius or passion or will should be less scientific than the perturbations of Saturn, or the crystallization of a ruby. It is life, the secret and law of it, it is the scientific law of literature, as of all human production, they are after.

And literature, too, especially poetry, on its side takes nature, even after science has opened and turned it inside out, and uses it for its own ideal purposes. It adds a precious seeing to the eye, so that nature is transfigured by it. It takes up nature into itself, into human feeling, and unites it to the joys and sorrows and longings of human life. It does not describe nature, nor dissect it, but idealizes it. It colors nature with its own passions, and it is sad or glad according to the poet's moods. So it brings nature and life together, and throws upon the outward world the reflections of the life within. It deals with nature as science cannot, not after the exactness of truth, but after the freedom of impression, giving its own interpretation to it, and using it, as it uses all other things, after a law of its own.

But after all it is life, rather than nature, which furnishes the matter and inspiration for literature. It is not the world man lives in, but himself, and whatever life is in him, which goes into the creations of genius. It takes in the outward world only as it flows through his thought, and is shaped and colored by that. And it is not then out of the impersonal reason, out of depths of abstract truth back of all human and even individual experience : or, if from those far recesses, it is truth as it comes into

life to be bathed and dressed and used. There is a literature which is entirely bloodless and impersonal, and very much of it comes of no life, and reaches none. "Sir," said Hazlitt, "I am a metaphysician, and nothing makes an impression upon me but abstract ideas." There are books like Sydney Smith's satirized friend, whose intellects were improperly exposed. They need to be dressed with some form and power of life before they can come in contact with men, and into the living thought of the world. The book which is charged with the life of the author, and the life of his time, carries in it the weight and force which make it last. Men's hearts go after that which has heart in it, and the touch of kindred life. An author's genius will take color and turn from his own experience. This gives it individuality. Unless his life is as rich as his genius, his work becomes thin and sterile. The great poets have a hardy realism which shows that they were fed on something beside ambrosia. They are as true to life as they are to their genius. Their poetry springs from their age as well as from themselves. They are in sympathetic relation with the thoughts and forces and movements of their time, and become its best interpreters. If they go far away, as Milton did in his epic, to find subject and characters and epopee, they bring their creations into the world in which they live, and Adam and Eve, and Raphael and Abdiel, talk like English people of the seventeenth century. If Homer ever loses the credit of the *Iliad*, it will be because it seems to be born of many minds of the Homeric age rather than of his own brain, and is too representative to be individual. It is a poet's fancy of Coleridge, as he himself acknowledges, that the blind bard —

"Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

He saw it all in life before the waves on the Chian shore started the inward echoes, and he set to song the

great life which had beat like a stormier sea on the coast of the Troad. This is the charm of the classics, which keep their hold, their yet unshaken hold, on the modern world. Says Dr. Temple, lately made Bishop of London : "The classics possess a charm independent of genius. It is not their genius only which makes them attractive : it is the classic life, the life of the people of that day ; it is the image there only to be seen of our highest natural powers in their freshest vigor ; it is the unattainable grace of the prime of manhood, it is the pervading sense of youthful beauty. Hence, while we have elsewhere great poems and great histories, we never find again that universal radiance of fresh life which makes even the most commonplace relics of classic days models for our highest art."¹ The "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer are simply the fourteenth century of English life put into poetry. The form and pressure, the manners and spirit of the time, even its fugitive aspects, are caught and photographed. For this is the office of all literature and its use, that it catches and keeps what otherwise would evaporate and be lost. That literature of power, which De Quincey² so finely discriminates from that of knowledge, is the literature of life, which describes the manners, unfolds the relations, reveals the secrets, comes home to the business and bosoms of men, and sheds light on their true life and destiny. It is the exponent and translator of life, which, without it, would disappear. And its great writers are those who, if their souls, like Milton's, were "like a star and dwelt apart," were also mixed closest with the deeper life of their time. Rarely, perhaps never, is individual genius able to escape the influence, to withstand the spirit of its age, that larger genius which embraces and breathes through all its children. The life of an epoch is mightier than any soul in it, and stamps itself into the thought and words of even those who come into it puissant to rule, or dreadful to purify.

¹ *Essays and Reviews*, p. 27.

² *Essay on Pope*.

The verse which seems spontaneous as the blowing of winds, or the growth of clover, takes always some hue and temper, some stamp of conformity or resistance, from the nature and society, the place and the period, in which it was born. The poet of the Merrimack and the poets of the Charles have not only enriched American literature, but have illustrated American life. The struggle with slavery beats and shouts in the verse of Whittier, as it did not even in the clash of swords. As Mr. Lowell this summer leaves England, an English writer has said of "The Biglow Papers:" "They give the most perfect literary expression to a great secular movement, and will always remain as the interpretation of it, throwing more light on its causes and characters than the records of historians, or the dissertations of moralists." This great conflict of ideas, more and more taking possession of the second generation of American life in the nineteenth century, and precipitated at last in a bloody shower, has perhaps not yet produced all its spiritual fruits. The periods of literary fruitfulness do not always synchronize with those of aroused and strenuous action. It would seem as if the era of great and crowded life must necessarily quicken genius, and issue in a richer harvest. But it may be too tempestuous, and poetry may wait for the calm warmth of the Indian summer to ripen. It may exhaust rather than nourish. Its violent passions may burn rather than warm, and break the crust for the fertile vineyards of the next generation. It may force intellectual action away from poetry. It may spread it over a vast space and great numbers; while if it were compressed into a narrower and more peaceful life, it would flower into a richer and rarer literature. It may emancipate political rather than poetic tendencies. It may start inspirations which will pervade the national life, and run into literature at last. But by and by it will show that genius, scholarship, literature,

cannot escape the forces which belong to a period so eventful as the last fifty years.

The latest and fullest development of literary activity in recent times is in prose fiction. The writing which covers most paper, reaches most eyes, and is devoured with most satisfaction to-day, is the novel. For the majority, the philosophers, the historians, the poets, stand aside for the novelist. You may say his touch is superficial, and that people never return to the best novel as they do to the great poems and histories. You may say that the truth in it is thin and not deep, that it takes hold of the fancies of readers rather than their convictions, and that out of the crowd of them few novels survive a twelve-month. After all has been said, and after it is said, as it may be, that the novel has not yet attained its ideal function as a teacher of truth, nowhere is life found in such variety, in such extremes of pathos and humor, tragedy and comedy, in such truth to itself. In history, in biography, in philosophy, there may be more fact, and, in form at least, more reality. But the novel is the book of life, and, when it is at its best, of actual life. Life supplies its motive, its story, its persons. Life gives it charm and power. Whatever it may have in it,—noble truth, rhetorical beauty, ingenious plot,—if it has not actual life, men and women as we know them, the passions, the doings of living men, it fails. If it does not interpret life and make us know it better, if it does not let us into the secrets of life, not of the day only, but of that life which in its ruling passions is the same all days and everywhere, it has no use, and goes to kindle the fire in the kitchen. It is waste paper and waste writing, for it does not speak out of life into life. But in its multitudinous progeny, it is a testimony to the power which in later times life has acquired over literature. It tells how much more men want to know about themselves; that, not satisfied with biography and history, the imagination has been set at

work so industriously to invent what literature in no other way could supply.

Literature comes out of life. So it returns thither with its gifts, to become the minister as well as the interpreter of life. It is not tributary simply to intellectual culture. It nourishes the mind, but it does no more. It serves the uses of life, its finer and more spiritual uses. It cannot be weighed in the scales of the market, though literature has its mercantile value. But the five pounds for which *Paradise Lost* was sold was enough for it if it had not been above all price. Books are worth, not what they sell for, but the contribution they make to the better life of men. Literature has come to this test, as does everything in the world. Genius must obey the same law with much coarser things. It must be of use. It may be spontaneous in its work, as the highest genius always is. It may have no conscious purpose of utility, of anything but to sing its song and say its say, as the new hay is sweet, or the stream runs at its will. But to this test it must come at last. All literature that lives, and is cherished in human love, has this quality. It is of power to breed better thoughts, to take us out of ourselves a little, a little above ourselves, to help us forget, to help us remember, "to inform man in the best reason of living," to make his life great with thought, with knowledge, with spiritual excellence. Life is better than learning, is the test and the end of it. Life is greater than literature, as all the rivers run into the sea, and it is never full. The ambition to be a learned man, with no reference to use, to life, is no better than the ambition to be a fat man. They are somewhat the same. The book which answers no use of life, of real and good high life, has no use at all. If it neither excites nor expands, nor chastens nor nourishes, if it is not constructive as well as instructive, if it does not beget more life, if it does not invigorate the energies of the rational spirit, let it go back to the paper-maker. Litera-

ture is a servant, and may serve noble or mean interests. It is an instrument, and has its part in the great struggles and achievements of the age. It gives direction and anchorage to the thoughts of men. It creates influences, a soil, and intellectual climate more potent than any physical circumstance. It may answer base uses and the best. It may be the word of life or death which quickens or petrifies centuries. But its splendor, its virtue, its end is to beget more life and fuller. It is the chariot and not the goal. It is a thing by the way, and at the end is life, true, large, beautiful, eternal.

But literature is liable to perils and mischiefs, from which it is saved by contact with life and the real world. There is a great deal of healthy literature, and a great deal that is morbid and lacks sanity. Its diseases come generally from too much thought and too little life. Its blood is thin and sublimated. It is sick for want of air and exposure. It is too fine-spun and speculative. It wants an infusion of sense and mother-wit. It needs to touch the ground, however far it flies toward the moon. It must go out of doors into the hard and wholesome life of the world. Life is curative and medicinal. It corrects the bad humors, the flighty fancies, the wild excesses, the morbid tendencies of literature. It mixes the practical lessons of experience with ideal truth. I know there is an ideal to which the poet must go for his law, and not to his own times and society. He must descend into his time as a minister of beauty and teacher of truth, who has been in to look at the invisible, and listen to the voice of the Eternal. He is to bring down into life what he does not find in it. He is to adjust his compass and lay his course by celestial observations. Dark will be the day when the poets and thinkers and teachers of the world surrender to the actual, and know no law but experience. Dismal enough is that invasion of realism which in art, in poetry, in fiction, is one of the worst distempers. When the ideal

departs, life expires. But they need to keep hold of the solid facts of life, to steady, to correct, to orient themselves by. The aeronaut in the far atmosphere is still held by the law of gravitation, and must depend on that to bring him back from his high visions. The scholar must temper study with some part in affairs. Scholarship needs to be balanced by some knowledge of the world. It becomes very dry and dusty when it retreats into the world of books, and forgets that there is a great world outside of the libraries where the very life is still going on which it is studying after it has been preserved and embalmed in literature. The new studies are giving Greek a hard fight to hold its place, its traditional and proper place, in the college course. It will not win unless it can show that it belongs to a practical as well as a scholastic education. The Greek literature is such a part of the world's thought and speech as cannot be spared, as would be an irreparable loss to liberal education, to that "complete and generous education" which, as Milton says, "fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." It is because there is still life and immortal youth in the languages we call dead, that they are and are to be the study, not of antiquarians, but of all scholars who hope to take hold of the living world.

And so it is life which is not only curative, but preservative, and really gives literature its immortality. There is some vitality in it by which it survives the doom of decay which falls upon man and his books. Lost literature enough there is, which has gone down into Lethe and devouring time. It perished, not so much for lack of types to preserve it, but because it had no hold on men's love and memory. Long ages before the invention of printing, it was said that of the making of books there is no end. But it is not the constant making, but the constant mortality of books, which is most suggestive. They

dropped out of the memory because they dropped out of the life of men. They perished because their use was transient, and the life in them was small and brief. They died simply because they had nothing in them to keep them alive, to fasten them to the perpetuated thought and life of mankind. They could not keep pace with the new thoughts, the new life of the world, and so fell back and were lost. The secret of the longevity of the Hebrew Scriptures, of the best classics, of the literature which every generation reads, is in something more than their style, or even their matter. It is the universal human element in them, which comes home to men everywhere and always. It is life in them, human life, which never wearies, which always delights; it is that touch of nature which makes nations kin, and all the ages one; it is the life of great souls, which have not only been imbued with the *Zeitgeist* of a single age or country, but have drunk into the life of humanity, and have known how to put that life into words, into the language of their time, by which it has become the language of all time. It is the key which Ben Jonson gave to the immortality of Shakespeare, —

“And for his poesy, ’t is so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.”

And when Jesus said, “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,” he explained the immortal freshness and power of the Gospel. It is truth married to life, it is living truth married to living words, it is literature born out of life and into life, which survives every other work of man, and has a vitality which belongs not to forms and letters, but to a spiritual essence.

This is the hour of scholars, when a company of them, in many departments, take the honors of the University and go their way. They have been students, and, please God, let them be students still. They have been trained.

to scholarship, of one kind and another; let it find its mission. For it remains to you not only to find its increase, but to find its use. Here is life, and you carry into it what it greatly needs. Here is truth, and you have not learned all of it yet. Think not that possibility in either is concluded; that literature has all been written, that life with its great opportunities is exhausted. The last word has not been said, the best deed has not been done. There is yet truth, there is yet life, great, rich, untried. They wait for your coming. Be it yours to use what you have learned, and to turn truth into life. Always may this great University stand, with doors opening both ways,—inward toward all truth, known or unknown; outward toward life, and the wants of the world. Always in her training may the reconciliation be made between thought and action, letters and life. She sends forth her children, not as literary dilettanti,—

“To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nessra’s hair;”

not to be mere critics while others do the work of the world; not to be theorists only, who tell how it is to be done,—but as serious scholars, who learn that they may teach; who study into the best things, that the best things may be done; who join good learning and useful living; who will increase the debt the country owes her scholars, and repay the debt which literature owes to life.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE BODY.¹

THE body, by some inevitable law of things, seems to take a large share of human life. Man is always an animal, whatever else and better he may be. His foundation is in the dust, where his earthly existence begins and ends, and finds its necessary subsistence. He is a physical creature, his life rooted in a material world. To lodge, to feed, to clothe, to transport, to heal the body, takes more time, more force, costs more than anything else. It takes a third of every day, a third of all human life for sleep, simply to repair its natural and constant waste. Civilization in its industries, its commerce, its legislations, its inventions, in almost all its business, is taking care of the body. To heal its diseases requires one of the most learned and laborious professions. To build houses and roads for it, to set its table, to keep it covered and to keep it warm, employs the largest part of the labor, if not of the intelligence, of mankind.

And more than that, the multiplied Providential arrangements, all things in heaven and earth, the coming and going of the sun and the seasons, the distribution of heat and moisture, the climates and soils, not the harvests only which feed great nations, but the luxuries which please the palate and the smell, the fine vicissitudes of color which delight the eye, the endless harmonies which charm the ear, all these vast contributions of nature to human senses and appetites, tell of the Creator's care for the body. No man takes so much pains and care for himself

¹ Read at the Second Annual Baptist Autumnal Conference in Boston, November 13, 1883.

as nature, as its and his Almighty Maker does for him, and for his body, which at best lasts only threescore years and ten.

And more than that ; consider the expenditure of force, intellectual and moral, in using it, even in subduing it, in taming its passions, in controlling its energies, in bearing its infirmities. Without its senses the mind is locked up in an impenetrable box, and has no development. With it the mind has an alert servant, a potent instrument, by which the whole face of the earth is transformed. There is no force of nature, no power in the other creatures, equal to it. The human hand has wrought the wonders of the world ; it has built the temples of religion ; it makes lenses and scalpels, a needle and a locomotive ; it steers the plow and the ship ; it performs the gentlest and the mightiest tasks ; it has fashioned all the conveniences of civilized life ; it has executed the laws of intelligence in all the physical life of man. When we count the debt of the world to mind, we must count also the debt of the mind to the body, without which in a world like this it would be impotent. Thought is a power, but what is it without the pen and the type ? Ideas are mighty, but they must have the voice of the orator, even the cannon of armies. It is the soldier's sword, the workman's tool, the printer's type ; it is the thinker's thought put into act ; it is the soul finding communication through words, through deeds ; it is physical forces obeying the law and idea of the mind, which rule the world. Without the body they would be dreams of the night, impalpable and powerless.

And so it happens, or rather so it is in the very nature of things, that every science has to take the body into account. Psychology cannot escape it, but has to answer the questions of materialism, and validate the soul's knowledge of what is so unlike it as the material world. Ethics crosses at all points questions which belong to man's phys-

ical nature and estate. The tenure of land, the wages of labor, the relations of capital, the regulation or suppression of sensual evils, are the vexed and flagrant questions with which sociology has to deal, and they all belong to man's physical life. And so it can hardly be that religion, even in its most spiritual type, can keep itself out of relationship with the body.

If it is a religion *from* God, it is a religion *for* man, and therefore must take him as it finds him, a soul in a body, the spiritual life always in a physical envelope. This is the presumption for Christianity, that it at least understands human nature, and will come to man as he is, not yet out of the body. It would go wide of the mark if it were a religion for pure spirits, and did not recognize man's actual nature and life. Its contention with materialism is not against the body, but in behalf of the soul. In fact, it is hard to see how it could touch the soul with redemptive power and not affect that physical life in which the soul acts. It could not nicely divide between man's twofold nature, reaching the greater and not the less. The intelligence cannot escape the influence of its purified affections; and the body cannot remain unaffected by a rectified will. The moral energy of Christianity must go into the physical life of nations. Such a religion cannot go on a straight line from the cross of Calvary to the New Jerusalem, snatching and carrying along such souls as it can by the way, without leavening their earthly life. The notion of an atomic, individual religion, with no organic development and no social work, flees, or ought to flee, out of men's minds. The notion of a religion which in its spirituality avoids the secular, and even the physical, as out of its domain, does not belong to living and practical and victorious Christianity.

It is significant that the inchoate, germinal religion out of which Christianity emerged made so much of the body. Its worship required at least a clean person, and its pre-

scriptions about dresses and ablutions, about separations and contacts, about postures and acts, were minute and rigid, whatever symbolic significance they may have had. In the institutes of Moses, sanitary regulations were religious, and provisions against physical defilement had the force of moral law. His legislation mingled the religious and the secular, the care of the body and the worship of God; while all the promises of the Mosaic covenant joined the possession of the land and length of days, the subsistence and continuance of the body, with obedience to Jehovah. The Levitical religion was a ritualism, whatever lay behind it, and so far was of the body; as the Epistle to the Hebrews says "which stood only in meats and drinks and divers washings and carnal ordinances imposed on them *until the time of reformation.*"¹

The time of reformation arrived, and the new religion was one of the spirit. Its worship was not local; its Church was not national; its God was invisible. Its first requirement was faith; its first agency was, not even the written word, but the invisible Spirit of Truth. It made no requirement of outward cleanliness, hardly of outward observance, but of truth and penitence and love in the inward parts. If Christianity had any distinction as against the old religion, against all religions, it was as a dispensation of the Spirit, and on this account was "rather glorious." But with spirituality for its one and specific note, there are some significant facts which link it to the body.

First, there is the doctrine of Incarnation, which Christian thought more and more brings to the centre, and which makes humanity, even the human body, the sacred tabernacle of the Redeeming Lord. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same."² He came into the line of human generations, into the physical life of the race. He

¹ Heb. ix. 10.

² Heb. ii. 14.

was not a docetic phantasm, a transient theophany, but a real man, hungry, sleeping, weary with his journey, working at his trade, succumbing to death at last. The Word made flesh is such consecration of the human body as God, not disdaining but dwelling in it, can give.

Again, the notable thing about the ministry of our Lord was, that it was so much a ministry to men's bodies, as well as their souls. He was poor, and could do little for their physical comfort, except in a miraculous way. And so he recognized their bodily necessities and fed them when hungry. How many persons he cured of disease probably the gospels do not tell, and yet they relate a great number of striking instances, and, then state in a general way that "he went about all the cities and villages, healing every sickness and every disease among the people;"¹ while he also "gave his apostles power to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease."² And so he consecrated even the infirm, diseased, mortal body by devoting to it so much of his ministry as a Prophet and Evangelist of God.

The death of Christ, on which redemption hangs, has a significance and efficacy entirely spiritual, and has no other value than a moral one; and yet it was a physical event,—the death and burial and resurrection of the body of our Lord,—on which all this great act of redemption turned, and thus stands as twin and complement to the Incarnation in its testimony to the consecration which our Lord gave to the human body.

Again, this spiritual religion has two sacraments symbolizing its essential ideas, and both of them belong to the body,—first to its cleansing, and second to its nutriment. It is water washing it, it is bread and wine, it is eating and drinking; it is not the physical only, but the corporeal, which is sanctified to this sacramental purpose.

And then, if this corruptible is to put on incorrup-

¹ Matt. ix. 35.

² *Ibid.*, x. 1.

tion, if out of the present is to rise the future and immortal life, the Christian doctrine of Resurrection means at least as much as this, — that there is a connection not only between the life, but also the body which now is and that which is to come. It is not pure and naked spirit here; it will be no more pure and naked spirit hereafter. And whatever future organization the soul shall assume after the dissolution of this mortal, it has some mysterious and undiscoverable connection with that which is to be immortal. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. But that the soul's inheritance, that which it carries with it into the future life, is entirely moral, no germ of its future abode in the present, life all begun over again, depletes the doctrine of a resurrection of all meaning. That Christianity creating a new spiritual life, and careful first of all for that, in its ethics deals with the body, and after a divine wisdom of its own, only follows logically what has already been said. It came into a world where two tendencies were at work, and the pendulum swung to two extremes. The two tendencies met even in religion itself. The one indulged the body; the other despised and mortified it. The one was sensuous, the other ascetic. The one made much of this world and the physical life; the other sacrificed it for the sake of another. The one was unbalanced materialism; the other was unbalanced spiritualism.

And so we find Christianity yielding now to one and now to the other, and even combining the two. For while it soon put on a gay and magnificent ritualism to please the senses and captivate minds trained in the shows of Paganism, it at the same time admitted the Manichean and Gnostic heresies, which considered matter essentially evil, and made the suppression of all bodily desires, the mortification of the flesh, even the torture and disfigurement of the body,¹ a peculiar virtue. Asceticism began

¹ For an interesting statement in regard to the influence of this feeling upon art, see Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, i. 239.

early in Christian history, issuing in monastic austerities, and has always infected the Christian life. It is false in principle and corrupting in its effects. Its ideal of sanctity is the suppression of the bodily appetites instead of their control. In the interest of spirituality, for the sake of the soul, it crucifies what Christian principle is abundantly able to govern. It honors celibacy, even compels it; it prescribes the fasting which is ritual instead of that which may be necessary or useful; it makes temperance a sin, and abstinence the only virtue; to use the very words of St. Paul, in whose time it had already begun to work, "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Let me continue the quotation, which in a word passes final sentence on all ascetic practices, and states the true relation of religion to physical enjoyment: "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."¹

Christianity has this problem and ideal in the future, to reconcile the spiritual and the physical; to maintain the primacy of the soul, and yet give the body its full development; to keep the two poles of life, the religious and the secular, in equipoise; to be the friend of all art, of all beauty, of all joy, and yet the mother of all righteousness, and the nurse of the loftiest spiritual life. It is to uphold the rights of man's spiritual nature, with and not against the growth of physical science to the last border of material existence. Against a religion of animal passion or of carnal ordinance; against an unmixed materialism and a civilization that is of the flesh; against the sensualities, coarse or fine, which devour so many souls, — it is to stand for temperance in all physical pleasures, for spirituality, for the supremacy of conscience, for sincere

¹ 1 Tim. iv. 3-5.

and simple religious observance, for spiritual interests as paramount and everlasting. But so, also, is it to bring together in the unity of life the body and the soul under a common and holier consecration, that the body may be a temple of the Holy Ghost. It is to be the healer of man's physical disorders as well as his redeemer from sin. It is to spiritualize art and not destroy it; to enlarge the commodity and culture of life without lowering its aim or reducing its faith. It is to have its part in the improvement of man's present estate, as well as in the redemption of his immortal life.

The Pagan poet, Juvenal, put as a desire and a prayer into his often-repeated line, —

“Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,”

what the Christian apostle puts into a precept and a doctrine, — “Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.”

“Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind;”¹

then comes a nobler breed of men, whose better blood shall match their purer morals, and who shall be physically competent for the great calls of a purer and more spiritual religion, for the future needs and opportunities and triumphs of the coming kingdom of God.

¹ *The Princess*, p. 398.

THE SUPREMACY OF LOVE.¹

"And though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity, I am nothing." — 1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 2.

THAT the Church in Corinth had many faults is plain from this letter. That it was also well endowed with the peculiar powers which came with the first inspirations of Christianity in the Apostolic age, is expressly declared by St. Paul. He was thankful that in everything they were enriched by Christ in all utterance and all knowledge, so that they came behind in no gift. Through this letter you look in upon a scene of great intellectual and spiritual activity. You feel the mighty yet excited and irregular stir of a new spirit moving among men. You see the bright, quick wit of the Greek kindled into wildest activity by fire from heaven. The new wine ferments. The spirit in them is eager and tumultuous. And so, enriched with so many gifts, they hardly know how to use them. They use them ambitiously and at random,—for pride rather than for common edification. They put the first last, the showy before the useful, gifts before graces.

The Apostle rejoiced in all these signs of a new inspiration. These novel and remarkable gifts he does not disparage. They are good, they are useful. But, he says, there is something better. Best of all gifts is Charity; not that merely of liberality in opinion or in alms, but Love, the deep, divine affection born of God and ending in God, which expands beyond into religion, which is love of God and man together.

And so for a chapter this Apostle of faith becomes the

¹ Baccalaureate Sermon at Vassar College, June 22, 1879.

inspired poet and psalmist of love, — exalts it, as the rest do, to the throne, and crowns it king. His epistle becomes lyric, a hymn rather than an argument, suffused with the charm of love, while it speaks its praise. He draws out its excellence into many particulars. He sets it in sharp contrasts. He lifts it into universal superiority. Beneficence, utterance, knowledge, faith, hope, are not enough, are nothing without love.

This text separates for us knowledge as the gift to be compared with love. It takes the strong ground that, without that, all knowledge is nothing. It is very bold ground to take, here in the face of a college, before all these endowments for liberal education, to you who have given four years to this very thing. And yet it seems laid upon us, as if by commandment, to say it in an age of enlarging knowledge, when it ministers to a perilous pride, when the temptation is to sacrifice everything to intellectual equipment and conquest, when Christianity is pushed back as unilluminated and outgrown by science and a headstrong civilization. On the doorposts of libraries and universities let this doctrine be written. Let teachers teach, let scholars learn, that, while all gifts are excellent, that while knowledge leads to truth, to power, there is a more excellent way; that it is love which leads to God, into the everlasting kingdom, the everlasting life. Even religion itself may suffer from the inverted order, and Christianity never get beyond her head. The mind may be exercised on its truths, while her heart disowns them. They may be clear to her intellect, and dead to the soul. And to hold these momentous revelations of God and Redemption congealed in a speculative head, untouched by the heart's warm blood, kills instead of making alive. Theology without religion, without charity, is as unprofitable, as undivine, as any science can be. All knowledge, be it of matter or mind, of nature or God, I understand the Apostle to put into inferiority to Love,

this royal lord of life, this capital glory of God himself.

And yet it needs to be said in the beginning that there is no necessary strife between them. There is no real conflict between Religion and Science, however busy some people make themselves in trying to reconcile the two; to say nothing of other busy people who foment a quarrel. Faith and knowledge are not natural enemies, and ought to be allies. We may believe more than we know. We cannot believe against what we know. Conflicts there have been and are, some still flagrant, between the speculations of scientific men and the convictions of religious men. But between the facts of science and the facts of religion there can be no opposition. Both exist in the same cosmos, as matter and mind do, unlike and yet not inconsistent. There may be no special relation between them,—between the Principia of Newton and the first chapter of the Gospel of John, between the geologic structure of the globe and the prayer of the publican,—but there is no contradiction. And if there need be no conflict between faith and knowledge, surely it is possible for learning and love to dwell together in the same heart. In many bright instances,—in a Pascal, a Leibnitz, a Faraday,—the happy marriage has been consummated.

“Piety has found

Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.”

The soul thirsting for the knowledge of all things may also thirst after God. You may bring your sins to Christ and learn of him the way of peace, the secret of immortal life, while also you are studious of God's handwriting, in matter or in mind, in the composition of a gas, or the formation of a language. The exercise of the affections need not weaken the intellect. While you knock at the doors of all mystery, why shall not the heart go up in prayer into the unseen place where Christ has gone before

us and for us? The humility of a penitent heart need not abate intellectual aspirations and satisfactions. Communion with God, bearing the yoke of Christ, a spiritual mind, shuts no door of inquiry. Neither does study, acquisition, the hardest discipline, the fairest culture, even high intellectual ambition, chill any pious affection, or necessarily contract our faith. The two have been divorced, but not on account of any natural or necessary repugnance. They have been married, and to the advantage of both. Religion has taken breadth and largeness and even depth from culture, while it has given to intellectual pursuits their stimulus and sanctifying charm. Perfection lies not in intellectual attainments or in spiritual graces, but in the combination of the two, and in the mutual coöperations and reactions of intellectual and spiritual power.

And now, to go on, I may say that Love is the true minister of Knowledge. The heart and the mind, the intellect and the feelings,—to adopt the current division of the faculties,—are not only vitally joined in the spiritual organism, but so joined that they touch and quicken each other; that intellectual improvement, especially intellectual creation or discovery, depends very much on the state of the affections. As it is in religious knowledge, in understanding the Scriptures, in apprehending spiritual truth, that progress depends on the moral temper; that, as Jesus expressly said, doing the will of God leads to knowledge of his doctrine; that, as St. Paul said, spiritual things are spiritually discerned,—so it is equally in other regions of thought, in all knowledge. The capacity for truth, for discerning, receiving, comprehending it, depends very much on temper and general tone of the mind, on the purity and freshness of our sensibilities, on our attitude towards its Author, our nearness and likeness to Him. God resisteth the proud, and shuts the door against him. “The scorner seeketh wisdom and findeth it not,” is

the proverb of a very ancient time. And great philosophers have said that one enters the kingdom of knowledge as he enters the kingdom of heaven,—like a little child. It is in humility, in reverence, in love to God and his creatures, that we question Nature, and hear or understand her response. The secret of the Lord, and the secret of his works as well, is with them that fear Him. Increased knowledge, so also increase of intellectual life, of its deeper impulses and inspirations, comes as the mind gets nearer its birthplace, and dwells with God in love. It is touched by forces from invisible realms. It feels the power, it partakes the grandeur, it is strengthened by the communion of that Eternal Love where it has its delighted home. To pray well was Luther's sign of a good student. He who dwells in God's light, how shall he not, if he seek, dwell in all light, and, as his heart opens to love, so also his intelligence open to truth, and by such nutriment both grow together? Of course there is knowledge, intellectual power, and progress possible without this divine affection. Too often has genius cast off the yoke even of virtue, and disavowed the lordship of Christ, and gone sounding on its dim and perilous way alone. Everywhere we see it, men of great attainments and accomplishments, and certain intellectual success, without religious faith. But surely this would not have disarmed them of any power, rather would have anchored their restless spirits, and have supplied what is now a marked and in any large view of life a fatal defect. It would have touched their genius with permanent rather than transient and superficial inspirations. For love, humble, adoring, trustful, generous love, is not only the spirit of the noblest study, and the right temper for intellectual growth, but it supplies the motives, the stimulus, the direction, the large conditions, the temperate climate, the healthful atmosphere of thought and intellectual life. Our ambitions die, our powers decay, but love never faileth. Selfishness seeks knowledge for ad-

vantage or for eminence, at best for curiosity or for ornament; but love rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.¹ When the love of knowledge weakens, when evil passions get the better of it, when our indolence, our sensualities, our low aims, our bad companionships, or our secret depravities, hang chains of iron upon the soul, to sink the whole nature, the intellectual and the spiritual together, then comes love, the love of Christ,—his to us, ours grateful and responsive to Him,—to lift us up and divinely constrain us. With a right heart, won from all false and wrong things, drawn to God by supreme attraction, all else comes right,—labor, disappointment, failure, for love endureth all things; success, satisfaction, honor, for love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Love works spiritual wonders. And if it cannot supply intellectual power where it is wanting, it puts what there is to the best use: the aimlessness, the wastefulness, the bad economy of minds having no regulating principle, is avoided where religious faith and spiritual consecration govern. Love cannot take the place of knowledge, but it can minister to it and work with it, and even protect against it.

For knowledge without love is a perilous gift, not only more difficult in attainment, but more dangerous in pos-

¹ "But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a tarrasse, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." — Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.

session. We often have the sad sight that it is no sufficient security. Literary history is dark throughout with instances of genius wrecked all the easier and surer because it is genius, without a moral anchorage, consumed in its own unhallowed fire. Knowledge is not wisdom.

“ Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain, —
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

“ Of demons ? fiery hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place :
 She is the second, not the first.”

Learning is not mighty against meanness and self-indulgence. Cultivation does not change the heart, cannot rectify the spirit before God, or carry it through the judgments of death and the world beyond. There is no real salvation in knowledge, even though you understand all mysteries: though you know Christ after the flesh, and God after theology, and duty after the Scriptures; though you have all knowledge, even of things revealed and religious, and have not love,— there is a central and fatal defect. Character does not lie in the strong head, in the clear brain, but in the true heart which rules life, and under God fixes our destiny.

Indeed, love is the only security of knowledge and of its right use, without which it is dangerous. For like all gifts, perhaps more than all gifts, unregulated by religious faith and pious love, it is a temptation and a snare. Knowledge puffeth up, love lifteth up. Love vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly; but too much learning unconsecrated makes mad. It has been by wisdom, the conceit of it, by knowledge without faith, by philosophy without humility, that the world knew not God. For this is the temptation of an active brain, this is the tendency of an age of intellectual activity and conquest,

when knowledge is sought as an end. The mind runs to pride and an unhealthy independence. It must have religion taking hold of the Eternal to balance it, to settle its ferments, to govern its wild forces. The most subtle temptations often beset and carry captive the mind eager for knowledge, and strong in intellectual predominance. It is not the grossness of appetites so much as the conceits of pride, the vanity of knowing more than Christ, the rebellions of the heart against his teaching and rule, which betray the brightest spirits to their enemy. And then it is not intellectual culture always which overcomes coarseness and baseness. The lower nature is set on fire with a flame which knowledge can never extinguish. There have been instances of profligacy, of mean actions, of crime even to uncleanness and to blood, connected with scientific discovery and intellectual accomplishment.

“Hold thou the good ; define it well :

For fear divine Philosophy

Should push beyond her mark, and be

Procuress to the lords of hell.”

It is by love, and not by knowledge, that we gain the true ends of life. For knowledge is only means to an end, and the end of all knowledge and of all things is our perfection. And love is that perfection. Knowledge brings neither peace nor purity. It is written from the beginning that he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. The sharpest pangs are in the most cultured souls. The joy of what we know is never so great as the burden of what is left unknown. Knowledge conquers no sin : it plucks no rooted sorrow from the heart. There is no balm, no medicine in it ; no secret of the eternal peace, of the divine health. Without love, satisfied with God's promise, partaking of his forgiveness, patient under his discipline, much study is a weariness to the flesh and a perplexity to the spirit. Forever rises up that which no knowledge satisfies, a heart vexed with trouble, restless in

its sin, anticipating immortality, and it says, What is all this worth? That I know gives me no relief. There is a joy in new visions of truth, a triumph in intellectual supremacy, a help in knowledge. But there is still an end unfulfilled; a joy, a triumph, a help not gained. I may understand all mysteries, I may search out God's sublime geometry in matter, or follow him on dark or shining paths in the mind and history of man. I may search the Scriptures to find there God's revelations of himself, of his purposes, of his proceedings, of my own life and its great issues. Christianity shall unfold itself to my thought. But then what shall I do? I have no friendship, no intercourse with this God of my spirit. Knowledge of the divine remedy has not healed my hurt, nor lifted the burden of sin from my conscience. A gulf yawns between me and the divine love. I see in Christ, and yet do not feel, and cannot know because of a still alienated heart. My soul wants something to fasten to in reverence and joy, and does not find it. And it is not till you have learned the simple lesson, hid from the wise and prudent, that the way into peace, into the highest knowledge, is through love, which counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, that the end of all knowledge, of all life, is reached.

For after all, without love coming through the reconciliations of the cross, without a heart resting in God in peace and delight, the more we know, the farther we search, if we cannot feel our footing sure in some reality which will last the world through, and eternity through, the more mysterious and dreary existence becomes. And above all, when we are through, when from all we have known we are going away into the unknown and see no inch beyond, when no more of life is left and knowledge fails us, it is only faith turned into love, looking through the dark into God's promise and very face of love,—it is then we feel that not knowledge but love is the pilot which

sees far into the darkness, and will keep us where sight fails, and no darkness of the unknown can put out that light.

For this is just what St. Paul says, as the last thing to be said, that, while love never faileth, knowledge shall vanish away. One is transient, the other immortal. In a large and general view, see the change which has passed upon the world's knowledge. Where is the science of Paul's day? Their geography is outgrown, their astronomy superseded or revolutionized, their philosophy of matter, and even of mind, of small account. The world laughs over the things they thought certain, and studies their literature with antiquarian curiosity rather than for living truth. Christ and Him crucified proved to be the one thing then worth knowing which has not become worthless and obsolete with the lapse of time.

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease. The very languages of the ancients, in which the Scriptures themselves are preserved, are dead, as we call them, and half the curriculum of the college is spent in relearning them. And knowledge is as temporary as language, and shall vanish away. Science, in its inevitable progress, is continually shifting its ground. It ought to make us modest and humble about what we learn, if not more confident about what we believe. It ought to compose our fears of any final disappearance of Christianity before advancing civilization, and our alarms at the threats of those who have discovered substitutes for it; who think by scientific researches that religion may be discovered out of life, and God out of existence.

There is a work translated out of the German of Feuerbach called "The Essence of Christianity," which probably you never read, and which it would do you little good to read. It is the ultimate conclusion of that great scheme of Hegelian philosophy which so absorbed German speculation for a considerable part of this century. It is

an attempt to give a philosophical basis to atheism, and to show that religion is a thing outgrown, and must shortly disappear out of the world. Not long ago I spent a few days in the quaint old city of Nuremberg, and more than once went to the old churchyard of St. John's, outside the walls, drawn there in part by the tomb of Albert Dürer, with its inscription, *Emigravit*, telling his faith in another life.¹ At the close of a lovely Sunday afternoon in autumn I was there, and found a large concourse of people gathered at the burial of this famous Feuerbach, whom the orators of the occasion described as "the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century." Near sunset the crowd dispersed, and, in the words of "Gray's Elegy" in a similar place, "left the world to darkness and to me." I could but think of Dürer sleeping there in the same ground, now for two hundred and fifty years. His character and his art were founded on a profound faith in the realities of a spiritual world. He wrought nobly and sincerely in this world because he felt that he was citizen of another and higher, to which he was to emigrate. He wrought with a result solid and vital, and which glorifies Nuremberg to-

¹ The inscription is as follows :—

ME. AL. DV.
 QUICQUID ALBERTI
 DURERI MORTALE
 FUIT SUB
 HOC CONDITUR
 TUMULO EMIGRAVIT.
 VIII. IDUS APRILIS
 M. D. XXVIII.
 A
 D

Mr. Longfellow's verses may be added :—

"Here, where Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
 Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;
 Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
 Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
 Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies."

day, because he believed what Feuerbach denied. And I said, if this is the last outcome and highest thought of the nineteenth century, and Feuerbach has said the last and best word it has to utter, let us go back three centuries to Albert Dürer. Be sure of this, that no great art, no solid and durable thing, ever sprung out of the creed of Feuerbach. There may be great knowledge, great philosophy which destroys, but it is faith, it is love which creates, which endures, which is remembered here, and has an inheritance elsewhere.

The vanishing and disappearing of knowledge belongs to the very nature of life as progressive. The Apostle compares it to the childish things which man leaves behind as he passes from infancy. So is all our life, here and hereafter. The knowledge which is sufficient for one stage is not for another, — in fact disappears and is lost in the increase of light. But love never faileth.

What a dreary prospect for one who has only knowledge, in old age, in the inevitable decay which comes with increase of years! Knowledge fades away, forgotten, and power goes. But love is within the heart, a secret and perpetual well-spring, a perennial source of beauty to the ripening life. Disaster cannot touch it. Trouble only increases it. And then in dying! Knowledge, indeed, we may carry with us, our heritage for the future, our discipline for celestial service. But how much of it may be useless, abandoned as only an incumbrance, or superseded and swallowed up, as stars go out in the brightness of the eternal day! And all of it will be unavailing — that is, to any true need of your immortality — to meet its dread exigencies, its spiritual judgments, unless you can carry it with a heart made right, and ready to be made perfect in love. The vision of God, to see the King in his beauty, belongs only to love, to the pure in heart. Says that deep-hearted Christian, Frederick Robertson: "I can conceive of no dying hour more awful than that of one who

has aspired to *know* instead of to *love*, and finds himself at last amidst a world of barren fact and lifeless theories, loving none and adoring nothing." Love never fails, but even when the narrow life here stops and the infinite future opens, and the great life of immortality begins, love is sufficient for that, and finds its true home and endless satisfaction there.

What, now, have I undertaken? To maintain, in the presence of a school established in the interest of good learning, a thesis which Paul states, on which Christianity stands; namely, the superiority of the spiritual to the intellectual, of goodness to genius, of love to knowledge. I have shown that the two are not oppugnant, and may be united; that love helps knowledge and quickens intellectual growth; that knowledge needs the restraints as well as the inspirations of love; that the end of life is not in what we know, but in what we love; and, finally, that love is the one imperishable thing remaining when powers decay and life ends.

And to what conclusion does this come? Is it that knowledge is worthless, that study is to stop, and the college to be closed? Is it to condemn education, and cast dishonor on our founder, and discourage the very work so many young and aspiring souls came here to do? Is it that religion and science are enemies, and cannot be friends? And, therefore, that inquiry must stop, and in the interest of religion science be shortened in its range and predetermined in its conclusions? Rather it is that schools, that education, must be Christian; that religion must have its place, as knowledge has its place; that with a free, alert, acquisitive intellect, there must be fresh affections, and generous charity, and a devout spirit, and the consecrations and hopes of a life with God.

To you, my friends, who out of this cloister of study are now going into the life of the world without, these words come for your advice and your benediction. It is

for you to reconcile and join, in the life which now opens to you, these two, knowledge and love. This is not always easy, to keep the heart tender while knowledge grows ; to love God with a great, holy love ; to sympathize with all that is pure, good, humane, divine, with Christ's great love for man ; while remitting nothing in the love of study, of knowledge, in the privilege and the power and the progress, in the tastes and pursuits, which belong to you as educated women. Learn the danger there is on both sides ; especially that you have a heart to keep with all diligence, because that out of it are the issues of life ; that meekness and reverence and charity must go with knowledge, or it is poisoned ; that no gifts, no acquisitions, can be wholly good or useful with a proud, selfish, restless heart. Covet all gifts ; intermeddle with all knowledge ; preserve the studiousness, the scholarly tastes, the comprehensive culture, which have begun here. But remember always that love is the most excellent of gifts, and the consecration of them all ; that it is possible to win all intellectual prizes, and lose the soul ; that you may know much, all things, and yet be ignorant of that secret of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, which is the only eternal life.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.¹

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." — ACTS xxvi. 19.

HERE is a man who has a sudden vision, and for thirty years or more, to the very end of life, he follows it, and allows it to have supreme influence over him. In the pursuit of it, under the impulse of it, he faces all peril, and denies himself all indulgence, and dies for it at last. Such a man is called a visionary, and to his reproach. He follows the dreams of his mind rather than the sight of his eyes. He does not see what he thinks he sees. He sees visions, and dreams dreams, and takes them for facts. He lets his fancy, his imagination, his illusions, lead him, and gives the unreal, the imaginary, such power as belongs only to reality. Such a person may be amiable, but people pity him for his delusion, and let him pass. They give him little heed, and say, like Joseph's brothers, "Behold this dreamer cometh."

And indeed there is not much to be said for the mere dreamer. It is the infirmity of some minds that they fly so much in the air, and rarely touch the solid earth. They waste their power and accomplish little because they mistake shadows for realities. Visionary speculations in philosophy, in business, unsettle men's heads, and come to little good. One purpose of your education here is to prevent or correct the mistakes into which fancy and dreaming lead. I have to warn you against idle dreaming, if it takes the place of earnest action.

And yet there are visions and visionaries which justly

¹ Baccalaureate Sermon, at Vassar College, June 22, 1880.

bear no such reproach. There are visionaries who lead the world, and come to the end and height of their vision because they see so far, and believe in what they see. St. Paul was not disobedient to the heavenly vision which fell upon him, and that made a mighty difference in his life. That henceforth changed, empowered, immortalized him. From the touch of Ananias upon his blinded eyes at Damascus, even on to the stroke of the headsman's axe upon his neck at Rome, he kept seeing more and more in that vision, and it would not let him go, as he would not let it go. It was not the transient glimpse of a wonderful hour, but became the permanent force of every day. It inspired him, and gave him support. It realized itself to him as no dream of his fancy, but the supreme fact of existence. And without it, with all his genius and practical energy, he would have failed. His life would have dropped down into tame conformity, and the most unspiritual aim. It would have been emptied of the divine aspiration and uplifting faith by which he endured and conquered.

Something, then, is to be said for visions, and it is my business to-day to tell you how important it is that you should have them, and be true to them. Indeed, I want to speak of the relations of Vision and Action, and to tell you what you do in life will depend very much, and perhaps first of all, upon what you see. Obedience to the highest and best thing you see is the word for this parting hour.

Seeing the unseen,—this is the paradox of religion; this is the mystery of faith, as it is the perplexity of unbelief. But it is the very thing which divides men, and which is the crowning excellence of human nature. It is the first gift of religion, as it is the highest attainment of life. It is second sight, a clearer and farther vision, a longer and ampler range, an annexed realm of knowledge, that "precious seeing to the eye" which love adds, that

seeing the invisible which belongs to faith, that vision of God which belongs not to mystics only, but to all the pure in heart, that spiritual discernment, that finer sense, that inward illumination, that sympathetic and divine apprehension of things unseen and eternal, which, if it belongs not to human nature, at least becomes its possession through spiritual renewal and the Christian faith. This Christianity asserts and imparts. This is the meaning of its doctrine of the Holy Ghost, written in its earliest creed, as it is on all the front of the New Testament. This was the last promise of Jesus before he went away : "Howbeit when he the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, and he will show you things to come." This was the signal promise of old prophecy before he came : "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." And the Pentecost came, and Christianity started on its victorious career with a marvelous outbreak of spiritual light, with clearer vision as with many-tongued utterance of its new revelations of God. And its first great convert and mightiest apostle had his eyes opened to see Jesus when He had gone from the flesh, and even to see things which it is not lawful because impossible for a man to utter. And it has been, and is, a conquering energy in the life of the world, because it reveals the hidden, and unveils the invisible ; because it opens the eyes to spiritual realities, and employs for its weapons the powers of the world to come.

It comes in our way, first, and most naturally for you who for a year have been studying the powers of the human mind, to see that there is such a faculty in man, that there is the power, actual or potential, which apprehends invisible things, which sees *in* things more than appears, which sees *beyond* things present and actual what is not of the senses, and not of man ; an idealizing power which creates

types of ideal character and visions of unknown beauty and good, and "moves about in worlds not realized," and so lifts the soul above itself into the invisible. There is the power which passes from the transient to the permanent, and, whether by knowledge or by faith, lays hold of the essential, the spiritual, the everlasting. There is the ethical, the philosophical, the spiritual, as well as the poetic imagination, all of them the same power of the mind, which, in the realm of the possible, the unknown, the invisible, the future, discovers or creates, invents or imagines, expects or believes, and so fills time and space, and the whole realm of being, with visions which are to it realities. There is the power of faith, which, whether it be natural or supernatural, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. There is, in a word, the power of vision, not of the eye, which can reach to the mountain-top or the far Orion, but of the soul, which reaches to immortality and to God. There is "the vision and the faculty divine" which is the poet's, because all souls are poets, penetrating more or less the deep life of things, discerning God in the universe, a moral law in all life, a moral order in the world and its history, a spirit in man, and a spiritual world in which his immortality has root and certainty. There is above all, that Spirit of God whose illuminations are the light of the soul, whose teachings, whose movings, whose renewings, whose inward witness, are the life of religion, are the source of all spiritual knowledge and power, of light to the vision and love to the heart. And back there at last we trace whatever power of faith, of spiritual vision, of knowing God and the things of God, of knowing sin in its evil and Christ in its cleansing, and the world to come in its terror or its splendor, whatever sight not prophets only have of the secrets of God, but which any of us have of the things which are hidden from the eyes, and which are revealed from faith to faith.

Here it is, — the power, and the sphere into which it looks; the vast world of visions; the things to be seen if only we have eyes to see them. And what a realm it is! Wide it is as duty, character, life, immortality, possibility, truth, God! How far, how deep, how much we see, if our eyes are purged, and if faith helps our vision! What visions come to us in the hours of divine visitation, in the great crisis of a soul's regeneration, in the revelation of Christ to the hungry heart, in the times when possibility opens its great doors, and we take in the great facts of our fellowship with God, and the immortality of our being! If only there be spiritual illumination, there is a boundless world of things to see.

There is the vision of God. For Time and Matter, and all visible things, are but his variable vesture, and through the created come gleams of the uncreated and infinite One. It is a blind eye which cannot see Him. It is a dull eye which sees only an Infinite Mechanic who has made a very complicated and excellent machine, and who needs this to prove his existence. But the mind which knows God sees always through the apparent to the real, and finds the universe transparent and luminous with the Living One. Some revelations of Him, some suggestions of his presence, are always coming to such a mind, even out of the changeable and perishable world.

There is the vision of God. And in Christ it is clear and satisfying. It is a new and ample and inexhaustible revelation. Even in Christ, God is not understood at once. It takes long experience to appreciate Nature in all her lights and meanings, her constant laws, her infinite variations. We must know her by day and night, in all seasons, in all moods, in her parts and her whole, in all relations of harmony or diversity, in her shy and reserved hours, and even then she remains unknown and full of new surprises. At Damascus the vision of Jesus broke sudden and dazzling upon the soul of Paul. But he went

on, and the more he knew of Christ the more remained to be known. It was not the man Christ Jesus that kept him at the study. It was the Divine light coming in constant floods through him, the always enlarging vision of God and his unsearchable grace, which held him fast. The first hour of his new life was one of great spiritual discoveries, of wonderful disclosures of God's glory. But while a thousand things in his old life faded and vanished, this continued and augmented. And this vision of God, of an unseen Christ, is no dream of imagination, no heat and distemper of the excited brain.

It is real as God is real. This reaching of the human heart after an Almighty Father, this endless supplication going into the skies, does not lose itself in the empty space, but finds what it goes after. There is nothing in all human experience, no knowledge of nature, no ideal of the poet, no love of one person for another, more real than this very experience of religion, of the sight of the Everlasting God. And this vision of Christ, and of God in Him, of Christ and all the truth and hope and help and redemption which are in Him, this faith in an unseen Saviour and Master, which becomes sight and actual experience to the soul, which sometimes rises into rapture and exultation, which not more inflames the imagination and the feeling than it directs the practical energies, is the experience to be coveted, and by all means, and in the forsaking of all things, to be gained.

And with the vision of God in Christ is the expectation and bright hope of the coming of God's kingdom in the world. It seems a dream to many that there should ever be any such mighty revolution, changing not only the face but the very life of the world. And yet from the beginning this vision of a better and renovated world in which righteousness dwells and rules has been going before all Christian people to animate their courage and hope. What an inspiration it has been, — this vision of

the prophets, this great hope of the Church! Perhaps there are visionaries who expect impossible things. There are wild dreams of social reform, of human perfectibility. But so are there visions of a divine kingdom, which are not all visions, but which are the natural anticipations of faith. Without them there would be little attempted and little accomplished. They have sprung out of the Gospel, and give mighty impulse to the diffusion of it, and to all labor for human improvement and redemption.

And as for this world, so for another. It is a great lift for the soul to raise itself up to this hope and vision of an immortal life; to have it not merely for a guess, but a conviction; to have the prescient vision of it, the sight of it, as real, as sure, as of whatever is this side of it. And not the bare fact of perpetuated existence as some conclusion of the reason, but to see and feel it, and be lifted by it, and take in all its great scope, and have in perpetual view this other life, not as immortal only, but in all its amplitude of privilege, as redeemed and purified and glorified by Christ, — the hope of this, rising into vision, has been inspiration and victory to all contending souls. And when it is gone, and the future has no clearness, even in the light of Christ, and the only prospect is death and a handful of dust, — extinction or worse, — there is no comfort and no hope then. This is what we want; an immortality that is not an idea or a belief or a doctrine, but a constant and beautiful and haunting vision, which carries the soul all the time forward into the presence of Christ. This tendency and habit of the mind confirmed, the future always and full in view, the world to come made visible in the brightness of a constant hope and aspiration, — all this alters life because such a vast province is annexed to it. What at first was caught only in some fortunate glimpses of a brighter hour, becomes a steady and sure sight of a clear reality. The eye fits itself to the distance, and sees

the King in his beauty and the land which is far off. The soul brightens with the grander prospect, and feels upon it all the influence of so vast an imagination. The graves of the world become transparent, and faith looks through them into another world and a larger life.

And as for another life, so for this. For it is with the future our dreams play, and it is among the possibilities of our coming days that we have our visions. And it is the special office of religion to create the sublime dissatisfactions, the fair ideals, the high ambitions, the large aspirations, which redeem life from its commonness, and lift it to heights otherwise unattained. So Christianity has gone among the nations, breathing into them new and nobler hopes, stirring their discontent with what is, their aspiration for something better, and holding up new and higher ideals to draw them out of their stagnation and baseness. It is this kindling vision of grander possibility, this appropriation of the future in advance and planting in it hopes and aims which may, many of them, come to no fruit, this power of faith, even of imagination, reaching forward into the unknown years which are coming, and erecting there its castles in the air, which makes a man a nobler creature than if he lived only from hand to mouth, and never thought, never dreamed, never aspired, never preëmpted a future which is his only in hope. Such dreams belong to our youth. They flush the sky of morning, though they often fade before noon. Imagination and hope are fresh, and fly higher than in the weary days of our disappointment and unsuccess. We then think we can "pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon." Achievement seems easy. In this ingenuous season of freedom, of aspiration, of hope, before habits are fixed, before the wings have been broken in the rough wind, there come fairy visions of what we shall do and what we shall be. We will gain this, we will accomplish that. I will avoid this man's weakness and that man's sin. I will

keep my honor, while I gain the world's. I will live generously, purely, honorably, usefully. I will not fail, but by God's blessing succeed. And so to our dream life is to be a beautiful river, running always in the sun, winding at its sweet will, nothing to do but to receive and run on. Such visions, such dreams we call them afterwards, have visited every one of you. And it is good for you that you have them. You will be better for them, even though the bright morning turns gray and cold by and by.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Your visions may fade, and many of them will. If they are only earthly, perhaps it is better they should, if only the heavenly vision grows and brightens. But there are visions which may be realized. They will not be if you do not have them. Have them. Cherish them. Let faith kindle them. Let experience help them. Never lose the sight of higher, greater, better things. Never let the world, the disappointment of life, the waking out of earthly dreams, darken the heavenly vision. Keep the eyes open to what is beyond. Bate not a jot of hope's inspiration. Keep your visions, for they are the good angels of God to hold your steps in the hard way and through the dark battle.

And to do this, vision and action must go together. It is obedience to the heavenly vision which keeps it and fulfills it. It is not by lowering the standard, dismissing the vision, ceasing from your ideals, but it is by fidelity to

the highest thing God has given you to see, that you retain and that you accomplish them. It is not by keeping our dreams as mere visions of the night, but by turning them into daylight realities, that they answer the purpose for which God sends them. Columbus had his dream of a rounded world, and a path to the golden Indies by way of the west. He did not sit down to indulge his dream, but he traveled and besought and sacrificed, and then committed himself to the unknown Atlantic, that he might bring true his dream, or find it false and begin again. It is not enough to see an ideal beauty in Christ and a Christian life, to draw fair pictures of it, to sing its praises, to hope for it, and dream of its coming to us in some fortunate hour. If it is only a vision, nothing more, if we see all we might be and ought to be, if great possibility in Christ dawns upon and cheers us, and we do not make the possible actual and the vision a reality, we are infidels and worse. We waste the vision which with infinite pains God has sent upon our eyes, and which has led us nowhere and goes out in darkness.

For this is the secret of such unrest as vexes a thousand bosoms to-day, and from which I would have you spared. It is this continual reproach and torment of large ideals and small performance, of a keen sense of duty and a sluggish and disobedient will, of all noble visions which end in themselves. And this, on the other hand, is the lifting up and continual joy of the soul, that it follows the alluring vision and never lets it go, that it apprehends that for which it has been apprehended of Christ.

For this, again, is the peril of losing the vision which is not obeyed, of quenching the Spirit which inflames our souls for a time with such bright light. This has the force of a law in God's rule over the mind, that the truth we are unfaithful to loses its evidence and its power, and dies, or departs from the mind. So it was with the first

Saul, the Hebrew king. In his infidelity to his high calling, the Lord departed from him and made no more communication with him. So might it have been with the other and second Saul. He might have forgotten his vision of Christ's glory and lost it, and sunk back into a poor Pharisee again, had he fled from his call, and turned back from the prize which was set before him.

Do not trifle with your heavenly visions, and extinguish them by inaction or disobedience. If you hear any nobler word, if at any hour there comes to you any inspiring vision, clasp it like some angel, and wrestle with it to the breaking of the day, and do not let it go till it bless you.

And now for you, dear friends, this word is spoken, and makes its own application to you. The veil has been lifted from much that you did not know, and you have been "beholding the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." It has been the great and golden opportunity of your fortunate youth to spend it here, where, undistracted by care, unsolicited by pleasure, you could give your thoughts and your studies to the best things. And if before you, in the midst of this studious seclusion, have risen visions of duty, of character, of useful service, of life made better by making other lives better; if here some light of Christ has arisen upon you, and you have seen that face which Paul saw at Damascus and never forgot; if in Him you have seen a grander possibility for this life, and your only grand hope for another,—hold it and do not let go. Do not be disobedient to that divine voice, which comes to-day again and with fresh emphasis, with your feet on the threshold, and going out from this dear house of your opportunity and your filial love, but listen, and in your heart of hearts say, I will not leave my Saviour behind with so much that I must forsake. He shall go with me, this sweet vision, this beautiful ideal, this divine friend. I will do

what I know. I will follow where this vision leads. I will obey the word of his which I have heard. I will not lose what is worth all life is worth.

Dear friends, dear children, if I may say it, carry with you our hopes, our affections, our benedictions, our prayers, our tender, last farewells.

THE MISSIONARY RESOURCES OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.¹

“Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand ? ” —
LUKE xiv. 32.

WE turn aside to-night from deliberation and debate, from questions of method and policy, for worship and religious edification, to hear the Word of God, to recall our work in its more spiritual aspects, its nature, its principles, its authority, its power and progress, its resources and results. It is a great work. Years and experience do not diminish the impression of its magnitude. It rises on our larger knowledge, greater and increasing in difficulty and in glory. In every way, — in its nature and its scope ; in the space it is to cover ; in the numbers it is to include ; in the grandeur of its purposes, whether in the evil to be conquered or in the benefit to be administered ; in its results, deep as human nature, broad as society, eternal as the soul, — it knows no rival. Missions contemplate the displacement of all other religions, to make Christ's the only one, to make it supreme ; the creation of a new spiritual life in evil and dead souls and races, and prospectively of a new civilization of the world. It is an undertaking before which human wisdom or ambition might shrink. It stretches itself to a conquest altogether unparalleled in human history. No scheme of commerce or of colonization ; no ambition of empire, — of Alexan-

¹ Preached at the Semi-centennial of the American Baptist Missionary Union, May 24, 1864.

der, Cæsar, Napoleon ; no philosophy, no religion, — ever sought or dreamed such a result, so large, so difficult. All other revolutions are bubbles in the stream compared with this.

Its greatness will be an oppression or an inspiration, according to our view of it. In the face of all this vast, ancient, hardened heathendom, we might stop in dumb despair, appalled and impotent before its terrible grandeur. To confront gods whose thrones are as old almost as history, and ruling three quarters of mankind ; to supplant religions to which Christianity is a child in age and in influence ; to unweave the falsehoods knit into the thought and habit of nations organized, inlaid, consecrated, autocratic ; to invade the spiritual beliefs of whole races on the other side of the globe, — is either insane or sublime. It will either daunt or instigate, according as it seems possible or not. To know that the odds against us is in numbers, not in power ; that missions go into this conquest equal to it ; that Christendom, standing in the minority, yet carries in it and with it forces and allies sufficient, — turns the very difficulty and magnitude of the enterprise, the sad magnificence of human sin and misery, into an inspiration. It becomes the mighty provocation of faith, and calls out all its reserves of power.

At any rate, the lines are formed, the orders are given, the field is set, the battle is joined ; it is Christendom against Heathendom, and the one which carries weight and the heaviest resources is to win at last. And which ? Are we able to take the world for Christ ? Can it be done by missions ? It is denied, philosophy in the name of civilization denies, that Christianity can dispost every alien religion and evangelize all races. If it has indeed become the religion of the puissant and leading races, perhaps has given them their precedence, still, it is alleged, there remain great, sullen, sluggish masses of mind impenetrable to the spiritual ideas and incapable of the vir-

tues of the Gospel. At any rate, they must go through a preparatory dispensation of civilization before they are ready for Christ. And the confidence of Christians is not always fixed and sanguine. They know the difficulty, the resistance; the land for them is full of a people greater and stronger than they; but they do not know how much strength, reserved strength, what help, divine help, stands pledged for final success. They have not weighed some great facts which must incline the scale inevitably towards Christ. Their distrust comes of too narrow a measure of the forces actually engaged to this result. They do not know the possibilities, the undeveloped energies, the resources, actual and latent, of this enterprise of missions. They need to contemplate, as we shall for the hour, —

THE MISSIONARY RESOURCES OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

That many of them should be latent; that God should hold in reserve yet unused forces; that, unrecognized, undisclosed, waiting their time, there should yet lie in germ the secret and coming powers which are to destroy heathenism and enlarge the kingdom of God; that this, like every great movement, should grow by the evolution of hidden energies, is only to state the method of Providence and the law of history. That Christianity should be capable of something more; that its forces are not exhausted, not yet all brought into action even; that the kingdom of redemption should carry in it supplies for every new demand and a constant growth; in a word, resources equal to its destiny, — is only to say that Christ, its Head, is divine, and his riches unsearchable. That in present resources, already partially employed, there should be still hidden unknown quantities of power, waiting to be called into action; that every known resource, however old, is capable of great expansion, — is not different from the fact that mind is dormant without education, or the soil

fallow and fruitless without agriculture. Raise every agency now at work for the world's conversion to its tenth power, and the kingdoms of darkness would shake out of their place.

I. In taking account now of our Missionary Resources, we begin inevitably with the Truth, Christianity itself, that doctrine of God which is the special and peculiar possession and instrument of the Church, the one thing she is trying to plant in the mind of heathendom. She has truth which is nowhere else ; which man has never found ; which no enterprise has ever used ; which is in no philosophy, no religion, no scheme of philanthropy, of morals ; separate, peculiar, divine. She did not borrow it of Aristotle or of Bacon, of science or of civilization. She received it of God. And it is like Him, so pure, so mighty, so eternal. It is no speculation, no sentiment, but a solid, living, smiting doctrine. This the Church has, if she will only use it. She need not go beating the air, blowing bubbles of excitement or of transient empire. She is intrusted with such truth as touches the bottom of all things ; doctrine strengthening, vitalizing, majestic ; the stuff out of which a divine virtue is made, a divine empire is built. She has this to rely on. She need not hurry. She need not wait. She need not put on appearances of strength. She need not tremble at any reed shaken in the wind. This is her strength, and it is real,—this solid artillery of Bible doctrine. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. And nothing carries the day but that which is charged of God with such power as He has put into the doctrines of the Cross. Evil is not an appearance, it is a vital, terrible reality. Words and wind and flourish will not kill it ; nothing but this strong, hot, patient, undying truth of God's Word. And that we have. And with that, what shall be too hard to subdue ?

It is the truth which the world hungers and dies for, the only medicine and regeneration of a groaning creation. The wretched and the dying can look nowhere else. It is the truth of God, but it is the truth for man. He gives, He maintains it. By it his throne stands or falls. For He is pledged to it. And by it poor, sick, restless, aspiring yet sinking human nature lives or dies. It is truth high as man's intelligence, deep as his sin, yet kindred to his best affections. It is not an abstraction, a philosophy, a hard, cold system of science and law. It is truth bathed in love, and warm with life; truth not spied out in the cold eternities above the stars, but gushing from eternal love, tender, searching, divine.

Therefore is it a truth which has power; which goes where logic cannot; which strikes home to man's spiritual nature, to sharpen his conscience, to break his heart. It is truth in Jesus, with his divine Life, his personal power in it. And the human mind has found no mightier power, after all. Science has gone far, and brought back much. It has sounded the sky. It has cracked open the earth. It has made the worlds transparent. It has kindled a light on the far horizons of being. It has found methods of timeless communication, of painless surgery. It builds a grand material civilization. But it has never found the secret of human happiness, the way of spiritual peace and everlasting life. It cannot penetrate an inch into the grave to make that transparent. It kindles no light on worlds beyond our horizon. It creates no holiness, while it multiplies luxuries. It builds no kingdom of God with its lenses and engines. It subjects nature to man; it does not bend man to God. No literature, no art, has invented any ideal person even, and civilization has produced no real one, like Christ. With Him we go to the heathen; Christ, the Divine Man, true to our nature, tender to our infirmities, yet perfect above all human excellence; Christ, the Incarnate God, to whom all their polytheisms, even

their pantheisms point, hungry for some manifestation of Deity ; Christ, the Divine Sacrifice, supplanting their hideous, costly worships, extinguishing their smoking altars, taking away the sin of the world. What the law could not do, neither literature nor science nor civilization, the Truth in Christ can. That is mighty to all spiritual results.

It is truth which has been tested, which has lived and conquered by its own vitality. It has shaken what nothing else could. It has shaken earth, and also heaven ; for it takes hold upon both. It shook Jupiter out of his Olympus, — the fairest, finest mythology of all nations, — out of the world. It emptied the Valhalla, — mighty against the barbarous and polished alike. It has been buried, like Christ, to rise again. Persecution could not kill it. It survived corruption. It is not bound. Shut up in prison with its martyrs ; confined in church or creed, in channels and mechanisms ; repressed and watched, — a silent might sleeps in its secret places, and bursts forth like lightning from the cloud.

And then, as Lord Bacon says of Prophecy, it is of "springing and germinant accomplishment." There are in the Bible undeveloped, unfolding germs of doctrine. "More truth is to break forth out of God's Holy Word," said Robinson at Leyden. Truth is constant and eternal, but knowledge is progressive. There are stars so distant that their light, traveling since the beginning of the world, has not yet reached our eyes. There are meanings in Providence and in God's Word which have not yet arrived, and still dark ; as in the Old Testament are things which received their true explanation only in the New ; as the Gospel needs the sin and misery of our entire humanity to be applied by missions on no narrower scale than the whole world, before its grace shall be entirely unfolded. The Cross, like Nature, like God, has never been found out unto perfection, and is pregnant yet with

life for all new exigencies of missions, for the entire conversion of the race. There is to be, too, a separating, defecating process, in which Christendom is to part with its monstrous accretions, perversions, hidings of the pure doctrine of God, so that it shall be like a new revelation and developement of truth, as it comes forth like the sun in his strength.

Let the Church know what a weapon she has, forged and tempered and drawn now before the nations, for this very office. Should her love swell till it is like Paul's, like the angels', she could ask Heaven to put into her hand no instrument so fit, so sufficient. Let her know her advantage over all human institutions, over all philanthropies and charities, and infinitely over heathendom, in that she has the Truth. Let her know it, believe it, use it. Going forth with it, a torch in the darkness, a sword to smite a sleeping or a resisting world, what may she not do? For what in the earth is like Truth, and what is sure of the world but that? There is nothing greater. At last there shall be nothing else. "Great is the Truth, and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon the Truth, and the heaven blesseth it; all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. As for the Truth it endureth, and is always strong, it liveth and conquereth forevermore."¹

II. But this resource is not complete till you add to it another, mightier still, belonging to it, inseparable from it. The Church believes and employs a Truth which is not only peculiar, divine, mighty in itself, but to which alone the Spirit of God is pledged, with which He works. This Spirit of Truth Christ has procured by his Ascension, and for himself, to go where He goes, to search and soften and open the heart of the world for Him, and for no other. This Spirit goes where other influences cannot, strikes the one decisive blow which undermines the kingdom of dark-

¹ 1 Esdras iv. 35-38.

ness, and gives the world to the people of the Most High. It is a power which strikes to the bottom, and secretly takes possession of the inmost throne of the mind for God. And thus, whatever flourish Satan may make on the surface, his power is gone.

By this the Church herself is empowered, created indeed, soul of her body, breath of her life. Without the living Spirit of God, she may be strong, she may be rich; her officers may be the rivals of kings, her treasure the revenue of nations, her worship venerable with the hoar of a thousand years; she is a tomb, not the Ark of God's Covenant. Having the Spirit, especially filled with the Spirit, she is taught of God, and able to teach others also; charity, purity, trust grow; the lusts of the flesh, the love of the world die; and she shines, her light being come.

But so, also, is the Spirit her ally, and really unfathomed resource for the work of missions, because the Spirit comes to prayer, and goes with the Gospel. Standing before the awful falsehoods, the old, stubborn, deep-rooted religions of Paganism, as before a range of mountains, pleading with God, plying the truth, this secret energy, like an elemental force of nature, dissolves them down to dust. We stand not alone prophesying to the dead. Preaching the Gospel of God, we prepare the way for the Spirit of God; and they carry with them that regeneration which involves the mightiest moral changes. To this the Spirit is pledged, to allow no word of God to return unto Him void, to satisfy the travail of the Redeemer's soul.

Let missions take inspiration from the faith which grasps this supreme fact. Unseen, mysterious, independent as this power is, inscrutable in operation, blowing where it listeth, yet it is a fact, so sure, so supporting, that the very faith of it imparts courage. And it is an energy which, by its very nature, by the fact that it is Divine, proceeding from the Father and the Son, and of necessity

sufficient for the ultimate and perfected work of the Gospel, must, therefore, be an ample, rich, perpetual fund of supply for missions. There yet lies latent here — as winds lie calm in the air of a summer noon, as heat immense lies cold and hidden yet in the mountains of coal — the blessing and the life of nations, the infinite enlargement of Zion. Alter the levels of the continents a little, and the ocean drives in, pushing its shores back to the inland hills. In Christianity rests that vast residuum of yet unused, even unknown grace of the Spirit, which breaking forth will flood new lands with Christ's life and praise. Not yet have men begun to know the infinite riches of this grace, as it will be revealed when applied to the soul of churches and nations, to clarify the spiritual vision, to enlarge and quicken the spiritual consciousness, to make men, even in masses, new in Christ. It will be like adding a new revelation of spiritual things, duplicating what we have, as its mysteries of truth and love are unfolded. Like the telescope added to astronomy, steam to the industry of the world, gunpowder to war, emancipation to serfs, like the climate of the Gulf Stream to England, like the gift of any new power, will be the released and enlarged operation of the Spirit. The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days.

When, therefore, it begins to be thought that Christ's kingdom must take the fate of all other empires, die out, pass away, at any rate relinquish its dream of universal dominion, it is forgotten that back of it is the Spirit of the Living God, unlimited, unexhausted, replenishing forever, reviving the dead, breaking out in the desert, flaming forth in Pentecosts, poured out upon all flesh. Such a resource must not be left out of account. It were like omitting heat from calculations of the weather, the atmosphere in determining the conditions of life. A religion which, not, like the religions of the world, living by the human

forces in them, is charged, recruited, increased by a force above the world, carries in its own bosom the augury and pledge of victory.

III. In the train of the Truth and the Spirit comes the Church, organized, endowed by them, and ordained of God for this very office. Through whatever indirect, un-commissioned agents Christianity is to come into contact with the world, with its paganism and sin, with the human mind, surely its main reliance must be on that society of Christian people within which it is incorporate, incarnate, trustee of its mighty benefit. Christendom, indeed, is leavened with its influences, is moved by its secret energies; its civilization is born of the Gospel, and stands witness for it before the nations. But much of its religion is sensuous, ritual, corrupt, apostate, and its actual, faithful Church, true to Christ and engaged to his service against all evil, is relatively small. But there is a Church, praying, contending, faithful, born of God, linked to his throne, ready to do or die. After all sifting and reduction, there remains a people able in God to do great things; tenfold more than revolutionized the Roman Empire, — enough to do anything for which God has made the world ready. It remains the one institute on earth charged with this one work. It is the one special power whose weight is to be cast decisively into the conflict of the world's destiny.

The Church may seem small, feeble, and entirely insufficient for the position given to it in the redemption of the race. It may seem most unreasonable to some persons, to hang the expectation of changing the religion and the life of three quarters of mankind on anything to be done by a fraction, perhaps a minority, of the other quarter. It looks like an immense and absurd disproportion. But one cannot look into it without seeing that after all this is the most elastic institution in the world, and full of a latent power; that it is capable of indefinite increase. It is a

collection of suppressed, reserved forces. It has never yet fairly shown itself. Its whole might has never been called out. It is one of those resources, like all divine ones, in which slumber the vast, invisible possibilities of a kingdom which shall have no end. Once an upper chamber could hold it, as once an acorn held the forest. Neither Caiaphas nor Cæsar, neither priest nor emperor, suspected the might which slumbered in that little society which, before long, was to bring Judaism to an end, and turn the basilicas of Rome into the temples of its worship. It is capable of indefinite increase outward. Christendom might be made into it; not influenced by it, but absorbed into it; held all of it by faith to Christ Jesus, one large, luminous, compact body of Christian life, a league of nations taking up the world in its strong arms to give it to its Lord. Its powers, organs, helps, its schools, clergy, missionaries, its funds, facilities, charities, may be multiplied, and need to be; that is, when it can carry them. It may be loaded beyond its strength, rich in all things except that inward power by which the day is to be won at last. For with all resources now latent, to be developed, it is the spiritual which are deepest, richest, and rule the rest. All powers in the Church have their springs really in one; at any rate, all latent forces would break forth with the increase of that. *It is character.* It is not belief, nor feeling, nor action. It is these, and more than these, and beneath them, that personal, permanent character, the fruit of the grace of God, which is capable of such elevation in the whole body of Christians as it has reached in the few whose superior virtue is remembered and "blossoms in the dust." It is character which is a fund of reserved power, just as mind is, educated, disciplined, the mind of the man above the child, of Europe above Africa. God has made provision for its growth, that it may be increased with all the increase of God. And this is really the most fruitful source of missionary

power to the Church in itself, in the latent resources which it must inevitably develop. Like subsoiling in agriculture, it strengthens the base. It keeps a head of water above the mill. It is like the inbred pluck and muscular energy of the Anglo-Saxon, breaking forth in revolutions, colonies, civilization, in inevitable superiority. It is capital vested for all the calls of an adventurous Christendom. It is one of the secret, silent, elemental forces, as in Nature, which work mightily and beyond all else. The power which holds down the mountains, which is compact and impact of this solid and rolling globe, is impalpable. The viewless forces which paint the earth white in winter and green in summer; which, with their wonderful chemistry, produce the fine vicissitudes of the sky and the seasons, — are known only as they appear in their effects. The mightiest powers of increment in Christianity and its Church are not in its instruments and organization, not even in its ministries and worships first, so much as in its moral invisible life, in will, love, passion, imagination, intelligence, soul, wrought and refined by the grace of God into character, — strong, arduous, high character. She breaks forth into grandeur and conquest, in Reformations, Revivals, Puritanisms, Methodisms, Missions, when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and she lives in the infinite life of her Lord. Truth, Righteousness, Liberty, and Life in God, not money, these are her funds. Let there be some signal change, some visible elevation in the general level of Christian character in the Church, in principle, in consistency, in conscientiousness, in all humane as well as divine virtues, not in transient spasms of religiousness, but in a constant energy of spiritual conviction and life, and the effect on the progress of Missions would be as perceptible as of the increased temperature of May in the color of the fields. A great fund of blessing in itself, it would at once intensify and bring into action all other latent powers.

It would be a great remedial, conservative force. It would increase missionary resources by stopping the drain in false and useless directions. Our Christianity has other work on hand besides the conversion of the heathen. It is struggling in the bosom of our civilization with old and stubborn evils. It is applying itself to great questions of social order and reorganization, of morals, politics, economy. Nothing is hid from the heat thereof. And so that happens which befalls all weakness and lack of practical power. The Church, unable, because of a low range of character, to meet all demands between so many calls, has not enough for them all, distributes itself, and lets what force it has run into many useless, or doubtful, at any rate minor enterprises. That is absorbed into the local which belongs to the universal. That is given to a class which belongs to mankind. What is given to the slave and the drunkard, to civic and social duty, is often withdrawn from the heathen; and he who ought to be a large, roundabout Christian is only a reformer or an agitator. It is the magnificent and divine benefit of Missions that, attempting nothing less than the conversion of the whole world, nothing short of an eternal salvation, pitched on the grand scale of the whole kingdom of God, which includes all social reorganization and progress, it thereby abolishes our hateful narrowness, and encourages a spirit great, catholic, comprehensive as itself. And what the Church needs, what is in her, if only it were awakened, is the power to yoke all her enterprises abreast, and to be true to the least and the greatest duties together. If Christianity is not great enough for this, then it is a narrow, local, feeble religion after all. It is. But the impediment lies in the Church, in contracted, suppressed character, waiting for an enlargement equal to the greatness of its office. Develop it and waste would be checked, power would be economized for all the great, imperative needs of the world, and of God's kingdom in it.

Such a development of now latent character would remedy defects and hindrances, would disengage Missions from incumbrances which now repress the fullness of their power. It would be alterative, corrective, medicinal for evils incident, it may be, to an enterprise managed by men, but only because there is not vital and healthful force enough to throw them off. Methods, practices, policies, tolerated, perhaps, because any remedy likely to be applied would be only something worse, yet repugnant to our better, nobler sense of honor and religion, would pass away. So much very worldly and prudential wisdom as is now considered important in conducting Missions, would hardly be necessary. It would no longer be one of the most delicate operations known, requiring the rarest order of diplomatic genius, such tactics as carries a fort or a legislative measure, to obtain funds, keep secrets, repress jealousies, pacify if not pacificate missionaries, satisfy contributors, humble or appease rivals, appeal to pride instead of charity, and in general manage a work which a nobler religious spirit would make as simple, sincere, spontaneous as the Gospel itself. Evolve the latent heats of a purer religious life, and they would burn up the wood, hay, stubble, with which we are trying to build the City of God. Bore to artesian depths; apply the weight of the atmosphere, instead of a force-pump, to the fountains of charity; let the stream run the mill, instead of turning the wheels by hand; add to missions the energies now dormant, — and these evils would disappear. Thou carriest them away as with a flood.

And so the Church would be able to manage increased power, privilege, blessing. She could bear success. For it appears to be one of the mysteries of Providence that the spread of the Gospel should be delayed, and often great recessions and defeats should overtake the cause of religion, until we see that God works with both hands; that He carries forward many purposes together; that He

makes events, the conquest of new empire, wait till the Church is ready; that He gives success till the Church is inflated and corrupted by it,—then she must be remanded to the desert, and drink tears in great measure. Strong, victorious, she ceases to be humble, dependent. Weak in Christian character, the people of God are unable to reconcile in their work their own energy and God's sovereignty; unable to bear success, and so unfit to have it. Therefore, for so great a trust as is given to the Church of God in these days, there needs to be an immense increase of moral power, not only to do her work, but to bear the effects of it. God must withhold the world from her till she is able to possess and take care of it. She must grow to the greatness of her office and destiny. A fortune falling to an incompetent prodigal is a calamity; a Zulu or a Mikir could not use a theodolite or a steam-engine; it would be monstrous improvidence for the Government, in order to encourage immigration, to bestow homesteads on Irish and Germans who stop in the slums of New York; and until the Church calls out, not only the blind people who have eyes, and the deaf people who have ears, but also her latent energies, and puts on a new style of character, till she grows to the greatness of her mission, will God keep back from a Church unready the hour which shall strike her victory. She may win by some fortunate throw; but her gain will be taken away. She must come to success in her work, to her work breaking forth on the right hand and on the left, in the strength of inspirations she cannot keep in, in a soul, a charity, in a robust Christian virtue, great as her work, her resources, her destiny.

So enlarged, empowered, girded, the secret wealth which lies folded in the very fact of her divine regeneration developed, all personal, social, pecuniary, religious resources in her brought into use, her laity, her clergy, her congregations, her colleges, her discipline, her theology, her prayers, her interior life, her outside means of influence,

all stretched to their capacity, armed for action, and directed toward heathendom, to what other human institution need Christianity look? Not so great as the Truth, as the Spirit, in their might she may be great for this divine work. With a Church which has survived the world in which it was born, its philosophies, its thrones; child of God; joint-heir with Christ; the ark of human hopes; the depository of God's covenant; charged with the Gospel for mankind; already holding the strongest points and the best people; capable of vast increase in numbers, holiness, influence, — she may be small, a lily among thorns; she may need purging, reducing, nevertheless here is a Church, a society of Christian people, the corporate life and power of Christianity in the world, and into this God has put the great human resource for the redemption of the race.

IV. There is laid up for Missions a great store of providential resources, — such preparations, coöperations as lie in Eternal providence; such as faith sees, — for faith is allowed to reckon its treasures, — and only faith knows how to link such a movement with the wide, majestic movements of God's universal order.

For, first, faith goes back of all things into God's eternity, his original thought and plan, his eternal determination and sovereignty, and moves forward in the strength of that; nay, sees all things moving after that, by its silent, resistless impulse. There is nothing in this world so strong as the faith which rests here, which stops nowhere short of God's decree, his absolute determination; which knows that it was settled beforehand, as sure as it ever will be, before the world was made, in spite of everything, that God would redeem out of it a people for his praise. Nothing, unless it be that purpose itself, stronger than all things, pushing through all the mass and vicissitude of things, silently, irresistibly to the predestined result. Here Christianity rests, or nowhere. It is of God,

the execution of his majestic purpose, formed in wisdom, and fixed in his eternal choice, or it is nothing. Whatever proves it true, divine, settles its victory beyond peradventure. You must blot God's handwriting out of the Bible, sweep the God and Father of Christ out of history, out of existence, before you can annul that word of the Lord, girding the earth like an equator of light,—To Me every knee shall bow. Go down deep and build on this rocky foundation. Go up into the heights of eternal government to rest and be strong. Believe that already, in the counsels of God, the result is fixed and irretrievable; that, whatever fails in this world, the Gospel shall not. Hear in every step of this cause the footfall of the Almighty, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting. Hear the Divine decrees strike invisible against the far corners of the world to shatter their idolatries. Hear them vibrate in the whisper of scholars, in the voice of preachers, among the Syrian hills, in the rice-fields of Tenasserim. Hear, in the dip of the missionary's oar in the waters of the Salwen, in the soft fall, like snowflakes, of your contributions into our treasury to-night, the ripple of a wave which started out of the bosom of eternal love ere time begun. Let the Church cast herself upon this doctrine, cast herself into this mighty tendency, back of which God stands, which Christ leads, to live or die with that. For it is the unbeginning, unending resource, including all others, their supply and their surety. Without it we allow to unbelief that there is a great disproportion between the means and the result, that the prospect would be dark, if the enterprise of the world's conversion were not insane and hopeless. We build on a foundation under all things, on somewhat not material, not mortal, not finite, on the Word and Will of the Eternal.

Come down now, come out where this will acts, this purpose evolves itself in history, where, unless the history

of our race is only a fortuitous, disconnected, aimless mob of events, there must be some preparations, combinations, proceedings which bear on Christ's kingdom, and through it on the world's destiny. For this is the true and deeper reading of history which sees a secret purpose and law at its heart, and detects underneath the agitations of the surface its real direction and end. This is the truly philosophic and Christian reading of it, which sees this law not originating in it, but impressed upon it by the will of a personal God ; which sees at the end a consummation alone worthy of history, of man, of his Maker, namely, man's redemption. The dip of history is in that direction ; its main currents and tendencies go the same way Missions go, — towards the unity of the race, with all its diversities, in one Head and Lord, even Christ. This is not inconsistent with the cardinal Christian doctrine of a Fall, and the gravitation of human nature towards the worse instead of the better. For the Preadamite ages worked out a preparation for man ; the ante-Christian centuries, in Pagan as well as in Jewish life, a preparation for the Messiah ; and all the experiments in evil of a race trying to live without God ; the unsucccess, the utter failure of man anywhere to construct true society, or to find a true religion once lost ; the fair promise and the brilliant achievement of great civilizations and splendid nations shattered and devoured in the storms and night of Time ; the very miseries and sins and misreligions of Paganism ; the awful justice of God sweeping the defiled and bloody centuries with its retribution, — all march in the line of Divine purpose, preparations or allies of Christ. In the vast strategy of so many ages, in the movements of that calm Omnipotence which deploys its forces on a field broad as the world, to which the awful periods of a world's creation are but the days of a week, there will be much whose bearing is not understood. But already we are far enough along to see where time is going, and to what

issue this conflict must come at last. We can see lodged already in the bosom of history, in the life of the world, in Providence moving great masses, and in grand orbits, such possibilities, such coöperations, such hidings of power, that Faith does not hesitate to count them allies and inspirations for Missions.

Paganism itself contains its elements of explosion and decay. Its falsehood may be its strength, but it is also its weakness. It is the truth in it only which has given it so long lease. The evil in it is a reason why men love it. It will be a reason for their hating it when they come to know it, to know that which is infinitely better. It has an enormous, tenacious vitality. Its roots are tangled into all things. But there come periods of revolt, of decay, of awakening spiritual instincts, when the human heart is weary, when the old lie is worn out and ceases to charm. Our Lord came into a sick and troubled world, whose mythologies were ready to vanish, like dreams at the sunrise of a new time. Such periods may not come simultaneously in universal heathendom. But it is afternoon with many of its systems, even with some of its races, and their day is far spent. Let Missions strike in the hour and place of weakness, and find that Providence has prepared and precipitated Christ's victory. The hollowness is there, the latent seed of death, and when the collision comes it is the truth which will have the advantage. The weakness is not religious only, it is general. In the distributions of power in the modern world, it is the Christian only that is gaining, and at the expense of the other civilizations. It only is productive, expansive, vigorous, victorious, while the others decay. They offer only an inert resistance to the more vigorous assaults of Christendom. They make no conquests, and so the doom of all impotence is on them. They must decline. As between the Christian civilization — unless that should grow weak and sick by its own internal defects — and all existing civilizations,

if they come into collision, there can be no question which must go to the wall. That must absorb all the savage nations, unless they perish. And the others show no signs of undeveloped power. Conquest seems impossible; rejuvenescence and a new lease of empire about as impossible.

There is a resource also in possible events, in the possibilities which may emerge from the future, which already lie in embryo, unsuspected. Events come from their remote providential retreats, like comets from their far journeys, yet punctual to their period, and wheel into the line of history, to turn the tide of battle and carry the day. Such Providence holds back its reserves, to be brought forward as tremendous makeweights in the critical hour. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus settled the conflict between Christianity and Judaism, and this, its first enemy, was swept from the field. The descent of the hard, rough tribes of the North into the bosom of the Empire settled the destiny of Rome, gave that untamed North to Christ's tuition and dominion, and prepared the soil for a new civilization. God made ready Protestantism and the New World together. He planted British power in India before the era of missions, and raised up Robert Clive, as well as William Carey, that by both He might give India to our Lord. The studies of a long India voyage, fifty years ago, severed Judson from the church of his first love, and turned Burmah over to the culture of American Baptists. Twenty years ago, in this city of Penn, in anger or in grief, we were debating our relations with slavery. An awful obstruction it seemed to Christ's kingdom, impregnable, and destined to defile if not to rule us, somehow, interminably. Implacable, imperious, indestructible, it stood and grew. Who saw the wind coming out of the North to smite it, the sword in its own bosom which should devour it? What shall come, who knows? Only that possibility is not exhausted, nor has Providence ceased;

that great moves are yet to be played on this earth ; and that in displacements and defeats, in new dispositions of powers and events, in the unborn, endless changes of history, there is coming out the glory of Christ and the salvation of the race.

Again, Christianity lies imbedded in a civilization which it has formed and influenced, and which in its turn supplies it with instruments and advantages. Religion cannot be, or act, alone in the world. For good or for evil, for help or for hindrance, it becomes involved with the system where Providence has lodged it. Christianity and civilization are in mutual reactions. They are in close, if not vital, relations. And a system of civilization with Christianity *in* it, realizing Christian ideas, however imperfectly, especially let it be pioneered by Missions, as it goes out into contact with the Oriental, with the Pagan mind, goes really as a great providential missionary, not to take the place of the Gospel, but to be its vehicle and ally. We have not yet quite learned the wisdom of those "wisest missionaries"¹ who think that the heathen must go through some propædæutic dispensation of civilization to prepare them for the Gospel, that Christ needs any such John the Baptist to make ready for Him. We have faith in ideas, not in steamships, in atonement for guilt and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, rather than in sewing-machines and power-presses. The Bible goes straight enough to man's conscience, and implants its eternal salvation without any mediating appliances of civilization. This material civilization is an effect, not a spiritual power. Its elemental forces are ideas, such ideas as a spiritual religion creates. Cotton is not king in it, nor gold, nor steam ; but thought, faith, the mind, stimulated by the Bible. But while the Gospel is a power to personal regeneration first, it needs social anchorage for its greatest and permanent influence. While the simple office of

¹ Peabody's *Lowell Lectures*, p. 46.

Missions is to preach Christ crucified, and to know nothing else, does it make no difference that this enriched, educated, evangelized world of civilization follows at its back? Is it to have no effect on the future of Asiatic mind that the light breaks upon it out of the world of the West, with all its history, experience, precedence, rather than from a civilization as backward as itself? Had the Greek and Roman civilizations been Christian instead of Pagan, had they risen upon the European world in the light of Christ, what a difference had there been in the destinies of Europe, — what ages of conflict and barbarism prevented! Through the slow and patient ages God has been creating this mighty Christendom, filling its hands with every art, every science, every resource of strength, — and for what? Is it only an accidental coincidence that the very nations where his Bible is, should be the very ones He has furnished with every element of power, whose ships are in every port, whose wealth is abundant for all the service of his kingdom? The knowledge, the literature, the arts, the freedom, as well as the gospel of Christendom are a trust, which, in the hands of a more eager and valiant religion, would soon help it to victory.

V. And, as if these were not enough, there remain the resources of accumulated Christianity, all it has gained for this age and work of Missions. It has not lived in vain. It has not only eighteen centuries of existence, but of history, of growth, of acquisition. It has taken root. It has lived long enough, it has endured trial enough, it has accomplished results enough, to test its divine quality. It has acquired evidence, for its history is its evidence. It has moved forward to a ground of vantage, and has all its past for head and propulsive force. It has acquired languages many, and put the Bible into them. It has created literatures, rich, various, imperishable. It could never be washed out of English speech. Its hymns, sermons, bi-

ographies, theologies, commentaries, the libraries it has produced, are a possession and treasure forever. It has created lives better than any biographies, its saints, whose memories are immortal inspirations. It has worked out experiments, it has solved problems in Church-government, in civil liberty, in social ethics, for the instruction of all generations. It has worked itself out from heresies and oppressions, from lower into higher types, so that we can carry to the heathen an advanced, reformed, a tried, an emancipated religion. It has acquired momentum, and is a river, enlarging as it runs.

Above all, it has put itself into Missions. It has gone out to work under new conditions, applying itself to the life of strange and darkened nations. It has to translate itself, to preach itself into their language and thought, to work through all outward resistances into their spiritual life. It has been obliged to adapt, apply itself, to prove its working power on new fields and strange types of mind and life. And so it has learned much. It has acquired missionary experience, which becomes a new missionary resource. Fifty years of it, in part, belong to us, and other hours of this occasion will be given to the review of it. Fifty years of all gracious and blessed memories it has acquired, to be a resource and inspiration for all the work to come. We will not let them die, for they are our joy, our comfort; our birthright, which we will not sell for gold; so long as we are faithful to them, our glory and our crown. We will not, wherever we divide from the rest of the Church of God, part with our share in the great inheritances which belong to it all. We will not break the communion of saints, our goodly fellowship with all good men, lest the curse of dryness and an ungenerous, unnourished piety fall on us. They are all ours,—they who spake another speech, the dead who can never die. Chrysostom and Henry Martyn buried at Tocot, are brothers with us in the same resurrection with the saintly

Crocker, as he lies in the hot sands of the African coast, and Judson, sleeping till the sea shall give up its dead. Stoddard, with his astronomy ending in the Star of Bethlehem, as he teaches it among the Nestorian hills; John Williams yielding his back to the smiters at Erromanga; Morrison giving the Bible to China; the faithful Moravians in the cheerless North, — who shall separate us from them? But we have our own, and when our will is weak, or our hearts are faint, whatever resources fail, we are rich and strong in their remembrance. They come round us to-night, as the Northern warrior imagined the shades of his ancestors stood about him on the eve of battle. They, the founders, the place of their meeting, passed away; and they gone up to be glorified. And those far away, we go to them. We are in the prison at Oungpen-la, where Ann Judson waits, an angel of grace. We are with George Dana Boardman, among the hills of Tavoy, his dying eyes shining, as he sees his converts go down into the water of baptism, with the same joy with which to-morrow he shall look upon the walls of the New Jerusalem. We stand on the beach with Comstock, and hear his feeble voice speak the words which ring across the seas like the archangel's trumpet, — "*Six men for Arracan.*" We see them all, the living and the dead. They are with us in our Jubilee. They are with us always, and the more of them God gives us, in the grave or out of it, their lives, their toils, their very graves, are part of our courage and joy in the holy work.

And so, brethren, partners that we are in this divine enterprise, we are not alone, we are not poor, but endowed with all resources, great and costly. We do not beat the air. We stand in the company and in the support of great principles and great helpers. Divine powers are annexed to our feebleness. And who shall separate us from the love of God? They that be with us are more than they that be against us. When Toussaint L'Ouver-

ture, baffled in his noble hope, was dying in a French prison, the poet Wordsworth sent forth his word of cheer:—

“Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee : air, earth, and skies ;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.”

The missionary, and all who help him, hear another voice, which says, Fear not, nor faint. A great, divine purpose fulfills itself in you. The energies of Heaven work with you ; the wants and sins of the world cry after you. The ages groan with the burden which you carry. All things sigh to be renewed, to be renewed by the word you preach, into that new creation of which your Christ is Head. All human hopes, all immortal thirsts, all divine revelations, all guilt aching to be cleansed, all prayers, all examples, all memories of the faithful, conspire with you. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's, and the kingdom is his, and shall be forever and ever.

CÆSAR'S HOUSEHOLD.

"All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." — PHILIPPIANS iv. 22.

THE saints in Paul's time, and in his terminology, were not special canonized persons, doctors or martyrs or spiritual enthusiasts, the Jeromes, the Anthonys, the Augustines, the St. Cecilians and St. Catharines, but the common, everyday disciples who composed the churches of Christ. They were all saints. Why the Christians at Rome who were in the imperial palace should send special salutations to the Christian people in Philippi, why they "chiefly" and "specially," we hardly know. Indeed, the remarkable fact is, not that friendly messages should have been going from the saints there to Christians elsewhere, — that the Christians in all places should feel a sympathy with their brethren everywhere, though strangers, — but that there should have been any saints at all in the household of Cæsar. But this little sentence, this merely incidental allusion, this message in the postscript of a letter, tells that they were there, that the name of Christ has come up to the very top and splendid centre of the world, to be made known and confessed not only by an apostle in chains before its courts, but in the very house of the imperial master of the world. If there was, when Paul was writing this letter, one spot in all the world more conspicuous than all others for power, for splendor, for crime even, it was the Palatine Hill, crowned with the magnificent buildings of five successive Cæsars. And of all the Julian race who there had lived and ruled, none had been able to be so bad, so terrible in wickedness, so imperial in

crime, as Nero. And it was in the household of this monster, it was among the servants of this bloody and profligate tyrant, who butchered his mother and his wives, who burned his own capital, who burned Christians after he had first smeared them with pitch, whose vices were so horrible as to shock even the men of that corrupted generation, the details of whose infamy as told by the ancient historians, it has been said, "no writer in the languages of Christendom may dare to repeat,"—it was among those who dwelt in a house whose master was so vile that Paul found saints. Out of this abode of splendid sin came men and women whose souls thirsted for the purity and bowed to the authority of Christ Jesus. They believed, they loved, they adored One, every memory of whom was a condemnation of the master whom they served every day. They were called to be saints in a house whose atmosphere was stifling with corruption, almost suffocating with crime. They confessed Christ where not only his name, if that were known, but every principle and the whole spirit of his religion, must have been hated; where to stand up as a Christian must have required a courage more than Roman, the heroism of a faith which endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Among lovers of pleasure they were lovers of God. In a Pagan palace, whose lord was reckoned by law and by custom divine, they worshipped an Eternal God, and acknowledged themselves servants of a crucified King. Against all that dark depravity they let their light shine. In a word, they were saints in *Cæsar's household*.

They were what so many are called to be, here as well as there. They salute us across all the centuries, and find now a great many who have to stand like them,—perhaps not in so sharp a contrast, nor in such peril of blood and burning,—and yet, like them, pure amidst vice, faithful among the faithless, Christians against all the Cæsars of the world, "a man's foes those of his own household."

With all change that has come, with a better civilization in this New World, with no imperial monsters nearer than Burmah, with liberty established and persecution stopped, it may be there is less real difference than we think. It may be there are households in this very town where it is as hard to serve Christ, where saintship would shine just as bright to God's eye, — that there are Cæsars of another name, and a Rome where Christ is to be confessed as bravely, if not at the same cost, at any rate at great sacrifices, here in this very day and place, as there is in the palace of Nero. This last verse in Paul's letter, which perhaps you have counted as lacking inspiration and of no consequence, which you thought was sent only a little way to Philippi to stop there, a mere compliment tacked to the end of an epistle, goes on and brings its word down to us; it contains enough for a sermon, and tells of religion in strange places, of being a Christian under difficulties, of saintship amidst the world's opposition and corruption.

That this is possible, there are instances enough beside this one to prove. Faith has won its glory out of such hard places. In some place where it was pushed against hardship, in some post of duty beset by danger, where uprightness is singular and persecuted, where fidelity to God is loss and disgrace, there has faith illustrated its power, and gained its grandest triumphs. Joseph keeping the whiteness of his soul at the price of liberty, Moses choosing God and his people's cause against all royal gifts or wrath, Daniel neglecting no duty of his religion when courtly compliance would save his life, — these have their heroism repeated in smaller spheres and humbler instances everywhere. Christ's religion does not summon men to a change of place, of occupation, of outward circumstance; it does not call them out of service in Cæsar's army, out of any service, though it be slavery in Cæsar's household, — but it proposes to sanctify *them*, and where they are. It

does not attempt social revolution or any outward change; it goes not even into Cæsar's palace with insurrection. It takes man as man wherever it finds him, to make him spiritually right. It makes men Christian wherever they are. Whatever their calling in life, in *that* they are called to be saints. There are many places where it is very hard to serve God, where it is to be done at the price of ease, under the ban of fashion, against the world's opinion, perhaps against the world's law; but it can be done. And the harder it is, the grander the conquest, the richer the reward. It is easier generally to conform, to take the custom of your profession, the habit of society, the practice of other people for your rule. It may require effort and courage for the sailor in the forecabin, the soldier in the camp, the traveler in licentious cities, the boy or girl at school, like Tom Brown at Rugby, to say his prayers every night, and keep the tongue pure and walk upright with Christ. But religion does not belong only to churches and Sundays. It is just the thing for strange places, to go wherever a human soul goes to struggle with temptation, to every post of perplexing and difficult duty, to go with you alone where all others deny it, to be with you even in Cæsar's house, if there your lot be cast, amongst its impurities, its proud scorn of Christ, its false bad life, to help and keep you in that hard battle; nay, it may be, to find there through you a field before unknown for its triumphs.

Indeed, it is not only possible, but so the Lord of our life selects and appoints our place, on purpose that in it, whatever it is, there we may do our duty; that there we may win strength to ourselves and glory to Christ. For He takes men where they are, that they may be righteous and faithful there; not to gather all the saints in Cæsar's household, all Christian disciples, out of the houses where they are perhaps alone amidst worldliness and sin, to gather all faithful souls into some monastery or church by

themselves : rather He sets them separate, perhaps single ; He calls them, as He did Abraham, " alone," because there the light is needed, that thus the mass may be leavened. Thus He tries their virtue and their faith. Thus He makes their religion a witness for Him in the face of the Cæsars whose race is not yet dead, who do their evil will in many a larger or smaller Rome in this Christian America of ours. Wherever the fortune of life takes us, into places where the fear of God does not come, where the law of passion, of selfishness, of pleasure, is supreme ; into college or camp ; servant under an unrighteous master ; in an undevout family ; child of a worldly house, of a fashionable society ; wife of a profane husband ; laborer among the impure and scoffing, — there is your place : not only such as Providence appoints, which perhaps you cannot escape and must submit to, but more than that, your opportunity, where your faith is to be tested, to be disciplined, where it is to be shown at any rate. Why should you expect it to be easier ? Why not readily accept this honor of holding a lamp for God in a dark place ? Why ask to be set aside from the post of honor because it is dangerous ? Why ask God to let you stay in some quiet office in his temple when you can be a saint in Cæsar's household ? It was the thanksgiving of Paul for these Christians at Rome that their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world. And no doubt it was because it was faith *in Rome*, out of all that baseness, out of its persecutions, out of its hardships, out of that stifled air of Nero's house, out of all the oppression and corruption under which it grew, shining forth to cheer the farthest disciple in that young Christendom which Paul and his associates had been building. The Lord of the world appoints difficulty for other things, and why not for religion ? He makes his best fruit grow out of hardship, great and shining souls ripened in poverty, sharpened in opposition or neglect ; plucking honor, knowledge, success, out of the hand of

hindrance and danger. If there is a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties ; if a shepherd boy while watching herds can learn the mysteries of the stars ; if a stammering youth, with pebbles in his mouth and the voice of the sea for his teacher, can become the chief orator of the ages, — so saintship may be wrung out of the hardest lot by applying the same principle to goodness we do to business or knowledge. It is of purpose, with a wise and good purpose, God puts his servants in such places ; takes them in Cæsar's household, and leaves them where He finds them, — under a tyrant, in the face of profanity and impurity, under conditions of trial, where to be pure and true and prayerful will be difficult. For so He serves himself, and so He proves and blesses them. The evil with too many is, that life is too easy, or that they make it so ; that they live in Cæsar's house, but render to Cæsar the things which are God's. They do not see that the spirit of saintship there, which led men and women out to hear the word of Christ from his imprisoned Apostle ; which led them back into that golden house of tyranny and profligacy to deny themselves, to lift their souls towards Christ's pure home and kingdom ; which made the Epistle to the Romans their food and joy, as it has been to innumerable saints ; which made them patient under injury, in the face of a crowned iniquity ; which kept them joyful in tribulation, and faithful amidst seductions, and thirsting after that destiny which Christ had revealed, — is the same spirit which here is possible and needful, wherever Christian fidelity is difficult, wherever against adverse influences faith and purity are to be held fast. There are Cæsars still, tyrants in their little sphere, cowardly persecutors who in their little way try to annoy, if not injure, such as are trying to live a higher life, smearing Christians in the pitch of their vulgar talk, thinking to burn their religious scruples out of them by shame and injury because they cannot use the fire that kindled in the garden of Nero ; Cæsars of license,

lords of tyrannical fashion, a Rome in every place which has hatred and persecution for the faithful soul ; and so those brethren salute us, and tell us of victory, for Christ is stronger than Nero, and has overcome the world.

There are two things required for the victory against adverse influences, two vital elements at least in the saintship which lives and does not decline in Cæsar's household. The first is *principle*, as we sometimes call it, whatever that is which stands in the inmost soul, in its pledged faith, as the foundation of a living and enduring saintship. For there is a religion of *principle*, as different from the religion of sentiment or feeling or form or tradition. It has a conviction which it counts worth something, worth everything, which it would not sell for Cæsar's smile, which it would not yield to Nero's wrath. It believes, and what it believes it makes its law, so that it is not shifted according to the household it happens to be in. It is *in the soul*, and it is the deep conviction of the soul, taking hold of God and his eternal principles, to be strong in them. It is the religion of principle, which may not believe much, but believes that strongly and completely ; the religion of conviction, which takes its law from what is innermost, not from the creed it professes, but from the truth it believes ; which is not one thing at home and another in New York, Rome, or Paris ; which everywhere is true, not to circumstances but to convictions, to that which is true and everlasting. There is no other kind of religion worth much, or in fact that lasts long. There is no other which takes hold deep enough, and, when you sift it, weighs anything in the scales of truth, in the eye of God. That does, for God acts on principle and loves it ; that does, for it goes to the bottom and holds and controls ; when the wind shifts, it still points northward, and through the storm comes into harbor at last. This is the excellence of Christianity, that it is a religion of principle, of doctrines, of fundamental truths. It furnishes something

to hold on to. It is an affirmative, revealed, unchangeable body of truth. It is not something *to be* discovered, which the ages are developing, which good men and philosophic minds are working out, and will get right by and by. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Whatever is variable, temporary, of man in it, passes away. But whatever is true and divine in it is the same in Cæsar's household and in the Epistle to the Romans, and in the religious experience of any one of you. And so you are not crossing a river on floating pieces of ice, but on a solid span of truth, which stands, not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. You know whom and what you have believed, and all you have to do is to stand by that and upon it. Hold it, and it will hold you. Keep to some principle, some conviction, some eternal rule, some unchangeable truth, to the abiding Christ of your faith; let fashions change, let philosophies alter, let science advance, let religion even, in its creeds, its churches, its ceremonies, vary, — hold to the truth as it is in Jesus of Nazareth, and because that endures and triumphs, you will.

And there are some things which go with settled principle, which it almost necessarily produces, which are required in all hard places. There is courage, what is often called the courage of one's convictions. There are other kinds of it. But the courage which has truth, conviction, back of it, is the kind which holds out and conquers. There was courage enough in Rome in Paul's time, such as it was; there was the Roman valor which made the Roman name invincible to the ends of the earth. But there was a new kind of courage springing up there in Cæsar's household, the courage born of the fear of God, of the love of Christ; which was as gentle, as meek, as patient, as it was invincible, what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness;" which was not arrogant or boisterous or demonstrative, but which in any sharp pinch

and pressure could quietly do its duty, and would not forswear its faith before Nero's commandment or the headsmen's axe. And it is this which true discipleship has in any hard place, in a school where a sneer is as sharp as a knife, where to stick to a conscientious scruple, or a practice of prayer, or a religious conviction, may be as hard as it was to be a saint in Cæsar's house.

And it requires firmness, the constancy which is begotten of conviction and of courage; which is principle affirming itself, and carrying itself out in act, in spirit, in character; which considers some things settled and beyond question, and which holds to them as good, true, eternal, never to be let go whatever happens, out of which we cannot be frightened, cannot be seduced. Without this you are afloat, and can never stand, will not stand, when the trial comes. There is a beautiful, divine constancy, a firmness which is not ugliness or pride or obstinacy, but which, having committed itself to Christ, clings and abides the result; an independence which is not haughtiness, which is meek and modest, which says No, without passion or pride, almost without offensiveness; which simply will not do the thing which is wrong; which, against all the world, will do the thing which is right; which, having believed in Christ, clings and abides the result. Principle is of little avail without firmness. And it is over the infirm temper, over inconstant religion, that temptation gets the victory.

That house of the golden Cæsars has gone down into dust; that great Hill, which to Paul's eye was resplendent with a magnificence nowhere to be seen in all the wide world, is to-day depopulated, only a solitary convent on it, and the plague-smitten air, as if the dread ghost of Nero still walked in his old haunts, keeps it a desolate pile of ruins. The saints who out of those halls walked over to Paul's pretorian prison to hear his encouraging words, having fought a good fight, long ago were laid away in

the catacombs, with the palm-branch carved against their names, and they have gone up to a household and a King, to a palace beyond the stars. Behold, they have their reward. Even here they are remembered, while through all ages the Church of God read this letter, even as their cruel master and persecutor is the heir of immortal infamy. But not here is their record and reward. For eternal issues hang on the fidelities of these few years we spend in Cæsar's household. Their fidelity justifies itself, and for eighteen centuries has been gathering rewards from earth and heaven. They went out of Nero's golden house to the presence of Christ, which was far better; and that He confessed them before the Father's face was the reward they expected, and which repaid all the scorn of the proud and the persecution of the powerful. They exchanged the dreadful though splendid Rome for the holy Jerusalem whose King is Christ, and whose glory is everlasting life. And as they confessed him before kings, He confessed them before the angels of God.

THE PARTING BENEDICTION.¹

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." — 2 CORINTHIANS xiii. 14.

THE life and ministry of the noble Apostle who sends this gracious message to his brethren in Corinth was itinerant and missionary. He had no certain dwelling-place. "In journeyings often," "the care of all the churches," is the story of his life. And so his spiritual children were found everywhere. After them his letters are flying here and there, over the mountains, across the seas, from Corinth to Rome, from Ephesus and Macedonia to Corinth, from Corinth to Galatia, from Rome to Colosse and Ephesus and Philippi, from Asia Minor to his young students and helpers, Timothy and Titus, — his love, his thought, his doctrine and counsel circulating far as the name of Christ had gone. And though the Apostle died, his letters survive. They are not lost. They fly on from church to church, from one disciple to another, from far-apart lands and ages, read to-day in wild woods of Oregon, under the shadow of Indian pagodas, in all strange tongues. They introduce letters and printing among barbarous tribes; societies and presses forever multiply and spread them; Christendom resounds with what was once but a single folded parchment borne in a single traveler's hand. These letters belong, not to Rome and Corinth, but to the universal Church of God; the legacy, not of Paul only, but of Christ speaking through him to his Church, and to whomsoever hath an ear to hear.

¹ Preached at the close of his ministry in Providence, September 7, 1873.

And wherever these letters go, you notice that they go with a blessing ; they close with a benediction. And it is a peculiar one ; not personal, — the love and blessing of Paul, or the fellowship of Christian brethren, — but peculiar to the gospel, such blessing as is included in that, a Christian benediction. And this one, which concludes Paul's second letter to Corinth, seems to be a summary of Christianity itself, gathering up into one the whole contents of the Christian system, of God's redeeming love and work ; pouring into one short yet comprehensive sentence all there is of spiritual, eternal blessing, the whole sum of mercy and good possible for lost men ; stretching out his ample prayer and benediction to cover with it all his brethren, every one to whom he ministered in spiritual things, to whom he had declared forgiveness and eternal life. Truly, eternally blessed are all they who come under it, and receive it into their souls.

And so this benediction of the Apostle is hallowed and vital in the Church forever. It stopped not with the Christians at Corinth, but ever since, along the lengthening line of centuries, through the spreading kingdom of Christ, among the multiplying disciples, it has lengthened and spread and multiplied itself, till every pulpit repeats it ; it closes the worship of every Christian congregation ; and were it to descend not in word only but in power into desiring, receiving hearts, then indeed would the salvation of God come out of Zion. Thus there is something, not in the benediction only, — in a moment we will see how full, inexpressibly full, that is, — but in the very associations of it, as an apostolic and venerable usage. It animates us, makes us feel our fellowship with all Christ's people, links us to the Apostle and the churches to which he wrote, to all ages and disciples of the Christian faith. Amidst all varying creeds and worships, this remains. From Sunday to Sunday it is spoken, in cathedral and chapel. The Roman pontiff, amidst salvos of artillery

and with pompous ceremonial, bestows it on kneeling multitudes ; while thousands of humble pastors breathe it out upon their waiting flocks, and every assembly of saints from the beginning, even as it shall be to the end, retires under the shadow of its lifted palm.

Shall I try very briefly to develop the contents of this hallowed and perpetual benediction, to draw out the meaning of what perhaps has been to you generally unmeaning, a mere signal for retiring from God's house ? Three things it asks, it offers for all, — the grace of Christ, the love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. In it, as I said, is the sum of Christianity itself ; the blessing, all the blessing, it has to bestow ; including, gathering up in one, all there is of spiritual and everlasting good for a lost race. On this sublime mystery of the Trinity, on this revelation of God, on the grace of Christ, the eternal Son, on the love of God, the eternal Father, on the communion of the Holy Ghost, the Eternal Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, the Church is built ; on it the faith, the hopes, the salvation of all saints rest. These are the three radical articles of our Christian faith, repeated in every baptism, repeated in every benediction, the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, the powers and gifts it brings from above to sinners who will believe.

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. “For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.” This is his grace, that He entirely changes our position and state ; that by what He does and suffers, by his incarnation and atonement, by the offering and sacrifice of himself, He reconciles, restores, unites, so that we are no longer under law, but under grace ; through Him and faith in Him made one with God in his forgiving, redeeming love. This is the grace of Christ, that out of love He takes the sinner's

place ; answers for him to the violated law, the broken moral order of God's realm ; maintains, reinforces, keeps forever high and honorable, and even more glorious, the holy law and government of God, while the criminal is released and let freely out from condemnation and retribution. This is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He mediates by the sacrifice of himself, bridges that long, infinite chasm between the alienated, guilty soul and the pure law, the holy government of God ; that He offers forgiveness, peace, full remission, even eternal rescue, to sinners inexcusable, otherwise hopelessly imprisoned in the condemnations of conscience and an inexorable law ; yet forgiveness, freedom, so guarded by his own blood that the very pardon becomes mightier even than the law in its authority over the soul. This is the mystery of his grace, that it is not simply remission, release, a prisoner discharged, all charges blotted out and swept away, but such remission, granted in such spirit and through such sufferings even unto death of the innocent and holy Son of God, that the law is not let down, but exalted ; that God's government and authority is not dishonored and lowered, but reinforced in its claims upon the reverence and obedience of all moral beings ; so that pardon through Christ's blood is more potent than the penalty in the law to break the bond and doom of sin, to bring back the sinner to the peace and the rule of the holy God. Surely I do not mean that this is all, that this exhausts the grace of Christ, — his atonement, the reconciling, justifying, clearing work. This is the first aspect of it to a sinner under guilty conviction, suffering the pangs of accusing conscience, feeling upon his soul the awful, inexorable weight of the holy, unbending law. This first he desires, needs, — escape, release, remission. And this first Christ brings and offers. But, after that, the sinner reconciled, restored, finds it but the beginning and preliminary of an unsearchable, infinite riches of grace ; that in Christ is all fullness,

the fullness of God, fullness of love, righteousness, wisdom, of all which the world, the soul, the universe, has lost by sin ; sufficiency for all thirstings of the soul, for its endless and growing spiritual want, for all souls in this world, in coming worlds, a grace as broad as the soul's capacity, as its existence. So that we can go to Him for nothing spiritually good and fail of finding. Light inexhaustible as the sun ; nay, the sun shall go out while Jesus shall shine on in widening glory through eternal ages, through universal realms of being. Not light only, but power, freedom, purity, wings for all holy progress, knowledge, mounting beyond creation to God himself ; love, resting in God, in his society and approbation : in one word, by this grace of Christ, all disability, every obstacle taken away, just as if sin had never intervened between God and his child. This is the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out ! For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things ; to whom be glory forever. Amen.

The Love of God. In the order of nature this comes first, as the foundation and origin, the source and beginning, of the grace which is in Christ. But it comes second in the Apostle's thoughts and benediction, for this reason, I imagine, that thus only, through Christ, do we know and believe the love God hath towards us. God is love, eternally love. But who knows it, what guilty soul can believe it, what else can teach and assure it, till it is seen here in Christ and his Cross ? Herein is love. Not in nature, though there is love, divine love, there. There is love in the boundless, endless benefit of the world. But not the love which speaks to a sinner's heart, which melts the sin off his guilty conscience. He may go out into nature, as into some garden of God ; his soul may diffuse itself with a poetic joy into the light and beauty of the day,

or the shadowing and mystic grandeur of the night ; the mountains and the sea may haunt him like a passion ; he may think he finds God in love there. But he finds there nothing, after all, but stern, unbending law ; and the brightest sun that ever rose upon the world can send no light, no beam of peace and hope and salvation, into his sin-stricken, sin-troubled soul. No, he must come to the Cross. He must hear the voice of blood. He must, out of the sacrifice in dreary Golgotha, hear " God so loved the world," before he can know the love of God which passeth all earthly understanding. This is the love of God, — not in the outward universe, which is but a changeable garment, decaying and ready to vanish away ; but in the spiritual universe, in the world of souls, even of sinful, lost souls, shed abroad there, and thus shed abroad everywhere, first in the reconciled, renewed heart, and there and thus making the world, life, everything luminous with divine love. Oh, the love of God, infinite, unspeakable, inexhaustible, past finding out ; the Cross of Jesus, even, not telling all, only opening a channel into that boundless, fathomless sea ! The love of God, — to know this, to have it, to drink it daily, to hope it forever ; to be in it here in our tribulations, in our difficulties, in the darkness, in death ; to be in it when we are in the world no more, enveloped in it and glorified by it when the body is dissolved, when the spirit goes forth into the heavenly societies, never to be separated from it ; to feel it evermore breathing into us with quickening, purifying power, — this is the benediction of the gospel, the word, the truth, the blessing which it tries to convey, which its ministries are organized to utter to the world.

The Communion of the Holy Ghost. For here, after all, is the secret, the invisible, power and work of religion. By this is the grace and the love made known and sealed to the soul. By nature we are blind, and cannot see and

take even the good which is prepared of God for us. We refuse and should forever refuse it, were there not some secret, mighty power of God which applies, fixes, the grace of God in the soul. More and more am I convinced, my friends, of this, of the office and work of God's Spirit in begetting all true, eternal religion in the secret life. It is the thing about which it is most easy to be skeptical, to be cheated. For the agent and the influence and the work is within, beyond our own consciousness even. And then it is so easy for nature, for the deceitful and selfish heart, to counterfeit, to be mistaken, to work itself into some semblance of religion, to think any change is regeneration, to fear God and rest in the law, rather than come into love and liberty, to think we are equal to anything, and all the while be striving and working in the life of nature and self, instead of falling into the will of God, and being renewed of the Spirit, that practically our religion becomes merely human and something of our own, instead of being the life of God in the soul, bred and sustained of his Spirit. It is not by self-exercise, but being born again of the Spirit. It is by faith, opening the heart like a window that the light may shine in, even the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. This is religion, — not something manufactured within, but God coming into the soul, the heart open to the Spirit, reaching out to Christ, receiving the Spirit in Him that He may work in us, that our life may drop out of self and be hid with Christ in God. The Communion of the Holy Ghost! That which is of the flesh is flesh. Walk, therefore, in the Spirit, and you shall bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. The Communion of the Holy Ghost, — this is the life of religion, of the Church. Believe in no religion, no church, which does not grow thus, which is not a communion (*κοινωνία*), a partaking of the Spirit of the living God. A natural religion born of the soul, nourished by self-exercise, by mere moral rules,

which does not spring up by the spirit of Christ, issue of his life, which is not a fellowship with God, his life flowing into ours, the spring of all our good in Him, is not the power which conquers, and wins eternal glory. A church which does not live by the Holy Ghost, which by arts of music or eloquence, by sectarian *esprit du corps*, tries to sustain itself, is not sufficient for the work of God, for the wants of the time, and will do little in leading the opinion, or improving the morals, or saving the souls of men. No, brethren of this church, founded in this faith, and living through so many generations by his divine power and increase, be in the Spirit, in the communion of the Holy Ghost first; he in his leading, acting not your own will and wisdom, but as the Spirit worketh in you, and you will live, for God will live in you and work by you, and this will be your security and blessing for all time to come. Be persuaded above all of this doctrine of the Spirit, of religion as its product and indwelling life. Distrust any light which does not come of Him, any conversion which is not by his working. Be not careful for dogmas or ceremonies, but for the life of the Spirit. Hold not to some doctrine of the Holy Ghost only, but rather to his divine power and abiding presence, to a life in God which grows by his inspiration, to a religion which is not outward and human, not manufactured and superficial, but whose secret spring is in this divine communion, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

These, this, the blessing the Apostle sought for the churches he loved and watched. This, the true, high, eternal good and blessing of any church, of all souls. Blessing there is of all kinds, such blessing as the dying patriarch wished for his son, "blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under." Good there is in all shapes everywhere in this universe of God, because it is God's. Good there is in life, blighted as it is

by sin. But the great good, the supreme blessing, is here. So I have loved to preach the religion of Christ as a benediction and not an anathema, as God's mercy and not his curse to sinful men; not as something foreign to life, a bondage and an infliction of heavier care, as hostile to life and a chain upon the soul, but rather as the true life and the supreme good, as God's best gift and life's crowning treasure and joy. And so let it be repeated once again, that religion is a benefit, not a hardship; that it is God's greatest blessing to your deepest want; that you seek everywhere and must come back here to Christ to find what you are after. Nature may charm you into some transient delight. Society may hold its hands out to you with honor and benediction. Life may come with convenience and large estate. And yet the final benediction is withheld till you bow your head to Christ and hear Him speak the word of grace, and feel upon your soul his touch of power and life. Upon you, and into you, must come this benediction, not in word only, but with divine efficacy; and then you have gained the last and perfect and endless good.

My friends, for many years my lips have been repeating this benediction upon you. For all these years they have, besides, been trying to persuade you of the truth it contains, to take the blessing there is in it. This sums up my ministry for you, that this blessing might be yours; that these three things, that these in one, in a regenerate heart might be yours. This is the *resumé* of any Christian ministry; as I have said, it is the summary of Christianity itself. But, my friends, there is no magic in preaching or in benediction. This blessing may be conferred. It must also be received. It comes only to faith, not where the words go, but where the heart responds Amen, and takes the offered gift.

My friends, this ministry now closes, and how shall it close better than with this prayer and benediction re-

peated so many times, now to be spoken for the last time? Thus, on my part, I would close it with blessing only, with this blessing above all. If it might have this result and conclusion for each of you, I should go away satisfied. This is my parting word and prayer for you, every one of you. For here, let me tell you again, after repeating it these many years, let it be my last, even my dying word, to every soul; to you, above all, over whom benediction and preaching, the Providence and Spirit of God, continual Sabbaths, all these years, this combination of religious influence, persuasion, instruction, have swept in vain, and to no visible result of your conversion and salvation; here, let me say, is your only mercy and blessing eternal. You have come here, come under these weekly benedictions, have heard, how patiently, how generously, let me bear willing testimony, but you are unblessed still, and I am not satisfied. Must it be so, my hearers, my dear friends, must it be so? Must these hearers, these friends, these who have treated me better than my Master, my preaching better than his salvation, — shall they have no part in this mercy, reject this blessing, make, not my preaching, but the very grace and benediction of God, of no effect? This I ask of God for you; this I ask of you for God. This is the blessing which waits, which I leave hanging over you.

With a mind preoccupied and distracted, I have been content to leave my ministry, these long years of our intercourse, unreviewed, and to close it with these simple words of benediction, as expressing, after all, whatever is needful and fittest to be said at such an hour. There are thoughts, very sober ones, there are feelings very tender and deep, which are better for the privacy of the breast than for public utterance. There are thoughts of gratitude, of comfort, of counsel; there are memories of the dead, of the living, of bridals, of baptisms, of shadowed chambers, of tearful faces, of broken hearts, of souls seek-

ing after lost peace, of souls radiant with new joy, of Sabbaths when heaven came down to earth, of many an evening when prayer opened the golden gates and the King of Glory came in ; there are prayers, unspoken solitudes and hopes for this church and its future, for every household where I have gone in and out, for these children of my ministry who have known no other pastor, for aged and reverend heads whose last hours I might have hoped to soothe, for the brotherhood of churches, and for this city and State where I have found a catholic and generous friendliness, and in whose interests and honor I have a public pride : but there is time and call for only one last word, and let it be this one of benediction as well as farewell. It is the joy of this otherwise painful hour that you have no distraction on my account ; that for fifteen years, whatever has come and whatever has failed, there has always been peace ; that we part, so far as I know, with no single alienation of heart on either side ; that you and I bow to what seems the ordination of Providence, with acquiescence and mutual goodwill. Fifteen years and more ago I thought I heard a voice calling me here, and I came, trembling yet trustful. And now I seem to hear the same voice calling me away. It calls me to a new work, and yet in the same Church and kingdom of Christ to which the twenty-seven years of my ministry have been given. Shall I not carry into it your sympathies and hopes and the great help of your prayers ? As for you, you are still strong, and greatly blessed of God, if you will believe it, and need suffer no fears, nor yield to any unchristian distrusts about your future. You are built upon a good foundation. Be earnest, and yet be generous. Stand fast and yet go forward. Let no adoration of the past cheat you out of your inheritance in the future. Cultivate all your gifts, and charity, greatest and most excellent of all. Dismiss all jealousies, as if there were room in the Church of God for youth and age,

for all gifts and callings, for everybody who has the spirit of Christ. Let no one say, I am for Paul, and another, I am for Apollos. Be all for Christ.

Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect. Be of good comfort. Be of one mind. Live in peace. And the God of love and peace shall be with you.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.¹

"My cup runneth over." — PSALM xxiii. 5.

It is not his heart overflowing with emotion, with grateful love, that the Psalmist is speaking of, though that, indeed, is a cup full and running over. For he is thinking of his life and lot, how full of happiness it is, of the great generosity of God in it. For it is not of his own making, or finding even. The Eternal Shepherd of life orders it, blesses it, fills it, nay, overfills it with good. This is just the idea of the text, of a surplus, an overflow of blessing. This is the keynote of the psalm, that life under God's care is no poor, meagre thing, but provided for abundantly; not only that there is enough, but more and to spare. It is overfilled. *My cup runneth over.*

You may think of this as some singular and individual experience, some unusual and royal good fortune, some joy of a poet, of a king, in some remarkable deliverance, in some unexpected and excellent gift, in some happy hour of recollection and pious exultation. Such it is, many a time, — the gush of an unusual and surprised and exuberant gratefulness, of surpassed expectation, of perfect satisfaction. Everybody that is not a wretch has known it — some better, deeper, memorable hour of wedded love, of a firstborn child, of the absent come back, perhaps the prodigal recovered, of the sick plucked from death, of victory ending some hard struggle, some new draught out of the wells of salvation, some brighter vision,

¹ The last sermon he wrote, preached in Providence, August 4, 1889.

some sweeter taste of God's unspeakable love, of goodness "exceeding abundantly all that we can ask or think."

But if it is only that, some rare stroke of good fortune, some felicity of God's favored children, some excess of individual good amidst the uneven distributions of life, some special rapture of the Psalmist, it belongs to favored individuals, and not to all of us. It is then a fact of special and personal experience, and not of the common lot and of God's universal Providence. It is then the privileged cup of the elder son, born under some lucky star and to some exceptional advantage. It is then the psalm of the rich and the fortunate, and not for common and poor people, such as share only in the common and universal gifts of God.

No, the psalm is for all. It speaks a universal language. It is the feeling of all pious hearts about their lot in life, about the goodness of God. It is the fact after all exceptions, the fact that goodness is in excess; that the world, the universe, overflows with it; that it is not prudential, calculating, economical, but generous, abounding, the goodness which is love and runneth over. The divine bounty might be very carefully, exactly measured, just enough to save its character of goodness, to prove the Creator's benevolence, a cup exactly full and no more. But it is not so frugal as that. There is want, poverty, enough of it. But not because there is not enough and to spare. It is not because the universe is empty, or its Maker close and unbountiful. There is uneven distribution, and the individual share may be scant; but the total sum of good is boundless. There is taking away and withholding, as well as giving, but not because there is any lack in God, in his resources or in his goodness. Both are infinite.

It belongs to God, to any just conception of God, that He should act spontaneously, from his own impulse for his own ends. If He creates, it is not to do a piece of work, but for the joy of creating. So the Holy Word says:

"Thou hast created all things, and *for thy pleasure* they are and were created."¹ He takes pleasure in all the works of his hand. So says the first account of creation in Genesis: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." God is not self-contained, taking delight only in himself. Thus He might have remained as He was, in his own solitude, and there had been no creation, no going out of himself into the universe which came forth from Him. He was not obliged to create. But He did, and because of his pleasure in what He created, because of his joy in doing it. And so we know what God is in part from what came forth from Him. This manifold life of the world, of the universe, so immense, so diversified, so opulent, reveals God, the greater and infinite fullness that is in Him. A God poor in himself, in wisdom, in power, in goodness, could not have made so rich a world as He has. This is the character of God, such as our reverence, our faith, our sense of his perfectness, conceives Him; not tied up in rules, in a universe of iron law; not restricted in any way; counting nothing in the heights or the depths, the smallest or the grandest thing foreign to Him, but spontaneous, with a joy like that of his creatures, only infinitely greater, acting out his infinite nature in freedom, taking delight in what He does. This belongs to any God we love and praise and rejoice in, that He creates, that He gives out of his own fullness, that He multiplies life, that He increases blessing, that He makes the world run over with good, because He likes and enjoys it, and, if we may say it of the Incomprehensible One, finds his happiness in producing good, and ever new good, without bound, without end. He is good, not by constraint or measure, but with the freedom, the generosity, the grandeur of his perfect and infinite nature. If He acts by law, this does not limit or repress Him. He is full of life, and pours out of his fullness.

¹ Rev. iv. 11.

Such is God. And when we pass to his doing, it is difficult to tell where zero is on the scale of divine goodness, where necessity ends and the surplus begins. If we reckoned bare existence nothing; if that were no boon, no product of the eternal love and bounty; if we could not tell whether mere life is a blessing or not, — certainly the life which we know, which we are actually living, is a great deal more than that. All that is added to existence, all beyond that is necessary for its continuance, all that rises above through infinite gradations to diversify, to enlarge, to improve life, all by which the best and highest life is above the lowest, is so much out of the abundance of God's bounty. Indeed, to a sinner is not all good forfeit, all blessing *plus*, a mercy undeserved?

I do not think we can tell how much could be subtracted and yet the world be a tolerable, at least a possible, dwelling-place for man. As it is, there is nothing useless, nothing which in some way or other is not tributary to man's life, inner or outer, here or hereafter. But we do not know how much he could do without, how much there is in excess of what is absolutely necessary for him. Can we tell how much our Creator might have reduced the expense at which human life is now maintained, the cost of man's housekeeping on the planet which He has furnished, not simply for support or convenience, but also for luxury, almost for display? Had He been a careful, calculating economist, contriving for the bare subsistence of the race, how much might have been saved! He might have left out a thousand things which have been added for superfluity, and not for necessity. What occasion for so grand a house, so well furnished a table? Why not take counsel of the ascetic, and reduce life to the least possible enjoyment? Why not keep men dwelling in caves and living upon roots forever? Why not make the world a monastery, barren and naked? Why hang this tent, under which man dwells for so few years, with such grandeurs,

with all the splendors of day and night, with suns and stars to wait upon his steps? Why feed him with such variety and such abundance? Why take such pains with the world, such ages in its making, such diversity in its material and its composition, such adaptations for all tastes, all wants, such immense possibilities beyond all the race has ever reached? It might have been a finished world, producing in the beginning all it could, and so furnishing no new stimulus to labor, to invention, to improvement. As it is now, practically there is no limit. The supply is always beyond the want. Man has always capacity for more, and the universe always can supply something new. And were the world to be exhausted, the Creator remains inexhaustible. For man is made — such is the crown of God's goodness — for something greater and better than all the world, even with its boundless wealth, contains.

We may take only the single element of beauty, which in any utilitarian view is as unnecessary as it is abundant. Certainly it has its uses, and very high uses, for culture, for happiness, for the noblest life. It has its reasons, and very profound ones. And yet it is primarily for pleasure. It does not seem to be necessary. We could live without it. The useful need not be beautiful. And yet how much God has made with no other apparent use than to be beautiful! The world might have been commodious as it is, with the element of beauty left out. But now the world is full of it, suffused with it like a subtle essence, and it is entirely overplus and of the generosity of the Maker. He seems to have put it into the world for the love of it, because He enjoys it, as He wants us to enjoy it. And there is such prodigality of it, as if for display; ornament simply for ornament; carving, painting, gilding, pictures on all the walls of our earthly habitation. And it is all God's handiwork, into which man's labor does not enter at all.

Think how much God has created simply for the gratification of the eye, not eyesight and light simply for that; but beyond that, color, in which beauty is most diversified and palpable and universal! What need of any variety of color! And yet think of a plain, colorless, unvaried world, in whose white light, in whose eternal monotony, man might live indeed, but with none of the fine gradations of morning and evening, none of the endless vicissitudes which pass over the face of the sky, no purple on the distant hills, the flowers all alike. Think of all God added to the world, all He poured into the cup of human delight, when He simply divided the light into its seven threads, and wove them in endless permutations into the texture of all visible things! And tell me out of what feeling in God did all this beauty come.

There is a world of beauty for the eye, and there is another for the ear, distinct and as ample, and all of it of the excess of God's goodness. There might have been sound, there might have been hearing, and yet no music, none of the exquisite delight there is now in the concourse of sweet sounds. All sound might have been one dreary, unvaried monotone, the same note in the song of birds, in the sigh of winds, in the peal of thunder, in the voices of men. Or, divided into notes, they might have been combined in horrible discords, noise without harmony. But now there is a marvelous pleasure in the combination of sounds and their endless variety; in the voice of the orator or singer, in the tones of all instruments of music, in the music Nature makes everywhere, in woods and winds and waters. Sound, which in itself is only noise, can take to itself the expression and mastery of human feeling, —

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;"

with power "to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium." It might have been limited to the simple and

necessary communications between man and man. But now, wherever there is air, everything can make music, and the harmonies, the melodies, even of inanimate things, are God's additions to the bare necessities of life.

"Thou preparest a table before me," says the psalm. And the food upon it might have been only of one kind, with but one taste, or with no taste at all, and yet sustain life. And yet, if God were not infinite, He might seem to tax his inventiveness to vary the dainties spread on human tables. Every climate and soil has its different product; and man himself has not yet found out all God has stored away in the earth's closet, not for nourishment only, but for delectation. All the time he is finding new foods, new relishes for his palate. The potato, the most common of esculents, is hardly three hundred years old. The Esquiman manages to live in a world where there is nothing but walrus. The Hindoo eats rice every day in the year. But consider how all kingdoms of nature, all the commerce of the world, contribute to the tables of civilized man. You can almost mark man's progress in civilization by his progress in eating, — in the kinds, the variety, the fineness, of the food he eats. To give an agreeable sensation to a nerve at the root of the tongue, to make eating a pleasant and not a disagreeable duty necessary to support life, to make food something more than nutriment, consider what pains God has taken, the prodigality of nature, the excess beyond all need, that your table may be spread with luxuries. From vineyards and spice-groves, from the heart of forests, from the bottom of the sea, from orchards and granaries and dairies, with whatever cools or warms, with what stimulates or soothes, with whatever gratifies taste as well as what supplies strength, your table is spread, and it is a part of that goodness which does not grudge and pinch, but which is generous beyond bounds. On a very little, perhaps on bread and water, you could live. But behold, your cup runneth over. It is filled, not

only with what is needful, but with what a narrow economy might think needless, perhaps the larger part of it surplus.

I will not leave this line of thought without naming one thing more. The psalm says farther, "Thou hast anointed my head with oil." What could seem more useless than that? And yet I think there is no finer, apter illustration of this excess of goodness, this generous, even thoughtful kindness of the Creator, than in the provision made in nature for a sense which is almost entirely one of pleasure, and, though subtle and delicate, yet quite remote from what is intellectual or spiritual, and apparently from what is necessary to human life. It would seem almost easier to create a world without odors than without colors, if, indeed, it were necessary for comfortable life to have any odor at all. And yet the variety, the infinite delicacy, the exquisite nicety, of the perfumes which God has lodged, has hidden even, in some of the common, even unsightly, things of nature, tell a wonderful story of his generous view of human life and its happiness. He has followed no narrow, ascetic view, reducing man to a small and meagre range of enjoyments. He has created plants which seem to have no other use than to gratify the sense of smell. Indeed, there are plants of which geology finds no fossil remains, which appeared only when man appeared, as if created in season for him, and especially, if not only, for his gratification. There are herbs and flowers which are for nothing else, which waste their sweetness on the desert air, and yield nothing but the agreeable and exquisite perfumes, which, more than anything else, are a part of that surplus, that waste it seems to some people, with which God makes our cup run over. Says the poetic and devout geologist, Hugh Miller: "There have been classes of religionists, not wholly absent from our own country, and well known on the Continent, who have deemed it a merit to deny themselves every pleasure of

sense, however innocent and delicate. The excellent but mistaken Pascal refused to look upon a lovely landscape; and the Port Royalist nuns remarked, somewhat simply for their side of the argument, that they seemed as if warring with Providence, seeing that the favors which He was abundantly showering upon them, they, in obedience to the stern law of their lives, were continually rejecting. But it is better surely to be on the side of Providence, against Pascal and the nuns, than on the side of Pascal and the nuns against Providence. The great Creator, who has provided so wisely and abundantly for all of his creatures, knows what is best for us infinitely better than we do ourselves; and there is neither sense nor merit, surely, in churlishly refusing to partake of this ample entertainment, sprinkled with delicate perfumes, garnished with roses, and crowned with the most delicious fruit, which we now know as not only specially prepared for us, but also got ready, as nearly as we can judge, for the appointed hour of our appearance at the feast. This we do know, that when the Divine Man came into the world, unlike the Port Royalists, He did not refuse the temperate use of any of these luxuries, not even of that 'ointment of spikenard very precious,' with which Mary anointed his feet."

Not only in the world as man's temporary habitation, but in man himself, in human nature, there are elements of life, provisions for enjoyment, which we must lay to the account of God's exuberant and uncalculating goodness. I mean that there are qualities, capacities, endowments, which might have been omitted, which are not absolutely essential, which are such additions, superfluities if you will, as give us new insight into the nature of Him whose offspring we are. God might have made man a machine instead of a living spirit, a creature of leaps and starts and elasticities. He might have made life stiff, mechanical, ponderous, "all work and no play," according to the

proverb of our childhood. He might have compounded us of such dull, matter-of-fact material that we should never relax, never laugh. But He has put into us, call it what you will, the capacity to unbend, the elasticity which rebounds from the hardness of our lot, the playfulness, mirthfulness, the sunshine in the temper which makes the best of things, the sense of the ludicrous, the gleam and play of humor, which reduces the friction and oils the wheels of life; of course the ends of life might be fulfilled without it. It may be abused, and interfere with life's serious purposes, and lead to sin. But we can imagine how dreary and dismal life would be without it. We know how it is like color on the landscape, like ozone in the atmosphere, like the smile on the human face. It is among the things which some people may count adjectives and expletives, but which are put in us, not by accident, but by our Creator, as representing something in Him, and as a sign of the liberal use of his resources in endowing man for the life he is to live.

And there is a deeper, less volatile, a kindred though loftier element in our nature, which, after all, is a part of this surplus gift of God which I am illustrating. I should call it the idealizing faculty, the poetic, imaginative power, more or less in all of us; the power to transfigure outward things, to project the soul into new and unknown worlds, to conceive, to invent, to construct a world of spirit higher and holier than the world we live in. I will not try to analyze it. It is sentiment, poetry, imagination. It is unreal, unpractical, — which may be a reproach or a recommendation. It is not the feet with which we walk, but the wings on which we soar. It is not the helm of the ship, but it is its sail, taking often the winds which blow out of a higher region. It is really one of our richest possessions; rich in itself, rich as the beginning and foundation of the faith which grows out of it. Such as it is, it is inserted in us by infinite love, and if not altogether

necessary for the common and practical uses of life, yet one of those endowments in which divine love shows its generosity.

These dreams, these hopes, peopling the future before it is born, these imaginations gilding the clouds and building glories in the air, these sentiments which some men count thin and weak, but which touch and melt and glorify the hardest men sometimes, —

“Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized ;

.
Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.”

These motions, expansions, soarings of the spirit, this whole power of imagination and emotion, this unpractical and more ethereal part of life, these transfigurations of common things, these anticipations and beginnings of faith, these dim faiths and feelings after the infinite which turn by God's blessing into religion, are put in us out of the abundance of the Eternal Love, whose gifts, like his ways, are past finding out. He wanted such a creature, whose wings were already begun, who could rise above the present and material, and could dream and hope, and out of the actual world create another with wider horizons and a brighter sun. And it is our ideals, our aspirations even after the unattainable; it is the journey we take into invisible regions; it is the poet in us all, the visions, the sympathies which knit us to the past and the future and the eternal, to the great spirits, the great though lost battles of history, the struggles of truth and of liberty; it is our admirations, these nobler and unhesi-

tating impulses, these uncalculating leaps in the dark, these noble scorns, these ardors of love, these arms stretched "to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon," — these, call them what you will, the transports which take man out of himself and the drudgery of his common existence into a larger and loftier and more luminous world, which God has annexed to this in the very luxuriance of his goodness, — in which is born, after all, the glory of human nature, the splendor of human history, the redeeming sweetness of life.

And so at the end we arrive at the borders of that world of religion, that unseen and boundless realm of life, that divine work of redemption, that gift and grace unspeakable, higher than we can see, wider than all the thoughts of man, than all sin's ravage, than all earthly joy, that gospel of grace, of an inconceivable compassion and rescue, of a heaven purer and grander than any of our dreams, that overrunning cup of salvation which to-day and every Sunday is held to your lips. For here if nowhere else, here as nowhere else, you see this overflowing generosity of our Heavenly Father. It is the very thing which Paul says, as well as David: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." It is what Isaiah said: "Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." It is what our Lord said: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

It is the argument and expectation of faith: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all; how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" It is what the penitent sinner feels, that the pardon which covers his transgressions insures his everlasting life. It is God's style in all things, and much more in the forgiveness of sins He shows his royal generosity, a mercy which is without price, as it is without bound. For He

does not cross out of the account one sin after another as we pay the debt, but at once, and all at once, freely, without exception, forever. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." Theologians of a commercial school have calculated that the sufferings of the Redeemer were exactly to a letter, to a number, the equivalent of the sins of the redeemed. Theologians of a less mathematical school see in our redemption not arithmetical reckoning of debt and credit, but the prodigality of divine love, which makes no nice cent. per cent. calculation, but pours itself out even till the cup runneth over. Such is the eternal love. Such is the eternal life, the cup of salvation, the table prepared for you in the presence of your enemies, which Christ's ministers preach to you to-day. The cup of earthly joy, full, overflowing as it is, does not satisfy, and gets empty and dry at last.

What, then, does all this excess, this overplus, even of sensual delight, mean? Does it mean our greater temptation, our fatal snare, and ruin? We may make it mean that; we may abuse what God meant to be used temperately, wisely, religiously, and turn the very goodness, the generosity of God, the excess of earthly good, into an instrument of corruption and destruction. We may drink of the overrunning cup to intoxication, disease, delirium, death.

And so it is the mercy, the love of God beyond any excess I have been able to show that He sets the one beside the other, and bids us drink of both. Both we may have, — the good of this world made greater and better by loving God, and the good without mixture, without bound, without end, which God has prepared elsewhere for those that love Him.

All we have to say, any one of us, every one of us, is, if these poor words have given us any new thought of God's goodness, —